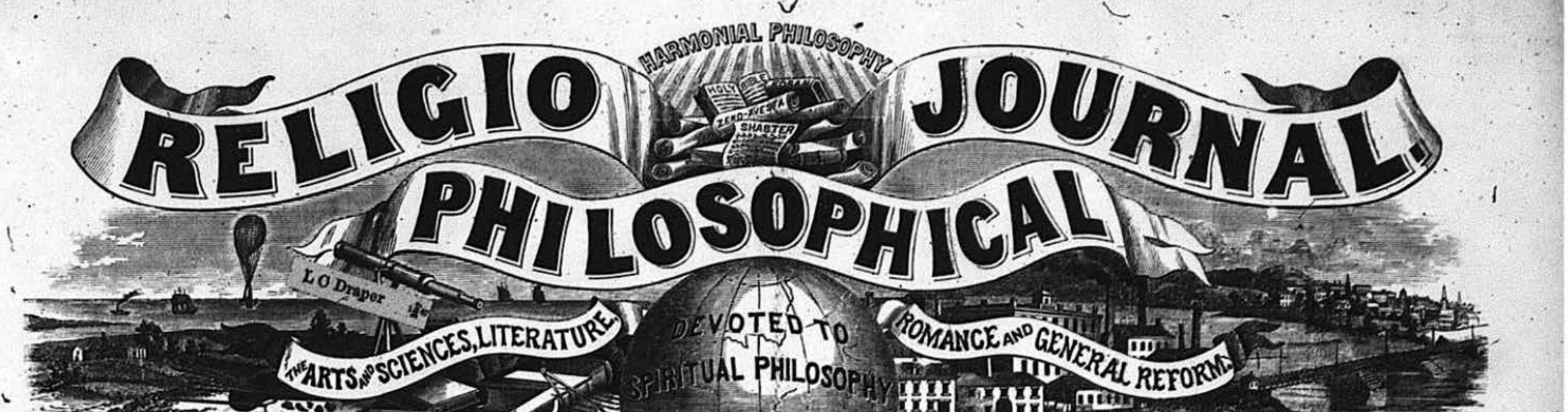

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE MODERN PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

NEED OF AFFIRMING PRIMAL TRUTHS.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

Preaching gained new importance as a Protestant institution. It is a good custom, although sometimes painfully misused. Sermons from texts, or discourses on religious or spiritual themes and on daily duties, have had, and are to have, great power. Creeds, are the *credo*, the "I believe" of those who put them forth. A simple statement of faith and knowledge is fit and rational, only let it be on a few essentials, not on many non-essentials, and let it be open to amendment and not a cast-iron fetter which it is a crime to break. It is very natural for any earnest company of men and women to tell their faith. To keep back what is, to them a saving truth, is impossible; to try to keep it back shows want of deep conviction. There had been a deal of cumbrous and perplexing verbiage in creeds on transient and non-essential doctrines—vicarious atonement, election, baptism, trinity Bible, infallibility and the like—which has obscured great truths which live after the poor dogmas are dead. We must put this useless verbiage aside, but affirm these living truths with new emphasis.

Preachers may be ordained by laying on of hands, or they may not. Most are, and so gain permanence of place and a fixed pulpit to speak from. Others, men and women on the spiritual platform and elsewhere, are not, but are often gifted and inspired. Christianity started with Jesus and the twelve apostles, all unordained preachers. If the soul is stirred with a sense that the gospel must be preached, that is the main thing—ordained or not the preacher will stir other souls.

In such brief space as these columns allow I offer some suggestions in regard to the needs of our day reaching to basic methods of thought and philosophy in great religious questions.

OLD PURITAN PREACHING.

A word on the old Puritan preaching will serve to introduce the whole matter. All who are old enough, as I am, to have heard the sermons from New England pulpits fifty years ago, and to have lived in the spirtual atmosphere of that time and earlier, can realize what power there was in that preaching,—how it uplifted the trembling hearers, how it gave a cast and hue to their thought, which molded and guided life. I know that our life to-day runs in new channels, and that the words then spoken would now fall on different ears and reach minds they would hardly stir, save with indignation at the grim dogmas of outworn creeds. Yet the real power of those sermons is a significant fact. They were spoken as with tongues of flame; and, if the light was sometimes more lurid than lambent, it was warm and vital. This was because they affirmed with positive and triumphant assurance, certain great truths which lie at the very foundation of religious life.

They believed in God with the whole heart and mind; and they spoke of the Supreme Being in words that came from their souls, and so reached other souls. Their conception of Jehovah as a dread sovereign, their thoughts of the impulsive wrath of a jealous God, were of their darker day; but under all this was an abiding faith, a soul-knowledge of the sway of a Supreme intelligence. They believed in right doing at whatever cost. If they felt as "ever in a dread Taskmaster's eye," and that feeling tinged their lives with gloom, yet their allegiance to a sacred sense of duty lifted their deeds up to the heroic level. It made even delicate women ready to sail over wintry seas and face freezing winds in rude New England forests rather than seal their lips from bearing witness to the highest truth they could see, that they might stay in the fair homes of "merrie England." They believed in immortality. Theis thoughts touching the doom of the impenitent, and eternal torment in hopeless despair, are fearful to us; but under all this lurid gloom, the light of the life beyond glowed in their souls. With positive and conquering power, they affirmed the truth of immortality; and that affirmation was radiant and uplifting, for it was from the depths of their spiritual natures, and reached the responsive depths of other souls.

Deity, duty, immortality, the Puritans affirmed with a strength of conviction that filled the very air; and these underlie and inspire all spiritual philosophy, all ethics, religion and psychology. Much overbearing dogmatism was in their affirmations. That we can avoid; but, if we leave or hold in light regard the great ideas which gave Puritanism its power and glory, leanness of heart and spiritual coldness and blindness will come to us and then will follow poor lives. Lowell says:

> "New occasions teach new duties;"

and a new duty is before us. Books and creeds, as authority over the soul, are put aside. Miracles violating the laws of nature are not accepted. "The ways of Providence" are the processes of divine law, so perfect that any departure from it would mar its perfectness. "Through all things an upward tendency irresistibly streams" is a statement of that divine intent which reaches the world of mind as well as the world of matter—evolution of soul as well as of rock and clod, the growth of man to larger views, finer insight, and a more harmonious life. Confessions of faith are no longer sacred limits, to transcend which is deadly peril and grievous sin. Science has wrought a revolution in our modes of thought—a change with much good mingled with ill, since the dogmatism of the inductive scientist is often the same in spirit as that of the mediæval priest, and his thinking as external as that of the pious old formalist. We live in a new atmosphere. How to make it more clear and vital and to enlarge our horizon is the question. While much that the Puritans held sacred will be put aside, the primal truths which they so firmly upheld must be made central. With them are life and warmth and spiritual power; without them, the chill of doubt, "the pride of science, falsely so called," the dead sea of materialism.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.

We may well bear in mind Emerson's word in 1838, "Man should be made sensible that he is an infinite soul," and his golden verse pointing to a unity of design impossible without a Divine Being:

> "Ever fresh the broad creation,
> A divine improvisation,
> From the heart of God proceeds,
> A single will, a million deeds."

That inspired and gifted spiritual seer Selden J. Finney, says: "How is religion possible to man? On the ground of three great ideas. First, an infinite spiritual reason and causation; second, a representative divine or spiritual nature in man; third, the inspiration of the second by the first. The absence of either of these three fundamental conditions renders religion impossible. If the Deity be zero, there can be no divine soul in man, no inspiration from God. If there be a soul in man, and no infinite soul, there can be no inspiration, no progress, no divine ideals of perfection to charm us on to the spiritual level. And if there be a God, and a soul in man, and no vital connection between them, then there can be no progress toward perfection, no transcendent ideas, nor march of man for the Morning Land, the New Atlantis.

"Religion then, as a historic fact, involves these three great central ideas. First, God, the all in all; second, a divine correlative element in man; third, a vital connection between God and man....

"Our souls are as adequate to find God as our senses are to find the sun; and precisely in the same manner—by analysis. We climb up the sunbeams to the solar center; we climb up on soul-beams to the spiritual center. As rocks and trees are petrified sunbeams, so souls are petrified beams of God, and the latter is in as vital sympathy with its source as are the former."

Go back twenty-five hundred years and the Greek Pythagoras tells of "One Universal Soul diffused through all things." Further back the Hindoo Bhagavat-Gita makes the infinite Brahm say: "I am the Father and the Mother of the World....the soul that standeth in the bodies of all beings." The testimony of great and inspired thinkers all through the ages verifies the existence of the Supreme Soul.

DUTY—THE "I OUGHT" WITHIN.

The noble army of martyrs and reformers, from Paul and Silas in prison, with a friendly and powerful spirit opening its doors, to Savonarola in the flames, to the patient and conquering endurance of William of Orange, the serene faith of the Quaker and the strong trust of the Puritan in English jails, and the heroic cheer of William Lloyd Garrison,—fill us with a sense of the power and grace of fearless doing of duty, of obedience to that sacred voice in the soul which says: "I ought." Not to obey that voice is to be flippant and weak, shallow and worthless, in this world and in all worlds. The preaching of doing duty at home and abroad, of fidelity to right, is a great need in this day of transition from the old to the new, for such transition periods, however well they may end, sometimes unsettle and confuse the moral sense for a season.

SCIENTIFIC EVOLUTION ENLARGED—THE DIVINE METHOD.

The scientific theory of evolution is external and imperfect until it shall recognize an indwelling and designing mind, and include the idea that "The intention of nature everywhere manifest, is the perfection of man"—that all lower types of life prophesy him, and his life here prophesies his life hereafter. With such inclusiveness it will be perfected, and will be the helper of spiritual faith and knowledge.

The thought and will of man evolve new and higher forms and uses of things so far as his range extends, and hence comes growth in mechanism, art and architecture; but the thought and will of Deity are everywhere, uplifting and evolving all. Mind must marshal and array atoms and particles for their new departures up the spiral pathway. As in the growth of worlds and races through long ages, so it is in the annual transfigurations which surprise and delight us. God transmutes the dry seed and the black mud into the delicate hue and shape and the fine fragrance of the rose, because the divine Mind, working through the law of the flower's growth, vitalizes and refines the stuff it uses to reveal a gleam of the Infinite Beauty. How poor and barren all miracles of theology compared to this?

We are told of atoms and molecules; but what is moving them? They move to some purpose, and there can be no purpose without mind. Science must take in the foundation idea of a spiritual genesis, and so enlarge its scope and reverse its philosophy.

William Denton said:

"Leaving out of view, as Darwin and his school do, the spiritual side of the universe, I regard his theory as radically defective. I could as soon believe that a boulder rolling down a mountain steam could be fashioned into a bust of Daniel Webster as that natural selection could form a gelatinous dot into intelligent man. An infinite and intelligent spirit, in my opinion, presides over the universe, and natural laws are its instruments."

We cannot compass infinity in matter or in mind, neither can we in time or space. But we cannot even imagine no space and no time; nor can we any more imagine no matter and no mind. Both have been and are to be forever. A divine plan and purpose is about us and in our very being; and therefore mind must rule all. So opens the way for insight and trust, for hope and love and reverence, and for a better comprehension of things.

Has crude matter evolved intelligent moral power and purpose? Sex is even more of the soul than of the person. When and how, without design, came the differentiation into male and female? It is learned folly. Let the preacher give the kings of science due credit for their great work, but call them on and up to a region where that work may be perfected, and religion and science be one in spirit and aim.

IMMORTALITY—SPIRITUALISM.

The idea of an infinite and indwelling life fills us with desire to know the inner realities of things, the inner life of man, and his relations to the life beyond. A study of psychological laws and powers, of magnetism, clairvoyance, and spirit communion and manifestation is needed; and education such as the modern preacher must have is incomplete without it. We want all possible light to show us that man is built to last, and death is only an event in his immortal career.

What the soul asserts and hopes for in all lands and ages has thereby millions of confirmations, more than all tests of crucible or microscope in the outer world can give. For a few centuries, the magnetic needle has turned to the pole; but, for thousands of years, countless millions of souls have turned to the Supreme Mind. By a few late experiments, we reach back to what scientists call the physical basis of life; but, from earliest historic days, millions have intuitively gone back to the spiritual genesis of life, and looked forward to the life beyond. Perhaps the earliest recorded prayer is in the Rig-Veda, in which some Hindu saint says, "Come, O great Father! along with the spirits of our fathers." The soul's testimony is oldest and deepest, and it grows with man's higher development. The truths of the soul are primal and creative. To give those truths due weight, yet pay heed to their outward signs in the testimony of the senses, is the need of our day.

It is a well attested fact that Swedenborg, in 1756, sitting in the midst of a company of friends one Saturday night, at the home of William Castel at Gottenburg, described the progress of a great fire raging in Stockholm, three hundred miles distant. At eight o'clock he told how, at that hour, the flames were extinguished the third door from his own home;—all proving correct when the royal courier brought the news three days later.

Mr. A. L. Thompson, of this city, a business man of unquestioned integrity, whom I have known for years, lately visited a family in a town some sixty miles north, all of whom were total strangers except the husband, whom he had only seen once for a short time. The family history, or names, he knew nothing of, and had never before been in the town. In an unconscious trance he wrote the name and age, the year, month and day of her death in 1819, of a sister of his host who died before her brother was born, and whose name and time of decease neither that brother or any one knew, but the next day all was found to be correct by looking up old records.

Months before Mr. Thompson, in a like trance, had written messages signed by George Spencer, of whom he had never heard, and was told in the writing that he would soon learn more in Pittsburgh. Going to that city on business not long after, in his room at a hotel at night he wrote, in like manner, a message signed by the same name, and all the signatures alike, directing him to find a given number on Smithfield Street, and a room, of which the number was also given, in the block, where he would find a law office occupied formerly by Spencer, who died eight years ago. The next day, following the directions, the room was found, occupied by a lawyer who said that George Spencer had used it as a law office but died eight years ago.

Like facts of clairvoyance, and of various forms of spirit power and presence, have been given by thousands of competent and critical witnesses all over the world. Nothing in the wide range of science is better proved than these facts and the truths which they demonstrate. They are the needed disproof of materialism. To demonstrate and declare their reality is to add spiritual power to all progressive and liberal religious movements. If this work is poorly done, if fraud and credulity are too common, let able and large-minded men do it better. To shirk the task on the plea of present imperfect methods is to fail in doing duty—a sad and pitiful failure. Is it not of supreme importance to understand that the spiritual body of which Paul the apostle, and John Wesley speak is real, and that it escapes from the earthly body at death, so that we can not lose our conscious personal existence? Blessed to weary and hungering hearts, beyond the power of words to express, is the real presence of our friends from the life beyond. It brings "two worlds in interchange," makes that life near and natural, banishes false and fearful fancies and puts rational views in their place. It is the need of a waiting world. How can the pulpit ignore all this? The preacher must affirm immortality, or fail in a large and rational view of life and destiny, and lack warmth and uplifting influence. His affirmation must recognize spirit-presence, not only as an enduring hope, but as a reality,—the proof palpable of immortality.

> "To this complexion must it come at last,"

or we drift toward agnosticism and materialism. The choice is between the two, as all advocates of "the new theology" and all liberal Christians especially should see. With the old dogmas fading out, these truths, and the philosophy to which they lead, must take the place of those things which are passing away, or we leave all sure foundations and are afloat on a sea of doubt without compass or rudder.

SPIRITUAL FOUNDATIONS.

There is too much of an apologetic attitude, a semi-admission that progressive thought must be skeptical. To doubt irrational dogmas makes growth possible, but does it follow that we must live on negations of spiritual realities? To be in a mood of permanent skepticism is to live in a thin and chilly air, to miss the most perfect science, the best ethical culture, the most inspiring helps to duty and the natural religious life. Apology is an admission of weakness; the spiritual thinker has no occasion for it.

Great emphasis is placed on character in religion. This is good, but thought is the foundation of character. Our life is founded and built up on our thought. We must build on spiritual realities,—on Deity, Duty, Immortality. These are sure and enduring, older than the Pyramids and more lasting than the granite hills. From the Vedas and Plato to Jesus, from Christ to the Puritans, and to Channing and Emerson and the spiritual seers of our time, we find them making the unity and sympathy of religion. With many names, with the last conceptions of them most perfect, these underlying and inspiring ideas, these truths of the spirit, have been and are the same.

What is the real work and mission of pulpit and spiritual platform,—of preachers ordained or unordained? It is to affirm these ideas with the old Puritan earnestness, to so illustrate them as to meet modern thought, and to apply them to practical life in such manner that the hearts of their hearers shall glow with hope and love and be filled with such tenderness as is only found with moral strength and purity. Thus are they to emphasize and perfect a Spiritual Philosophy,—a basic method in our thinking, with the Supreme Intelligence as its central and all-pervading soul and spiritual genesis of things, with a sacred sense of the duty of being and doing right, with a more interior knowledge and higher reverence for man, as an immortal spirit served by a bodily organization.

Criticism and denial of error, and rebuke of wrong, have their place, but to affirm and build is most essential. No doubter is to be misused or undervalued, for there are noble souls who doubt and every conscience is inviolate; but the preacher is to stand for the truths of the spirit, and so set them forth that doubt shall melt away and pure and modified religion increase.

From the past we can gratefully accept the eternal verities it has brought us, and hold them as a precious heritage while its errors fade out of sight. The poet says:

> "Ring out the old, ring in the new,
> Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Let "the bells of God" give forth no feebly uncertain sound. Let them peal out in strong and triumphant swell; far heard to charm and to inspire.

Spirit-Communion, its Blessings, Laws, and Limits.

An Abstract of a Lecture Delivered through Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday Evening, January 16th, 1887.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Proof positive is the demand of the age on all issues pertaining to man's immortality. Faith, hope, religious counsel, all have their sphere, and help man on his road. Such elements strengthen the world while life, and health, and love, are by our sides. The glow of health upon the cheek, the sparkle of pleasure in the eye, the tone of loving welcome from the lips, while the loved are living, will make the pulpit proclamation of the hereafter a sufficient stay to affection's needs. The time comes, however, when the marble pallor and the icy coldness of death dethrones the roseate hues upon the cheek, and the once warm hand drops nerveless and cold from the vain clasps of the bereaved. Then faith fails. Religious consolation does not console. That the "dear departed" is deposited in the dark silence of the grave's chilly deeps, "in the sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection," is not sufficient. How knows the priest it will be so?

Pulpit, philosophy, the logic of the schools, stand abashed—or else defiant when faced by the common end to all lives. Communion with "the other side," if practicable and possible, is the only true solution of the riddle of the age. Not the mystery of death, so much as the eternity of life is the problem of to-day. This communion is a fact. The old lives—thought to be ended—are found continued. The lost loves are returned. The vanished dead repeople the aisles 'twas thought they had forsaken forever. Who but those who have experienced it, can tell the blessings that flow from this communion; or can describe the helpfulness it has been to them in building up their faith in God, life, and immortality? How many lives there are that are filled with thanksgiving, for the pearly gates are opened, and the golden sunlight has streamed into the dark crypts of fear and the gloomy chambers of doubt. Who can number them? Not we. But personal blessings, by dispelling individual doubt or distress is not the only blessing this communion affords. The light it throws upon what is called religious faith, history and practice, is well nigh beyond all estimate. The help it affords Philosophy in substantiating her speculations; the impetus it imparts to Science, leading her gently over the boundaries of the imponderable into the domain of the spiritual, and, generally, the light it throws upon the complex problems of futurity, are blessings that endow this fact of spirit communion with a beauty and use, as extensive in its area as are the needs of humanity at large.

Order is heaven's first law. Law is heaven's order expressed in the works of God—the conditioned being wherever conscious souls are. What is the law of Spirit communion between mortals and spirits? The law of life, modified by the dominant, personal, psychic, and moral characters of the individual. Influx, control, direction, mark the work so far as concerns mediumship in its primary, secondary, or tertiary aspects. Affinity, receptivity and adaptability are the conditions demanded for communion in seekers, mediums, or spirits. Positive and aggressively repellent people destroy all receptivity in the instruments they consult—burn them up so to speak,—as, also, do those psychic gluttons whose appetites are insatiable. But, in the main, it is ever the law of life. The truer your own life, the nobler your own desires and aspirations, the more exalted your thoughts, the deeper and purer your loves, the sweeter, safer, and more profitable will be your communions with the spirit side of being.

Can any limit be set to nature's possibilities or man's? It is dangerous to so affirm. Mediumship is largely an unexplored possibility of man's life. In the philosophic sense it is unwise to urge its limits. Practically, now, there are certain limits, defined by fact and sentiment alike. The facts are better appreciated on the spirit side, involving as they do questions of temperament, physiology, cerebral and nervous susceptibility, that are constantly encountered, to say nothing of ethic qualities and racial characteristics. Careful spirits admit their work is experimental to a large extent. In sentiment there are limits that are worth considering. Spirits are not, surely, put to their highest use in being made agents in fortune-telling! In being asked to act as criminal detectives! Surely spirit communion is not put to its purest use when you rush to it in any and every trivial difficulty you encounter? The utterly frivolous, and, at times, discreditable things that communion with the Spirit-world is sought after for, shows that some of you, at least, have failed to realize the higher value and the nobler uses it possesses. Consolation to the bereaved, demonstration to the doubting, helps to soul-culture, aids to spiritual uplifting, stimulus to moral life, and education in the laws, facts,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Spiritual Flowers and Fruits from San Francisco and Santa Clara Valley.

A LETTER FROM MRS. E. L. WATSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I intended to pen a Christmas greeting to my Eastern friends for some snug corner of your holiday number, knowing that you would be a most welcome guest in tens of thousands of homes on that blessed day of glad re-unions and loving good-will. But an unusual amount of work, both at home and among the bereaved of my congregation, prevented the execution of my plan, and now the New Year is enthroned, our "new leaves" are turned, upon one of which I will, with your permission, break the long silence on my part, and span 2,000 miles of mountain and plain with the silver thread of fraternal love, upon which may travel a few heart-thoughts to those who would like to know how the Gospel of Glad Tidings is growing upon California's golden shores.

My long and delightful summer vacation was sorely needed, for it was my first real respite in six years, during which I had not only lectured twice each Sunday, with few exceptions, but had carried the home-mother's many burdens all the days of the week, finding no time to read or meditate, occupied in studying "ways and means" for meeting the creature-demands, and trying to keep the little Life-boat (Angel launched amid a mighty shipwreck), from the shoals and breakers that hissed and foamed on every side!

During a period of three years I never went upon the rostrum in what is generally considered a favorable condition for intellectual effort; my mind was clouded with intense anxieties, my body worn with physical labor and the fret of perplexing thoughts, and yet our audiences increased, the "glad tidings" found voice and went echoing on and on, reacting upon the trembling instrument until order evolved from the chaos of her life. Tyndall, I think, tells us that flowers and gems are built up in rhythmic order, as though each molecule were marching to a tune; a beam of light falling amid a chemical chaos sets the elements into harmonious motion, and pyramids and stars are born of the silent ray!

Well, a broad beam of angel-love broke through the darkness that encompassed me, and each Sunday, to meet the need of others, sweet thoughts, finer aims, purer faith, loftier ideals, worthier hopes grew—for them and me—and the old miracle that is going on in rock and tree, in gem and flower, was repeated in human life! How beautiful are the deaths and resurrections which constitute the growthful changes of universal nature! This idea is exquisitely expressed in a charming little book entitled, "A Year of Miracle," by W. C. Gannett, which the Christmas tide brought me from a dear Chicago girl you wot of. By a thousand finely drawn illustrations from the real life of the world, the author shows how one form of force dies into another; the entire march of the seasons, the round of plant and human life being but a succession of deaths and re-births; the moral nature subject to the same law, so that we die from weakness into strength; we lose our present self to find a better self. I would like to quote the whole book; not being permitted so much I cannot crush the gem in order to place a tiny fragment here.

A violin, long used to discoursing sweet strains, acquires tone. The instrument of angel power must, in time, partake more or less of the mental and moral influences constantly flowing through the channels of the heart and brain. My enforced public labor for the general good has actualized the angel-taught truths to my own consciousness, and planted my feet upon a rock of faith against which the waves of fraud and folly now beat in vain. I am glad we have phenomena that prove the facts of Spiritualism, and I also rejoice that there is such a thing as insight (often the fruit of painful travailings), through which the soul knows truth.

There are many spiritual gardens in San Francisco where the truths we hold especially dear bloom and bear fruits, but I shall only mention those of which I have the most intimate knowledge.

Our Religious and Philosophical Society, now not quite a year old, is rapidly gaining in membership, and has upon its lists many names honored in polite, scientific and literary circles. Our platform is broad enough to include all lovers of humanity and seekers after truth, and by the adoption of a kindergarten of nearly seventy little needy ones, and the organization of an Aid Society, both of which are in a prosperous condition, we are putting into practice the principles of our watchword, furnished by Thomas Paine, "To do good is my religion." In the operetta of "Cindrella" which had a successful run at the Baldwin Theater all Christmas week, for the benefit of the Pacific Kindergarten Association (of which Association our Vice-President, Henrietta E. Robinson, is one of the founders), a great number of our Progressive Lyceum children, so long the especial care of Mrs. Lavernia Mathews, took prominent parts and did themselves credit.

We are exceedingly desirous that our congregation should have the benefit to be derived from an occasional change of mental diet, and at one time it seemed probable that A. B. French might favor us with his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but unfortunately he could not be spared from other fields of labor. Rev. W. W. McKaig has several times charmed us by his fervid eloquence, clear cut-ideas and lofty sentiments, and Mrs. Anson Shepard from your own city has broken the bread of life for our hungry souls to the grateful acceptance of all who were fortunate enough to come under her influence. And just now we are much interested in the touching recitals and remarkable tests of Maud E. Lord, whom I had never met until last Sunday, P. M., at the Temple, where she had a grand reception, and first introduction to the San Francisco public. The large audience listened attentively for an hour and a quarter to her life-story, eloquently told, after which followed tests. We hope great good will come from this conjunction of our facts and philosophy. Mrs. Lord is magnetic, and pleasing in her address, and from all accounts must be possessed of truly wonderful powers. John Slater is also doing good work here; his rapid delineations of spirits, positive tests, freedom from cant and delicacy of appearance, enlist the sympathies of his large audiences. In fact we are having a regular "revival," and the most hearty good-will I believe exists between the principal characters in the grand spiritual drama now being enacted on this coast. Later on we are promised the services of J. J. Morse, than whom I opine Spiritualism has no abler advocate. Personally Mr. Morse is a stranger to most of our people, but we entertain the highest regard for him from his writings and published lectures, and are delighted with the stand he has taken on all moot questions among Spiritualists. He will find himself thoroughly and happily at home with us, and my hope is that he will give us a long call. We want the R. P. Society to grow in all right directions, and one little brain is not a sufficiently copious channel for the spiritual outpouring that such a class of minds as gathers at the Temple month after month, year after year, ought to have. But while we believe in *diversity*, we maintain that some discrimination as to *quality* is requisite to true growth, and men and women of the J. J. Morse stamp will find a warm welcome among us, who, I understand, are considered the "conservative" wing of Golden Gate Spiritualism!

I presume we are as radical as regards effete theology as any society on earth, but we have invariably and emphatically urged the necessity of greater care on the part of Spiritualists in the investigation of phenomena and the duty of laying bare any fraudulent practices that might come under their notice. In two instances, within the year of our organization, our chairman, Mr. Wadsworth, has performed in the most irreproachable manner the rather dangerous operation of unmasking celebrated tricksters (who may also possess mediumistic powers), which may only have increased the number of their enthusiastic supporters, and which certainly has brought denunciations upon our devoted heads, but which was none the less a sacred duty on his part.

We conduct our services in the spirit of religion, recognizing the fact that music and prayer (harmony and receptivity) are valuable aids to spiritual culture. One of the prominent features of our teachings is, the value of this life, the reality of the soul-world within these mortal boundaries, and the beauty of right-generation as well as the possibility of universal re-generation. We have very few communications from the inhabitants of Jupiter or the sun. We are way behind on the subject of "re-embodiment" as taught by certain celebrities. We think natural science good enough without being Christianized; we are more in sympathy with evolution than revolution, but if the latter must come, we would like to take it in mild doses of Constitutional amendments, woman-votes, prohibition, emancipation for the labor-slave to a profit sharing position along side the slaving capitalist, who is at his wits ends to know what to do with other peoples' earnings; and we are rather glad that we can not monopolize angel-power, get a "corner" on truth, nor arrogate to ourselves all wisdom; and on the whole, we enjoy the idea that the rest of mankind—orthodox, Christian and heathen included—are under the same starry sky, receiving from the same infinite source of love and goodness, and bound to the same goal of spiritual enlightenment and consequent happiness!

The officers and members of our society are indefatigable in their efforts to co-operate with, and furnish right conditions for, their settled lecturer, by social gatherings, the ministry of flowers, those living poems fresh from the hand of God, and words of loving encouragement which fall like baptismal dew upon the tired soul. Our business manager, M. B. Dodge, is a host within himself, always prophesying of good things to come; always in funds and ready for any emergency. If there is a gap in my service there is none in my salary, and I often wish that all our mediums and lecturers, many of whom are worthier than I, were as generously and tenderly cared for; would not our cause then make more rapid progress and both worlds be the happier?

Wm. E. Coleman is ever on the watchtowers of our faith, and his keen intellectual eye takes in the whole field of progressive thought: He is rendering invaluable service to Spiritualism; no flow of logic or fallacy of doctrine escapes him; fearless, conscientious, free from favoritism, he delves for truth, nor cares particularly to stamp it with his personal seal. I owe much to his friendly criticism and kind encouragement.

The JOURNAL comes every week freighted with precious gems; for the last six months, particularly, has it seemed to me perfection. Its vigorous editorials, free from acrimony and brimming with spirituality; R. Heber Newton's bold utterances, flashing with the light of genius; Clegg Wright's unique, pungent inspirations; J. J. Morse's clear, analytical and convincing articles; Lyman C. Howe's profound religious sentiments, and Hester M. Poole's encyclopedia of womanly power and goodness, with countless other rare things, should make every Spiritualist proud of it.

It will soon be a year since the Bundy trio entered the gates of Sunny Brae. What an enhancement of the sunshine and flowers followed! What a summer tide of spiritual life swelled and sang through all those happy days! When souls tent under the same thought, how opulent becomes the mind! Strangers hitherto, suddenly find themselves gloriously at home! Inanimate things take on character from our mental moods. A certain combination of flowers will henceforth signify to me the wooing back of a human spirit into this world of struggle and tumult for a brave fight for truth and human weal!

You are in the midst of ice and snow. I glance from my open window into an orange tree laden with golden fruit; roses and violets breathe incense around my desk, and as sweet as these are the thoughts that I daily waft across the mountains to my fondly remembered friends scattered through all the Eastern States.

Sunny Brae, Cal., Jan. 6, 1887.

"The Line of Least Resistance."

In a recent sermon Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, illustrated his thought by referring to the law that all physical forces follow "the line of least resistance." But when he came to the consideration of moral conduct, he declared that the law was no longer operative, and that saints and heroes, martyrs, and all who make sacrifices for the good of others, follow the "line of most resistance." An able editorial writer in the Sunday *Herald*, commenting on this, after remarking that "the line of least resistance" to Shakespeare's Caliban and the drunken sailors, Drinculo and Stephano, was to reel round the island carousing and fighting, adds, "But surely it is hardly scientific to declare that this brutish animalism would represent the 'line of least resistance' to a man, say, like William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison lacked the needful outfit of drunkenness, scurrility, and blasphemy that could alone have rendered the feat easy and graceful. To his moral heroism, the 'line of least resistance' lay straight through the dense block of a howling mob, just as 'the line of least resistance' to a soldier—behind whom his officer is standing with a cocked and levelled revolver—is right into the teeth of the enemy. Only, in Mr. Garrison's case, the cocked and leveled revolver was his own powder and ball laden conscience, which he was far more afraid of than of any mob..... Surely, the real work of religion to-day and always, is to make goodness, mercy, justice, and love 'the line of least resistance' to the soul, and this by so arousing and firing the mind with grand conceptions of life, and awakening such horror and revolt from their opposites, that a man would rather starve than be false to the heavenly vision. Of course, the inevitable fight between the higher and lower nature is a theme to be perpetually emphasized from the pulpit. But, surely, this does not mean that 'the line of least resistance' for justice, where it exists, is not always to be just, for mercy to be merciful, and for love to love. Rouse these powers into action, and they forthwith strike a bee-line for their objects."—*Index.*

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

Dr. Sonneschein's Lecture on the Great Problem.

[Republican, St. Louis.]

So much interest has been taken in Dr. Sonneschein's Sunday lectures at the Temple Israel, and the request for their publication has come from so many quarters, that the *Republican* gives below an abridgement of the lecture on "Life and Immortality," which was delivered on December 12th and 19th. The text is taken from Goethe and Tyndall. The doctor began:

Life is a strife with some substantial object in view. Death is simply a dread with no real cause behind it. If we once regard death in a calm and rational way, we must define it thus: that while life is activity with an object in view, death is inactivity with an object in view. Death is simply the cessation of motion for one moment or longer. Death is merely an occasional pausing of one instrument or the other in the grand concert called universal life; a pause which occurs now and then, according to the melodious progress of that heavenly symphony of the great eternal composer who, playing with invisible hand, brings his own harmony out of that grand organ, "the universe." Death is inactivity for a moment or more, with an object in view. It lends enchantment to the harmony of the universal music, which rolls through the spheres. Death, like sleep, is to individual life simply the renewal of exhausted vigor—an inactivity for a purpose.

There are three distinct and disconnected views, which even the modern world, following closely the ancient classic thinkers, entertains as to the meaning of life universal and life individual.

The first, for the sake of brevity, I will call the kaleidoscopic view. There is a constant rattling of the machinery known as the universe. A mere blind chance decides whether the rattling is from the left to the right or from the right to the left; whether ascending or descending; whether a rapid and vigorous clash, or a slow and feeble tremor. According to chance or accident the atoms of this machinery are grouped differently at different times; for a moment they appear beautiful, and right away another fluctuation is felt and all is destroyed. Chance re groups the atoms and again for a moment they appear enchantingly beautiful, but all this charm is illusory and deceptive, and while you behold it comes another shock or thrill and again everything is destroyed. Such is the kaleidoscopic view of life—blind chance and senseless matter—there is no life; there is no death; there are only illusions behind which there is—nothing. Our given definition does certainly not accord with that view of life.

There is another view, a trifle better, somewhat nobler, a little more encouraging, but still leaving us mere puppets. It is the fatalistic conception; as on his little stage of Punch the pulling of different wires makes the little figures move, so in this view of life, all our actions are due to a power outside ourselves. The puppets in Punch seem to talk words they do not talk; it is the voice behind which makes the children and other credulous folks think the puppets are alive, children, tall and small, believe it all, but we older and wiser ones know better—we have looked behind. At the best, it is but a poor sort of encouragement that one gets from this fatalistic view of life.

But here is the third and at present yet the most popular view. I call it, for fashion's sake, the orthodox view. It teaches that this human world of ours is a chess board, with black and white squares, with two players who know all the moves, all the tricks and all the rules of the game. They are almost equally matched; the black one representing the evil spirit, the white the good genius of man; the black acting as the grim messenger of death, the white as the immaculate angel of life. It is the "God and the Devil" game, the sport between the power of darkness and the power of light, and we, poor things, are played with. If the white angel makes a blunder the black devil takes us down from off the chess board, and vice versa. The white angel does not laugh, he is not given to grinning and sneering; he is earnest, and full of sympathy and occasionally even sheds a divine tear; but "what a pity! I have lost a figure-head!" What pitiable and resigned figure-heads we all are according to this orthodox view of life, where nature and history is nothing but a scene on the stage of a grand spectacular play, where the individual is a trifle and the plan of the great melodramatic conflict everything.

And now let us consider our own permanently old and everlastingly new view as held by the Jew. He regards this world as a grand organ, beautifully tuned and harmonious, and never getting out of order. Each of us is a key in that majestic instrument, upon which, with invisible fingers, the great Eternal and Creative Spirit of Life is playing. On the one side are the higher notes, clear and sharp; on the other side the keys of the deep sonorous base; between are keys for the middle register, but all are needed and all work together. It is true some of the keys are the player's favorites; he touches them often and his fingers linger on them as a tremulous strain, sweet and gently attuned, rolls through the chords of this sublunar world. Sometimes one note dominates all the others. Sometimes a human genius flashes across the horizon of history and leaves a trail of brightness which is never obliterated or forgotten; through the entire part of that infinite symphony of universal life we hear that strain; it never forsakes us; once heard, its sweet sound echoes perpetually across the vast stage of life. Some keys there are which are touched once and it is enough; they are forgotten and forgiven. And even if the great organist press his foot upon the pedal, and as the lowest notes speak, a sound of stormy thunder rolls over the world; and even those demoniac powers born into the "nether world" to destroy, are a part of and have their place in the great symphony of life.

But here is the fact from which we start: the oil of life, called blood, is the medium of that force, of that vital energy, which, for the time being, keeps our organism intact. To this undisputed fact we add another: this material animal body of ours is constantly changing. Every particle of our nerves, of our sinews, of our bony frame, of the very skull which encases the treasures of our brain, is perpetually changing. The cellular tissue which makes up my body to-day is entirely different in its real make-up and substance from the tissue which constituted my body ten years ago. What has become of the body of ten years ago, no one knows; but my body of to-day is, as compared to that former body, altogether and entirely new. And still, with perfect reason and irrefutable logic, I claim that I, the owner of that body, am the same as I was ten years ago.

Now, let us go a step further. That which is conceived with the means of the five senses is not I. That which the five senses cannot and do not perceive and fathom is I. And right here comes in the problem of the ages, the great question which never has been answered and never will be answered to a conclusion—"Where shall I be when I am dead?—Will I be no more, or will I yet live on and on in another condition of existence?"

Now, if in all that which constitutes not myself but something else, of all the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and other elements which make up this ever-changing body which is not myself, not even one atom is to be missed, why should I, who in reality am I, why should each of you, each one of you being another Ego, be missed when owing to some stoppage of the clock-work of physical existence everything that is not I goes back to its primordial sources? What belongs to the air returns to the air; that which belongs to the soil returns to the dust; that which belongs to water, in gaseous form, rises and decends again in watery drops. Every particle of my frail and ever-changing tissue returns—when the invisible chord of this mortal existence snaps—to its origional source. If, then, that which is not I cannot be destroyed, why should I, the spiritual image in minature of the infinite and eternal soul-life of the universe be missing forever? Do you see the point?

Now, the entire universe is a living totality, sustained in its perpetual motion by a hidden and yet manifest animation. This vast universe is everywhere pervaded by that eternal and immutable energy which says, "I am what I am." And when my little individuality—and I am no figurehead—ceases to exist as a separate unit, I am simply added to that great sum total of universal life which only the religious symbol and the philosopher's formula—and no longer a mere conventional calculation—can compute or express. That sacred and symbolic name of all names, "The Living God," is the only and indispensable guide which helps us to find our way through the tremendous maze of elementary addition, to subtraction, multiplication and division which make up the beginningless and endless process of all material and spiritual existence and form the background, so to speak, of all the thought and action of the individual, be it the artist or the philosopher, the statesman or the millionaire, the free laborer or the slave, man in the saintliest impersonation of humanity or in the very lowest type of the savage. Wherever humanity rises above the level of mere brutal animalism the elevation is due to the working of this principle of immortality. Immortality and divinity go hand in hand. Give me one, and per force you must give me the other. Take one away and the other ceases to be known. There is no real scientist alive to-day who would audaciously desire to deny the existence of One Eternal Ego of the Kosmos, of that I am what I am, who lives and thinks for us from everlasting to everlasting, who embraces, nurses and educates in His inscrutable wisdom every one of us, who puts us into this world and takes us away again from this world of ours, and who, in Humanity's school, for our benefit, with invisible hand traces the lines and figures on the blackboard called History. He, the Eternal, calculates not only with millions but also with single numbers. Even zeros are necessary; yes, even these nonentities placed to the right side of real facts and figures, advance them in value and give them nobler position.

Take the zero in the standard of temperature—the freezing point. Above it everything is fluid; below it everything is more or less rigid and crystallized. Take evil; take passion; take pride; take vice; take sin and crime; that is the zero point in God's calculation. All that is below simply adds to the relative value of that which is above. And when on the scale of life's thermometer you have climbed to that high degree of boiling heat where even the hardest and firmest particles of your physical body dissolve and melt into so-called nothingness under the hot touch of the angel of Death; when you become ashes, either by the slow process of the mouldering in the grave or by the quick process of cremation, what does it matter to you where your non-ego is gone? The part you have placed above zero will remain to raise you in the estimation of your progeny and your fellow-men within the narrow or wide range of your activity and renown. Just as you strive successfully to rise above zero, to come nearer and nearer to the vital heat of that universal life, which is the fountain of perpetual light and ceaseless motion, just so infinitely long will you rise from degree to degree without end, and just so you will forever commune with that invisible and self-conscious entity of the universe, which we modestly call our Eternal God and Father.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SILENCE AND RECEPTIVITY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I sat down with the friend of my heart, and neither spake a word, and we visited in close communion of souls, in silence in which spoken words would have been jarring discord. The shallow mind is supplied with a wind of words: like a dictionary which is all words, without a thought. The highest thought, the most profound feelings, are beyond the sphere of spoken phrases.

The restless wind is ever sighing; the restless, unbalanced soul is ever chattering its half-formed thoughts. The shallow brook splashes and dashes over its bed with noisy tongue; the deep river flows onward without a ripple on its broad surface to tell of its stupendous power.

If we would learn of nature, if we would commune with her in her most arcane mood, we must retire to her solitudes and let no one intrude. The dearest and nearest may draw with well meaning hands an opaque veil between us and the sun. In the solitude of the forest, by the shore of the sullen sea, and in the depths of star-lit night, we rest as dwarfs, overpowered by the stupendous elements, yet the center of all forces and phenomena. We are in the vortex of creative energies, and if we silently question, the answers fall as soon as our minds are receptive to them. In its adoration of the boundless, the soul mirrors its own infinitude. The shoreless expanse of sea, with sky and wave blending, lost in mist, in the never reached horizon; the depths of stars, beyond and beyond, in vistas leading out into absolute void, beyond all created things, to such the soul acknowledges kinship, and in them finds its satisfaction. The thoughts of the stars are untongued, but they vibrate across the limitless ether, and are eloquent to the receptive mind.

Immeasurably more needful of receptivity, born of silence, is the contact with the infinite realm of spirit. The ocean of being, invisible, is before us. We may not dictate, nor with blatant cry make demands. We shall be grateful for a grain of manna from the heavenly skies; we may gather a full repast. As spiritual beings, into the warp and woof of whose being enter the strands of immortal life, we are capable of comprehending the laws of this unseen, and heretofore unknown universe. As suns are pulsating centers of light, spiritual beings are pulsating centers of thought, and as light waves go out circling until lost on the remotest coast line of the universe, so thought-waves go out from the thinking mind, and are caught up by all minds receptive to them.

By the sea, the soul sees the inner world expressed by a series of changing pictures. The ships sailing from harbor, with all their white sails set, and bent to the breeze which wafts them into the grey mist until lost to view, express the voyage of human beings. The white birds, with flapping wings are the purposeless spirits of the air. The stars, what consolation they have given the wretched in long ages of suffering, by their eternal placidity, their quietude from the feverish follies which we know intuitively belong to a lower life.

The truly receptive mind is least alone when alone. Then it becomes the headland against which beat the waves of thought from every thinking being in the universe. Like the telegraph receiver, it picks out the thoughts to which it is sensitive, and the others go on to those receptive to them. It thus becomes apparent that there can be an education superior to all others; the education of receptivity, or sensitiveness to the thought atmosphere or ether. Not that this can take the place of the ordinary training of the faculties, for their training, rudely performed as it is, often leads to a high sensitiveness, and more often leads away from it. The poet is most sensitive to poetic thought, and in this sense is a medium, not only for individual poets, but, perhaps, unconsciously, for the inseparable thoughts of all. The truly great statesman receives influx from the United Congress of all past leaders. Through the sensitive preacher, all preachers of the past find tongue. The man of science, if successful in research, may be praised for skill and faithfulness, but beyond these qualities are the impressions descending from all who think or ever have thought on their special subjects. There is sensitiveness of organization, and not of culture, which makes of the possessor a mouth-piece, an instrument neither better nor worse. There is a sensitiveness, better here called receptivity, which comes of right culture, and is the highest form of mediumship, though its possessor may be wholly unconscious of his gift.

Spiritual Growth in Newton, Kansas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have always held that the most effective way to spread Spiritualism was to encourage the forming of home circles and private investigation. Home is the spot where our spirit friends come and see us. There is nearly a medium in every family. Home mediumship ought to be carefully cultivated. It is in these home circles that I have seen the best proofs that spirits exist. Quite a number of these circles within the last month have sprung into existence, and secured a wonderful success. Spiritualism is, therefore, "booming." The Spirit-world has found a new instrument of fitness and power. A young man of a nervous temperament and fair muscular power, suddenly became aware of his great capacity to be used by spirits for giving strong physical manifestations. Last Friday evening I was present at one of his remarkable séances. The circle was held in the dark. The company consisted of about twenty persons of both sexes. The medium's name is Pherson. He entered the circle and demanded to be tied in any way they thought proper. He was tied by Mr. Jacob's, a materialist, to the chair, with a rope, one end of which was held by Jacobs and the other by a person on the opposide side of the circle, so that the slightest motion made by Pherson could be felt by those holding the ends of the rope. After all the preliminaries had been attended to, the light was put out, and singing began. In less than five minutes the guitar was floating over the heads of the sitters, and playing at the same time. This demonstration of an intelligent power made a convincing impression upon all. Certainly the medium did not move. He remained tied securely all the time.

Such séances as these are creating a very wide interest through the town. People who pooh poohed Spiritualism a month ago, are interested in pursuing the investigation. They freely say that there is something in it.

We have for almost all the month had receptions and socials. These meetings are a great feature of success, and are very popular. The only difficulty is the houses are too small for the people who want to come to them. We have a dancing party every alternate Wednesday night in the Music Hall, and on the alternate Wednesday evening a lecture. These meetings draw crowds of people that could not be reached in any other way.

The Sunday lectures are well attended. Yesterday, in the evening, every seat was occupied. The greatest interest is shown in the lectures. To counteract our influence, prayer meetings are held in the churches every night in the week, but the cause of human progress goes on.

Just now real estate in Newton is "booming." Real estate agents are as frenzied as the bookmakers are at Epsom on a Derby day. The money fever is running high. Property which could have been bought last week at a stated price, cannot this week be bought for double the money. The boom is increasing. The spirit of the famous John Law may have taken hold of the brains of the people. Anyhow, Newton is going ahead, both materially and spiritually. The JOURNAL will have a good steady sale here. All the copies were bought at the morning meeting.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could in no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?—*Atterbury.*

Woman's necessity is to lose herself—to give herself away. If she be hindered from doing this, in the sweet and utter forgetfulness of a noble and unthwarted affection her next impulse is to self-sacrifice.—*Mrs Whitney.*

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

EVERY-DAY WORK.

Great deeds are trumpeted; loud bells are rung,
And men turn round to see
The high peaks echo to the pæans sung
O'er some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idle through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale?
Or lie in port until some "Golden Fleece"
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough; why idly, then, delay?
His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps adown the mountain's brow,
With foam and flash and roar,
Anon its strength is spent; where is it now?
Its one short day is o'er,
But the clear stream that through the meadow flows
All the long summer on its mission goes.

Better the steady flow; the torrent's dash
Soon leaves its rent track dry.
The light we love is not a lightning flash
From out a midnight sky,
But the sweet sunshine, whose unfailing ray,
From its calm throne of blue, lights every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
—*Ellen Palterton.*

Over three thousand women are employed in the railway offices of Austria. They get from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars a month. Nearly all of them are widows of men who have died in railroad service.

Princess Beatrice, Victoria's youngest daughter, takes a great interest in bee-keeping, and is present at most of the exhibitions of bee-keepers, and distributes the prizes.

A Woman's Club has been formed by the young women of Okyama, Japan, whose object is "the development of their ideas that they may give effectual assistance in the carrying out of liberal principles."

Mlle. Heykel, after a very rigid examination, has received the degree of M. D. from the University of Helsingford, in Finland. She is the first Finnish woman to receive this distinction.

The French Telephone Company employs one hundred and twenty-five women, who receive a salary of eighty to ninety francs a month, besides their breakfast; superintendents receive one hundred francs. They are admitted at from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, but only unmarried or widowed women are employed.

The Princess Louise has made several drawings for the *Youth's Companion* to illustrate an article on "Salmon Fishing on the Cascapediac," by the Marquis of Lorne. They use the money which they receive for their work in helping poor English and Scotch families to emigrate to Canada.

Mdlle. Guillaumin, who died recently in Paris, was a noted character. For six years before her father's death, and for twenty subsequent years, she was the directress of the *Revue de Economistes* and of a great publishing establishment. Her editors, sub-editors, proof-readers, and many of her typographic staff used to dine with her once a week.

Miss Jane Strickland, the only survivor of the family of sisters of that name, has written a memoir of Agnes Strickland, whose historical biographies secured her a literary reputation years ago, and still keep alive interest in her name and work. The book will contain many of Agnes Strickland's letters.

Gov. Hill of New York is a shrewd man. He sees that women have come to the front and have come to stay. At the meeting of the Bar Association in Albany, late in January, Governor Hill made an elaborate address, during which he said:

"Since our last meeting an important innovation has been made in regard to admissions to the Bar. By chapter four hundred and twenty-five of the laws of 1886, the restrictions which prevented women from being admitted to practise as attorneys and counsellors at law in the courts of our State were removed, and hereafter no female otherwise properly qualified can be rejected solely on account of her sex. At least one woman has already been admitted under the provisions of this act, and there are now female law students in various parts of the State.

"Our profession, with becoming gallantry, will welcome the fair sex in this new field of honor and usefulness which is opened to them. If the presence of ladies as associate workers in our profession shall tend to develop among us that true politeness and dignified courtesy which should always characterize the demeanor of the members of so honorable a calling towards each other, then the experiment will not have been made in vain."

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

This tribute is from the eloquent speaker and writer, Mary A. Livermore:

"Fifteen years ago Jennie Collins was a tailoress in Boston, working for her daily bread. Feeling keenly the deprivations and misery of the large class of shop-girls who live in boarding-houses and lodging-rooms, and who have no friends in time of sickness and troubles, she appealed to her employer, a humane man, for assistance in establishing a headquarters for them, where they could congregate for social purposes and self-help. He did for her more than she asked, and 'Boffin's Bower' was established, which is now in the sixteenth year of its existence.

"It has exerted a marvelous influence for good over those who were ready to perish. 'My experience in these rooms is simply incredible to myself,' says Jennie Collins; 'it can never be told; volumes would not be sufficient for the narration of peculiar individual cases that have come to me with their puzzling and trying details, and which I have been able to relieve.' Her strong hold is the confidence reposed in her by the public, which has always responded generously to her appeals. That a poor working woman, without position or training, should take so strong a hold upon the public heart and be able to accomplish through its beneficence so large a work among the most unfortunate and hopeless classes, is simply a marvel. She holds a fair every fall to obtain means for free dinners during the winter for unemployed women, who pay for it in work. One winter, that of 1877-78, she furnished eight thousand free dinners. It was an exceptionably hard winter for working women. Her name is a household word among shop-girls and poor women, who confide in her to the utmost. She advises them, assists them to carry out their plans when they are right, finds them employment, gives them sometimes small sums of money, becomes security for them, obtains for them extension of credit, legal advice, transportation by rail, homes where they can work for board, maintains for them a free reading room to which they flock, and again and again has stood between despairing women and prostitution and suicide—always coming off conqueror."

WOMEN IN DENTISTRY.

A cotemporary gives a portion of the summary of women dentists found below:

"In 1869, the first woman graduated at the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. She was a Prussian named Henrietta Hirschfeld, and she afterwards became dentist to the Crown Princess of Prussia. In 1874 two more women graduated, and a few years later the Philadelphia Dental College also opened its doors to women. Now both colleges graduate on an average six women each year. Most of these students are Germans, who generally return to their native land. Most of the Americans go West....

"One young student, whose husband is a clerk with a moderate salary, said: 'The children are the principal patients I'm after. A great burley man will frighten the child half to death the moment he opens his mouth. What the little imps want is coaxing and petting, and they are seldom afraid of a woman. I shall buy a music box and candy by the pound. Make money? Why, a woman dentist I know of made $10,000 last year.'

"Another student says many funny incidents happen at college. For instance an old Jersey farmer came in one day to have an aching tooth drawn. He slowly mounted the chair, when up stepped a pretty young girl with a pair of forceps. His eyes opened wide with amazement, but before he had time to object his tooth was out.

"'She had her arm around your neck,' said one of the young men students confidentially. 'I know I should have broken that tooth,' avowed a second. The old man went to Jersey in a daze.

"Dr. Annie D. Ramborger believes that a dentist's office should be made attractive, and her office looks like a parlor. There are pictures and bric-a-brac, and fancy scarfs, and handsome curtains, and the chair we all dislike to fill is concealed by a screen of walnut and maple. Dr. Ramborger was the first American woman to graduate at a dental college. She was but nineteen at the time, and the first year she practiced she earned $1,200. Last year her income was $5,000.

"Dr. Mary Allman graduated at the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in 1880. She says parents do not realize the importance of caring for their children's first teeth, and that the longer these pearly little teeth are kept the longer the second teeth will last. Dr. Allman laughs at the popular idea that a woman is not strong enough to pull a tooth, when it is a certain motion that is necessary, not merely strength.

"Mrs. Dr. F. C. Treadwell is the pioneer woman dentist of Philadelphia, and has practiced her profession thirty-two years.

"Mrs. Dr. Julia Bassett has practiced dentistry for twenty-six years."

So far our contempory. Last year another graduate, the youngest of all, left the college, and has fitted up elegant rooms on Madison avenue, this city. We refer to Miss Olga Neyman, the gifted daughter of our friend and the friend of all women, Mrs. Clara Neyman.

Mrs. Neyman is well known as a public speaker of much charm and eloquence. German by birth, American by choice, a rounded, noble, refined and cultured woman, she is doing brave work in many lines.

Miss Olga, the only daughter, was graduated at Vassar, finished a course of study in German, and finally studied dentistry as stated. One look at her fresh, bright face, satisfies the visitor that Miss Neyman is well equipped for her chosen career, and understands what she is doing. She is bound to have success.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY; or, Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Price, $1.00. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Dr. Holbrook writes because he has something to say, and consequently all he writes is valuable. There is no gift or faculty more invaluable than that of memory. The power to receive and hold fast the data of thought marks the difference between the ignorant and the learned. From time to time various systems for the cultivation of the memory have been published, but they have been cumbersome, and their study would require the greatest effort, so much so as to leave no time for their use. They were like columbiads, trained to shoot sparrows. In his book Dr. Holbrook has avoided these dismal systems, and suggests various means whereby the memory may be cultivated, practical and easily adopted. He begins with health, for memory is directly dependent on the state of the body.

Every youth should study this book as an invaluable assistant, not only in verbal memorizing, but in retaining ideas. It has also a special chapter, extracted from Prof. Pick's book, long out of print: How to Learn a New Language. As a gift to a child, a parent can select nothing more valuable than this book, which gives the means by which the contents of all others may be retained, and those who find their memory failing, have here the means by which it may be restored.

A NEW BOOK FOR HOME PRACTICE. By Prof. W. Paine, A. M., M. D., of Philadelphia, ex-Professor of Medicine and Surgery, Diseases of Women and Children in several Medical Colleges, and Member of various Medical Societies in Europe and America. Price, $3.00.

Dr. Paine has had upwards of forty years public and private practice, and a large experience in treating disease. He claims to be the author of the germ theory and the discoverer of the New School Antiseptic Treatment of Disease. The book referred to is the work of a life experience and claims great merit over other medical books in that it is new, original, and so written and explained that it is equally intelligible to the physician, student of medicine, and every man, woman and child who can read the English language. It claims to describe and treat fully of every known medical and surgical disease, giving first his own and new school treatment; then the allopathic or old school treatment; then the homœopathic and their treatment; then describes every medicine, how it is made and compounded, including his own family materia medica and liquid ozone or catarrh vapor. The work contains a complete dictionary of the terms used by the author and a full index, together with a description of all kinds of baths, diet, ready made family medicine, and how every man and woman can successfully prevent, treat and cure their own disease. The work may be obtained of the author, by addressing him at 250 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ART AND LIFE. A Ruskin Anthology. Compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. New York: John B. Alden. Price, one volume, with two portraits and other illustrations, cloth, gilt top, $1.00; half morocco, marbled edges, $1.25.

This work of nearly 600 pages, makes a very handsome volume; its typographical and mechanical dress is in excellent keeping with its contents, and Ruskin is one of the few authors that can be read in these selections to advantage. It is always a marvel how Mr. Alden can produce these really valuable books at such a small expense.

BROWNING'S WOMEN. By Mary E. Burt. With an Introduction by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., LL.D. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, $1.00.

This charming book is dedicated to Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and his first Browning club. Mr. Jones has done more to make the study of Browning's poetry popular in this city than any one else. Being an ardent admirer of Browning, and having the keen perception to see beauties generally unobserved, he was desirous that others should have the same pleasure, and has given a great deal of time and labor to the establishment of Browning clubs. He probably feels in some degree paid for his work in having at least one such tribute to his labor from so appreciative and thoughtful a student as Miss Burt.

In the preface she says: "This book is written for the one who is too busy to devote sufficient time to the study of Browning's works to get at the poet's meaning."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale in the introduction expresses disgust at the person who cannot understand Browning's poetry. Miss Burt shows herself a careful student and points out many characteristics of Browning's women that the average reader would pass unnoticed. She treats the subjects artistically and all who read her book will be grateful to her for it.

THE LEGEND OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, as found in the Works of Saxo Grammaticus and other writers of the Twelfth Century. By George P. Hansen, late U. S. Consul at Elsinore in Denmark. Edited by Charles B. Simons. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 25 cents.

This pamphlet will be of interest to students of Shakespeare. Mr. Hansen will be remembered as a citizen of Chicago though born in Denmark, who was appointed by President Lincoln, Consul to Denmark. During this time he had access to the public records and rare manuscripts at Elsinore and Copenhagen, and there collected the material upon which he bases this work; material not before known to the general reader.

ALDEN'S HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 25 cents.

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. Guizot. New York: John B. Alden.

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ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 5, 1887.

Orthodoxy and the Heathen.

The above is the title of a sermon preached in St. Mark's Church, New York, by Rev. J. H. Rylance, D. D., one of many discourses from pulpits of different denominations, called out by the Andover controversy touching "probation after death," and the doom of the poor pagans. This matter makes a good deal of choking dust, a stir like the great shaking of the dry bones of the old theology, and a great stir of fresh life in the churches—the shaking a dead clatter with a noise of steam bursting out from icy barriers touched and melted by the warm breath of spring.

Evidently the bones will shake to pieces. The only safety for any dry and dead thing is to let it lie still; if it is picked up and handled, it cracks and snaps and falls apart, leaving only shattered fragments and unwholesome dirt.

The fossilized conservatives, and the timid souls who fear all change, hold on to the gates of hell with a desperate clutch, and stoutly declare that never, never, shall the heathan escape from its fires. The new theology advocates a kindly let up a little, some of them a good deal. They actually feel that God should have compassion on the sins of ignorance. Robert Burns, the songster of the loving heart, felt that "auld Nickie-ben" might have a little mercy, and surely the dear Father and Mother in heaven should temper justice with that same divine attribute.

Shakespeare makes Portia say, when pleading that Shylock's pound of flesh may not be exacted:

> But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute of God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

That is a sound new theology plea, and all the blind and cruel assertions that Jehovah will torture eternally countless millions of men and women who never heard his name, or that of Jesus, because they did not hear alleged glad tidings that never reached where they possibly could hear them, cannot weaken its force and reasonableness. How significant that Shakespeare put that plea as from a woman. The woman-heart of our time speaks in this new theology. The old theology is all masculine, and from poor specimens of men too. Old priests and monks, cold logicians with no intuition or emotion, or what little they had in a lifeless chill when they framed their iron dogmas.

Probation after death is really the Catholic purgatory in another form. The idea is the same. Are our Evangelical churches behind Rome? Is it heresy to give poor souls a chance hereafter, as the Church of Rome does?

To the Spiritualist all this quarrel seems like a fight in the Dark Ages. How the shadows melt away in clearer light as we think of life "over there," as beginning just as we leave off here, as going on like our life here only with more to uplift and less to drag down; with the cumbrous flesh, the besetting sins of the body, the straits of poverty lifted off; the narrow opportunities widened, the spirit more free and strong for an upward flight; and there as here evil but transient, imperfection and good the lasting and conquering truth, no arbitrary division of heaven and hell, but all grades of thought and being from gloom to light, from pain of soul to inward joy and peace.

Probation implies final doom for the wicked; and inexorable and eternal doom is inexorable cruelty in Deity—an idea more blasphemous than the vilest and hotest oaths.

But the whole discussion shows gain and growth to higher and wiser thoughts of God and man, and therefore it is welcome. It must not be expected that all will think alike, adopt our exact thought, but all who are looking on and up, who are reverently seeking real freedom of the spirit, are on the path to light and truth.

Dr. Rylance, an eminent Episcopal clergyman, sympathizes with the new ideas, and his sermon shows his generous feelings and large views, albeit he sees truth as refracted through the broken lights of the articles of his church. But we all see through broken lights, more or less, and can let that pass. On another page we publish a few sentences from his discourse, which must suffice to show its quality, although more might well be quoted did space allow.

A Deplorable Result.

In an article on "Applied Christianity," in the *Homiletic Review* for January, Rev. J. M. Sherwood, one of its editors, presents an alarming picture of the religious condition of the great cities and the threatening aspect of their influence on the near future of the country. He argues that history of the cities is that of the country, as Rome represented the Roman civilization; Paris, France; London, England; New York, Chicago, New Orleans, etc., the United States. These cities are wicked, and rapidly becoming more terribly wicked. If their population increases in the same ratio as in the past, in 1890 one-fourth of our entire population will reside within city limits, and subject to this evil growth. He says:

> We are confronted to-day with gigantic and rapidly augmenting evils, economic, social, political and moral, caused mainly by the massing of such multitudes in a few great centers which attract the worst elements of society, where all restraints are thrown off, and vice, crime and lawlessness run riot, and corruption and all manner of wickedness put on large proportions, and endanger the peace and welfare of the people at large, and ultimately the permanence of our free institutions.

In this alarming state, he sees salvation only in the Church. "The Church can no "longer afford to slumber. The danger is "imminent. The enemy is strong and defiant. A single decade will demonstrate to "us whether men and corruption, and anarchy and agnosticism, and a gross materialism shall rule this great Nation, or whether the church of God, Christian morality, "and a purified and christianized civilization shall predominate it." How imperative such a change really is, is shown by the city of Brooklyn, where the "Church instead "of keeping pace with the increasing population, has fallen so far behind that its relative strength is tenfold less than it was a "decade ago." And in New York for 550,000 souls residing below Fourteenth Street, there is room in the churches for only 60,000! If they wanted to go to church, only one in seven could gain entrance; but the worst is that they do not want to go. There is no rush at the church doors. There is always room, a waste of room, and half the number of churches would supply accommodations.

Mr. Sherwood roundly accuses the Church of directing its energies to outlying provinces, foreign missions and the West, and not following the injunction of Christ and the example of the apostles. He advises concentration of all effort on the cities and let the country care for itself! "No other policy will save us as a people."

Mr. Sherwood is a church leader; his *Review* is next to the Bible to a large number of ministers who will take their cue from him, yet he admits that Christianity after eighteen centuries of effort, has resulted in a bleak, dreary and dismal failure. An agnostic believer in a system he classes with men and materialism, would give Christianity more credit. Eighteen centuries of effort, at one time holding Europe in the palm of its hand, and now withdrawing from its outposts because the enemy is in the heart of its kingdom; concentrating for a final struggle in the citadel of last resort, in the vain hope that by keeping that stronghold it may regain possession of its lost estate.

The Church once held complete possession. A person could not be born without the coming of a priest; be named, or married, or decently die without the presence of one. The Sunday was a day for fasting and torture, and not attending church a sin most reprehensible. Having direction of life here and hereafter, what a showing for a system claiming that it has a right by Divine command to rule the world! What does this show? That the world is really more wicked? That there are more criminals, and a lower state of morals? Nothing of the sort. All this carping of wickedness is a thin vague plea; the real objection is that there is less church-going, less religious cant and observance of special days. The flood of new ideas, motives and purposes, and the incomprehensible growing influence we call civilization, make a resistless tide, which has broken through the dyke which the Church built across its path, and laughs at being again confined. It says to the Church, "patch up the old embankment and make it ever so strong, you cannot again force back the sea." If we are to have a reaction, let it be not to the threadbare dogmas of trained theologians, but to the principles of the primitive Christianity, which lie at the root of all civilizations, of all religions, and are the essence of morality.

R. A. Thompson of Philadelphia, writes: "We are having quite a revival, as our Methodist friends would say. Dr. F. H. L. Willis, by his wonderful inspiration and beautiful poems, has created a great interest in Spiritualism. His audiences are very large, intelligent and appreciative. That he is doing a great work for humanity can not be denied. Our lyceum is doing finely. Thursday evening we had a supper and entertainment, at which the members and their friends, and many church people, too, had a good, social time."

Major J. B. Young.

Again are we called upon to mourn the departure from earth-life of one of whom it can be truthfully said, the world is better for his having lived. Major Young, after fifty-four years in mortal form, has gone to join his children and parents in that spirit home of which he knew much before he went. On the evening of the 24th ult., at Welles, Nevada, his frail body refused longer to perform its functions and the freed spirit bade it adieu.

Brother Young was taken sick early in the fall, and after many weeks of dangerous illness recovered sufficiently to encourage the hope of complete restoration. To aid in this he undertook the long journey to the Pacific Coast with the belief that in the balmy air and amid the flowers of that summer land he could coax back that vigor of body and mind so characteristic of the man. With no fear of death and no uncertainty about the life beyond the grave, he deemed it only right and manly to struggle for life here. He made a good fight for a longer lease, but when he saw this could not be had, he longed to reach his peaceful happy home, where, with wife and children he had spent so many happy years, where in the family circle he had joined them in holding sweet communion with those gone before; that home on whose walls he knew were hanging pictures of dear little ones, painted by one who never saw them in earth-life but to whom they came as bright spirits and helped him to fix their faces on canvas with such life-like fidelity as to cause their instant recognition. This home, where his children were born and from whence dear ones had gone to the Spirit-world, was his chosen place to give up the mortal struggle. But it was not to be; and now it matters not. He was well prepared to go; from whence he departed, though a matter of choice to him and his family as a matter of sentiment, was of no lasting importance. On last Sunday funeral services were held at Marion, Iowa, which place had been his home for many years.

Major Young was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, in 1832, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. He settled in Iowa, where he was at different times elected Representative and State Senator. During the Rebellion he served as Paymaster, and this gave him the title by which he was best known. After the war he was Pension Agent for Northern Iowa; and always occupied positions of trust and honor.

His was a deeply religious nature, inherited from Methodist parents; his father was a well known Methodist preacher. For many years Major Young was closely identified with the Methodist church, and active in forwarding its interests. Some of its most successful enterprises in Iowa owe much of their fortune to his efforts in their early history. With a strong emotional and religious nature he had a keen, analytical mind and many years ago grew skeptical concerning ecclesiastical dogmas. Finally his views became too advanced for the church of his youth, but his religious sentiment retained its vigor. He bought a church and for some time was the main support of liberal religion in his city. Attracted to Spiritualism as have been hosts of Methodists, he was so fortunate as to receive, early in his investigations, proof of the presence of his spirit friends. This evidence he subjected to crucial tests, and it stood the analysis. He became a zealous but always rational and discreet advocate of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Some years ago he accepted an invitation to represent Spiritualism in a Conference composed of the liberal churches of Iowa. Having been named to the Executive Committee by the JOURNAL as the man for the duty, his success was a source of gratification in this office. He presented his cause in a masterly paper, afterwards published in the JOURNAL, made a lasting impression upon his hearers and gained the respect and enduring friendship of many of the ministers. Three years ago, accompanied by Mrs. Young, he visited the Eastern camp meetings. His presence at Lake Pleasant during a critical period, was of great value to the well-being of that camp.

A man of superior organizing power and executive ability, he desired to do for Spiritualism what he had once done for Methodism; and in so far as the different conditions would allow he strove always to this end. He keenly appreciated the need of orderly methods in evolving and formulating the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and increased facilities for preparing teachers of the modern revelation. Had his efforts been properly seconded the Spiritualists of America would to-day have been in possession of a splendid institution, where the study of psychical science, spiritual philosophy and cognate subjects could be pursued under conditions only attainable by the co-operation of large capital with experienced talent. Had he lived ten years longer he would undoubtedly have been largely instrumental in accomplishing this project, despite the numerous and serious obstacles. Educational work is an essential preliminary to so grand an undertaking. When the hundreds of wealthy and the tens of thousands of well-to-do Spiritualists of the country have reached an adequate comprehension of the needs of Spiritualism and of the demands which duty makes upon them, then will the dream of Major Young and those associated with him be consummated.

In the retirement of this warm friend from the active scenes of life, the JOURNAL loses one of its stanchest and truest friends, and the world a man whose religion was to do good. In religion, politics, temperance, and social reform, our brother was ever a representative of the highest and best thought of his time. He probably leaves a moderate competence for his family, but of infinitely more consequence is his legacy of a fair name, an honorable record, a noble career, a benevolent life. These, no misfortune can dim, no act alienate; they will ever hold their beneficent potency, ever serve to stimulate a love for the good and the true.

Magnetic Influence on Plants.

Light publishes translations of some curious and valuable experiments by Dr. Carl du Prel, going to prove that plants, flowers and seeds, when magnetized by the human hand, gain in health and perfectness, the flowers glowing with richer beauty. Experiments of Reichenbach are also given in which plants, after being stroked by a sensitive, or magnetic person, emitted the oil flame with marked increase in size and power. These trials demonstrate that human magnetism is something real, and capable of affecting objects outside the human organism. We are slowly learning that the most subtle things are the most real, that the unseen ever modifies and shapes the seen.

That our readers may know more of this able exponent of scientific and philosophical Spiritualism we give from *Light*, the following from *Le Messager:*

> "Baron Carl du Prel had already rendered his name celebrated throughout the German-speaking countries by remarkable scientific and philosophical works, when all of a sudden he took the world by surprise by publishing a series of spiritualistic articles in different scientific periodicals, notably in the review called the *Gegenwart* (*The Present Time*). This created a great noise, for another savant, Edward von Hartmann, had announced simultaneously that the phenomena of spiritism rested on a positive basis of facts, only denied that they were caused by spiritual agency; whilst Du Prel attributed them outspokenly to a superhuman source. The latter did not stop here, but lent his powerful aid to the calling into existence of the spiritistic Review, the *Sphinx*, which beyond all doubt is the ablest and most influential German exponent of the facts of modern Spiritualism and spiritism. Du Prel wrote also a masterly article in *Uber Land und Uber Meer*, one of the most important publications of Germany, from which articles we quote at haphazard the following thoughts: 'Spiritism must unavoidedly lose footing if left much longer in the hands of an untutored public; it is of the utmost importance that it should pass over into the hands of trained thinkers and experimenters of acknowledged probity and seriousness of disposition, men devoid of all bias and prejudice against the subject, in order to clear it of the excrescences which have already surrounded the kernel of truth with a hard shell of superstitition and a network of fraud.' . . . 'It is certain that he who has made experiments in connection with spiritism, will sooner or later accept its reality; whilst on the other side, it is equally safe to assume that its most rabid opponents have never studied the subject or examined its facts.'" The manifestations of Mr. Eglinton when in Austria first convinced Baron du Prel of the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Surprising Tricks.

It appears from an exchange that M. Bautier de Kolta, inventor of the now commonplace feat of "The Disappearing Lady," is doing surprising things in London. On a stage draped in black, with the simplest accessories, the master magician present himself in the conventional evening dress, with ample coat and fullness of shirt sleeve. These are mere concessions to the ordinary entourage of the professor of legerdemain. In producing on a plate of glass supported between two chairs a spirit hand, which taps the points on dice before the mæstro himself knows the number, the magician relies possibly on some of those subtle arrangements which belong to the reign of Psyche. The production of a bushel of roses from a paper simply coiled to hold a pound of sugar is effected by monsieur with his shirt sleeves doubled up, a departure from regular usage which, with native politeness, is not carried out by a Frenchman without a special request for permission. A bird in a cage flutters in a lively way, and "heigh presto" bird and cage are gone into thin air. The ample coat is doffed and passed round. Spectators rummage the pockets. The coat is returned, and before it is again put on, the bird and cage are with electrical sharpness reproduced. Weird music from the automatic orchestra gives the signal for the instantaneous appearance of a spectre in the centre of the stage. Disenshrouded, the ghostly presence becomes a beautiful woman clad in Grecian costume. A newspaper is placed on the carpeted stage, a chair placed on the newspaper; the lady seats herself on the chair. She is covered with a magic mantle, and in an instant mantle and lady have vanished, leaving the chair and newspaper intact. Some simple-minded Spiritualists would ascribe these wonderful feats to spirits.

The Thief's Hand.

A young Kentuckian of charming manners was a guest at Mt. Desert. He was, in fact, the lion of the season, says the Boston *Post*. A lady, who had by instinct formed a bad opinion of him, was asked by the Kentuckian to read his hand as she had some skill in palmistry. She declined at first, but afterward yielded. As soon as she glanced at it she started, and without thinking how it would sound, exclaimed, "Why, it is the hand of a thief!" With marvelous adroitness he met the confusion of the lady and the surprise of others gathered about them on the piazza by saying, "Ah, thank you! That suggests to me a means of making my way in "the world I never thought of. Since the "war we Southerners have to be on the lookout for opportunities."

His ready wit made him more popular than ever. But for all that, he was caught within three days stealing diamonds from a fellow boarder, and the police, when informed, identified him as an old thief in New York and Baltimore. The same long-fingered "hand of a thief" is seen in the case of Lillian, the eleven year old pickpocket, who for three years has been a remarkably adroit rogue. She is a blue eyed, flaxen haired foundling and educated to crime by a brutal faced woman who calls herself Smith. At the time of her arrest she had $118 hidden in her elegant stockings, beside several pocketbooks in her possession. We commend the study of palmistry to the investigators of human nature and social problems.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy left for Quincy on Monday night to attend the annual session of the Illinois Press Association.

Mr. A. A. Harvey, in a letter, says: "Your paper is the best of its kind which I subscribe for, either American or English."

Mr. A. C. Doan writes very enthusiastically of Fresno, Cal., and will answer letters relative to its advantages for a home.

Prof. A. Wilder writes: "David A. Wasson is dead. He was a nice, fine-spun, sensitive deep-thinking man."

Mrs. S. E. Bishop spoke at Grand Rapids, Mich., last Sunday. She lectures in Washington, D. C., during February, and Cincinnati in March.

Isaac Barnes, an eccentric Bostonian, was lately urged by his Baptist wife to subscribe for a new church. He agreed to subscribe $5,000 on condition that all baptisms should take place in hot water.

The poem which appeared on our sixth page last week, entitled "To Aunt Edna," was written by Lyman C. Howe. His name through some oversight was omitted. Good reports come from Kansas City, with reference to Mr. Howe's work there.

Silas Bigelow of Sanford, Fla., writes that G. W. Webster and Geo. Colby are desirous of organizing a resort and camp meeting in Florida, and any one desiring information can address G. W. Webster, Lake Helen, Fla. Mr. Bigelow is very enthusiastic over the climate and natural advantages of that locality.

The committee of the Michigan State Spiritualists Association will meet at Grand Rapids, or send proxies, the last week in February, for the annual meeting, and will adjourn over to a State convention, to meet at Lansing, March 25th, 26th and 27th, when and where a good gathering of the people is expected. So we are informed by one of the board.

Some days ago we published an account of Maud Cook, a blind girl nine years of age, living at Manchester, Tenn. A letter from her father, S. L. Cook, says: "She draws all her wonderful powers of music from angels and spirits. She commenced singing when she was sixteen months old; played at piano when five years of age. She can do any thing that blind Tom can do, and more too. She is said to be the youngest composer living."

Miss Alice Walker, aged seventeen, has not opened her eyes since December 21st. She is conscious at times and then knows those who are about her, can tell the style and color of her visitor's dresses, and converses freely with them. She could move freely about the house, a few days ago, and even went out to the barn one day. Her appetite is good and there seems to be no other symptoms of disease. She has had these spells before, and at one time, while seemingly unconscious of every thing else, hemmed two yards of muslin with stitches so fine that they could hardly be seen, her eyes being closed all the time. An injury to the spine, which happened to her several months ago, may have had something to do with her disease. She was formerly a school teacher, and now resides at Londonderry, Vt.

E. H. Dunham of Providence, writes: "January 23rd, Mrs. Emma L. Paul of Vt., addressed our society, morning and evening. Her lectures are finely worded, and would be very attractive and interesting, but her manner of delivery detracts very much from the effect they would otherwise have, were she less dramatic and more natural, and would temper her voice in keeping with the size of the hall in which she speaks. It is a fault which many of our best speakers have, and which, it seems to me, might be easily regulated, if they would take thought in the matter. There is a great difference between a platform in the open air and one confined within four walls and a roof, and lecturers would find it to their own advantage as well as their audiences, to discriminate between that of the two, when speaking. Mrs. Paul spoke again last Sunday."

A novel method of treating patients suffering from phthisis is described in the current number of the *Medical Record*. It was devised by a French physician, Dr. Bergeon of Lyons, who has been applying it for two years to cases of chronic pulmonary and throat diseases. It is claimed that the treatment consists of daily injections by enema of medicated gases, carbonic acid gas, when introduced into the system by this method, is found to be harmless and painless. Sulphureted hydrogen is mingled with it, the entire structure of the lungs is permeated by the medicated gas, and remarkable curative effects are observed. The carbonic acid gas is practically inert when taken up by the veins of the intestines, but the sulphurous gas reaches every particle of diseased tissue in the lungs and throat, and is eliminated from the system in the process of expiration.

Lewiston (Me.) *Evening Journal* says: "The suicide of Mrs. Silas Day, of Skowhegan, is said to be due to her strained interest in Spiritualism and to a hallucination caused by an alleged pressage from her deceased husband, published in a paper, the *Eastern Star*, in which he was quoted as follows: 'To my loved family and especially to my dear wife would I say, I will guide you with mine eye. My influence which you shall feel as a safe protection in your earthly journey, shall ever abide with you. There is sweet rest for you all with the loved ones gone before, when your spirit shall be made free.'" Occasionally a Spiritualist has a diseased brain, resulting in suicide. But such cases are exceedingly rare. There is probably one Spiritualist who takes his (or her) own life, to one hundred church members who commit the same horrible deed.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Keene, N. H., Jan. 2nd; Sterling, Mass., 9th; Taunton, 13th; New Bedford, 16th; Woonsocket, R. I., 23rd. He would like engagements for February and March, either in New England or the States of New York and New Jersey. Address him at Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

A contributor to the Oxford *Democrat* relates a curious dream by Corporal K. of the First Maine Regiment before Petersburg. He dreamed that in a charge he was stricken by a rebel bullet which bored a hole through his body. He awoke with a sharp pain and faintness. A few months later, in pursuit of Lee's retreating army a charge was made in which the corporal met death according to his presentiment.

Geo. W. Morris, the young and talented musical composer who left Chicago last summer for a few years study in Europe, is spending the winter in Munich. He finds the advantages there equal, if not superior, for high musical training, to any in Germany. He is connected with Rheinberger's Musical School, and is studying composition with him. Rheinberger has a world-wide reputation as a composer and teacher in counterpoint. Wagner considered him the greatest living contrapuntist. On the piano and tecnique, he is under the instruction of Bushmeyer, who is the best teacher in the school or in Munich in that line. Mrs. Morris and her daughter Bell, are also at Munich, and the latter is receiving instruction in music from the best teachers.

Capt. Raymond, an old and respectable Spiritualist, was at one time instrumental in saving the life of Abram S. Hewitt, mayor now of New York City, from a boat adrift in the sea. Mr. Hewitt and another of the passengers who was saved, Edward Cooper, addressed Capt. R. the following note in 1844. "We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have animated your bosom when upon your own deck you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we wish you to possess some slight token which in after days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your God and your fellow men; and we desire that other shipmasters, incited as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may 'go and do likewise.'" Mr. Hewitt was then 22 years of age and worth exactly $3.

We are glad to know that the House of Representatives has passed the Anti Polygamy bill. This bill makes husband or wife a lawful witness in criminal prosecutions for a polygamous marriage; it requires the registration of all marriages; it abolishes woman suffrage in Utah; it makes polygamy a felony; it deprives polygamists of the franchise, and requires of all voters an oath of allegiance to the United States and its laws, especially those respecting polygamy; and it dissolves the corporations known as the Church of the Latter Day Saints and the Perpetual Emigration Company, and provides for their being wound up by legal process to be inaugurated by the Attorney General. The desire to destroy polygamy, and blot it forever from all the territories, is confined to no particular state of the Union; there is a healthy unanimity existing that feels the necessity of settling at once this troublesome question, and giving the refractory Mormons to understand that they must keep the place assigned to them by good morals, and abandon polygamy at once.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) *Morning Telegram* contains the following in regard to Mrs. Susan Waters, wife of the JOURNAL's contributor, Wm. C. Waters: "At sixty-four we find her one of the most celebrated animal painters in the United States, a rival of the celebrated Rosa Bonheur. This little Quaker woman lives in a very neat house at 38 Mary Street, in the city of Bordentown, N. J., where she has resided for over twenty years, and has achieved her greatest triumphs. It was here she painted two pictures, for the great Centennial, which found ready sale and excited no little admiration and wonder. She reserved copies of them, which hang in her studio and cannot be purchased for any sum. The originals brought her a very good figure and also no end of patronage. This lady exceeds all rivals in the painting of sheep. This being her forte, she, of course, brings this animal out in all of its greatest charms, the fleecy wool almost appearing to rest against the canvas. One was shown the writer that exceeded anything he ever saw on exhibition. The scene, a pastoral one, was laid in a shady dell on one of those delightful days in May. The sky is glowing in rich spring clouds with rays of sunlight teeming through; to the front of the picture was a flock of Southdowns grazing; to the back or left was an old trunk of a tree, which had been blasted by the storms of the previous winter and was now lying prostrate. On this some lambs were gamboling. Truly it was a picture worth going miles to see. There were others of cattle grazing in such places, making you wonder which possessed the finest artistic points. Nor is her painting confined to pastoral scenes, but equally as well does she bring out marine views, landscapes and flowers in their richest tints and shades."

In the last number of the *Tydschrift* a "Diary of a Boer in the Kaffir Commando" is published. We extract two consecutive entries: "Sunday, Feb. 23. No Kaffirs in sight. Held divine service. Prayer-meeting at night—a blessed time. Monday, Feb. 24. Saw Kaffirs on the hills. Commando went out and shot thirty-four, besides a number that got away wounded. Thanksgiving service in the evening on return to camp. Sang Psalm 107 and went on sentry. Shot two Kaffirs."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Wm. R. Tice has an article in a late number of the *Banner of Light*, detailing some interesting experiences with Mrs. Ross, materializing medium. He thinks the manifestations were genuine. He says: "The medium was dressed in dark clothing, no light or white appearing on her person. In a few moments there was seen a form dressed in white at the cabinet, and a moment after the medium walked out leading a young miss by the hand whom she brought up to the sitters in the circle. The form was clad in a white, short dress, light-colored stockings and slippers; her hair was light, and hung in ringlets around her head. She touched my hands (as well as others) with hers, which were cold and moist to the feeling. She advanced under the light in the corner, which gave a fair sight of her, and it was a living, moving form. The medium and the miss returned to the cabinet and a moment after another form, somewhat larger, came close up to me but instantly retreated; she was clad in flowing white. Among the personal experiences of myself and wife was the appearance of the form with the babe in arms, when both Mrs. Tice and myself, as well as many others, went up and became convinced that it was a living, breathing babe that she held in her arms; while my wife and I were up, I felt of its face and its nose, and Mrs. Tice felt its ear and hair." Mr. Tice is well known to us as a careful, fair and painstaking observer, always cool and keenly observant, his statements are entitled to great consideration.

The Watseka Wonder.

The many correspondents and subscribers who have been importuning us to republish the pamphlet giving the wonderful story of Lurancy Vennum, are requested to read the advertisement of the new and superior edition as set forth in our advertising columns. Those who have sent orders for single copies of the old edition, which could not be filled, will receive the new one as rapidly as they can be mailed. Please notice especially the proposition to supply the widow of Dr. Stevens with a substantial token of regard, as explained near the close of the advertisement.

Orthodoxy and the Heathen.

The following are extracts from a significant sermon by Rev. J. H. Rylance, D. D.:

Evangelical systems of theology, notably that of John Calvin, have consigned all heathen peoples to eternal perdition, without discrimination as to their moral deservings. But some of Calvin's theological children have been timidly hinting of late, that this wholesale condemnation of myriads of men, simply because they were born beyond certain geographical lines, is unreasonable and incredible. Hence considerable stir just now in the the ecclesiastical air; a so-called "New Theology" holding, that, if not by the "way of salvation" as we know it, then by some other way, will all good men out of the Pagan world, be gathered into the family of God in the life to come. But the doctrine is vehemently condemned by our evangelical Scribes and Pharisees as treasonable to the truth of Christ's Gospel. Let us hope that the Scribes are wrong, as they so often have been; believing that there is more mercy in God than there is in them.

For the thought were intolerable, that the moral nobility and beauty of character which were once visible in the lives of Pagan saints and sages, are fit only for burning. Among them were men whose temperance, and purity, and magnanimity, and charity, would put to shame a good deal of our Christian virtue. And surely the Spirit of God was at work in the minds and hearts of such men, though they knew not whence the inspiration came. Heathen peoples were intensely religious; but in a blindly blundering way often. And what surprises us not a little, on becoming acquainted with their sacred books and customs, is the discovery of how much there is in common in them with what we find in our Bible. "*All souls are Mine*," said the Almighty through the mouth of a prophet. And therefore, spite of the imputation of heresy brought against it by our evangelical orthodoxy, we may still take home to our hearts the sublime invocation of the "Universal Prayer":

> "Father of all; in every age:
> In every clime adored:
> By saint, by savage, or by sage;
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

The Jove of Pagan poets, and of popular superstition, was not Jehovah; but when the worshiper knew no better, infinite Mercy had pity on his lack of knowledge, we may fain hope. For "a man is accepted *according to what he hath*," says St. Paul, "and not according to what *he hath not*." Yes; that is the rule of eternal Justice;—"*according to what a man hath*," of light, of knowledge, of opportunity, of moral power. These are the measure of a man's responsibility; by these standards will every man be judged at last; and not by privileges he had never known; nor ever could have known. To whomsoever *little* has been given, from him shall little be required. For the God with whom we have to do is not a hard taskmaster, reaping where He has not sown, or gathering where He has not strawed; but is pitiful and compassionate towards all who are "ignorant and out of the way."

The Young People.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Young Peoples' Spiritual Society of Chicago, organized Jan. 7th, held its third meeting at the residence of Mrs. E. Coverdale, 79 35th St., Sunday evening. Although the weather was not pleasant it did not prevent the attendance of a goodly number of honest knowledge-seekers, who in the future will be earnest and sincere workers for the grand cause they have espoused. The president, in a short address, dedicated the society to the help of humanity, physically, intellectually and spiritually. "It may be months or years before we can realize to our entire satisfaction the desires we have to-day formed; but let us labor, be patient, and persevere in the grand work we have taken in hand to accomplish, and with the help of all that is intelligent and good, and that strong spiritual power from above, we shall surely succeed." He referred to the absence of institutions for the assistance of the poor, and the want of schools and suitable places wherein to teach the truths of the spiritual philosophy. Duty calls us to this grand mission; let us answer earnestly, and with hands and hearts go to work with a will.

An invocation was given through the mediumship of Mr. Frank Algernon, in which the highest powers were called upon for their assistance. He was followed by a few encouraging remarks by the controls of Mrs. Severns, Mrs. Coverdale and Mr. Darling. Dr. Gray, the main control of Mrs. Coverdale, and the leading spirit of the society, believed it high time for the organizing of a Young Peoples' society; that the progress of the coming generation, depended upon the boys and girls of to day, and it was the duty of every Spiritualist, every lover of goodness and purity, to give their aid toward the success of this organization.

A Ladies' Aid Society will be formed at the next meeting, which will be held at the residence of Mrs. Danforth, 3746 Dearborn St.

A. L. COVERDALE.

Chicago, Jan. 31st.

General News.

The House of Representatives passed the post office appropriation bill and a bill setting aside $10,000 for a special distribution of seed in Texas by the commissioner of agriculture.—The real estate trade of Chicago for the past week amounted to $913,900. An eighty-acre tract just northwest of Garfield park, changed hands at $80,000.—A final dividend of five per cent. in favor of creditors of the World's Exposition at New Orleans has been made by the acting secretary of the treasury from the congressional appropriation of $355,000.—Dr. William Thorndyke, one of the oldest practitioners in Milwaukee, died from typhoid pneumonia contracted from a patient.—A verdict of $10,000 damages has been awarded to a Philadelphia newsboy who was pushed off a car of the Traction company and had to suffer the amputation of a leg.—A nephew of James G. Blaine reports the latter as saying that rather than be President he would prefer to see a friend in the White House and accept the secretaryship of State, to complete his work.—An anarchist from Wisconsin visited the jail in Chicago, and offered a deputy sheriff $50 to allow him a glimpse of August Spies. He was ordered out of the building.—It is rumored in California that the Southern Pacific people intend to erect at Los Angeles a hotel to cost $300,000.

In the circuit court at Chicago a bill to compel John H. Erby to restore $60,000 worth of real estate was filed by Helen M. Smith, widow of a policy-dealer whose remains were last month cremated at Pittsburgh.—It is stated by Henri Rochefort that seven nihilists were recently hanged in the prison at Odessa, ten others are being tried at Wilna for killing a colonel, and two hundred more, were lately sent to Siberia.—The authorities of Edinburg University have decided to invite the Prince of Wales to become its rector.—In the Missouri penitentiary Fred Wittrock testified that Messenger Frothingham is innocent of the charges brought against him in connection with the San Francisco train-robbery.—Miss Annie T. Howard, daughter of the lottery king of New Orleans, has purchased a lot on the corner of Camp and Delord streets, on which to erect and establish a memorial library of one hundred thousand volumes, to be turned over to Tulane university.—It is generally believed in Washington that Secretary Manning will resign and become president of the newly-organized Western National bank of New York, of which Treasurer Jordan is to be cashier.—Another gain of $3,500,000 in reserve is announced by the New York banks, which now hold $22,298,450 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.—A third member of the Elbaugh family of Bryan, Ohio, died last Saturday from trichiniasis.—Two hundred men have been set to work in Chicago removing the skating-rink and other buildings on the corner of Michigan avenue and Congress street, in order to erect an opera house costing $1,500,000.

The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and sick headache yield to the regulating and toning influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attentions —*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19. 1885.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Business Notices.

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MEDIUMSHIP.

-A-

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. MARIA M. KING.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

Price $6 per hundred; $3.50 for 50; $1 for 13, and 10 cents per single copy.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Chicago Meetings.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Martine's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd Street and Indiana Avenue.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street Mrs. T. B Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo D Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr George H. Perine, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7¾ p. m. Conference every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7¾ p. m. Lecturer: Mr. J. J. Morse, of London Eng.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Fraternity Hall, south west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.

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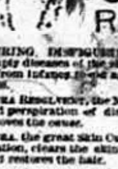
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Voices from the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Wendell Phillips's Memorial.

[The Wendell Phillips Industrial Department of Belvidere Seminary, N. J. (thus named by the authorization of Mrs. Phillips), is proving a success. The next term of twenty weeks will begin February 1st, when it will be prepared to receive ten more pupils, boys or girls. In commemoration of Mrs. Phillips's preference for a monument of this sort rather than a statue, Miss Belle Bush, one of the teachers, has written the subjoined poem.]

A QUERY AND ITS ANSWER.

I queried in my sorrow,
When the good man passed away,
How shall we do him homage—
How own his deathless sway?

What words can speak his praises
Or pay him reverence due,
Whose deeds, through the rime of ages,
Shall blossom fair to view?

Then a voice from out the silence
Of the deep sea he had passed
Answered back, and answered wisely;
"Build ye monuments to last."

Let them rise in strength and beauty,
As the fair green hills of earth,
And consecrate to duty
The wealth of human worth.

No bronze or marble statue
E'er festooned here by art,
Can fitly show his title
To our homage of the heart.

Still pleads he here in spirit
For the oppressed in every clime;
And his battle hymn of freedom
Hath won a voice sublime.

It rises from the valleys
'Till the mountains catch the strain,
And to souls of listening mortals
The hero speaks again.

Oh! men of wealth and station,
Heed how you use your power,
For clouds hang o'er our nation
That foretell a sifting hour,

When the idols you have cherished
Shall in dust and ashes lie,
And your hopes, like leaves of autumn,
Before the whirlwind fly.

There are little children pleading
For the precious bread of life,
And souls the wine press treading
In agonies of strife.

There are weary wives and mothers
Whom the world might cheer and bless;
There are lone, despairing brothers,
Whom your luxuries oppress.

Be wise: give not with scorning
These "little ones a stone,"
Lest in the near, new morning,
Your power be overthrown.

For God the word hath spoken
That through the world doth run
"Who breaks it shall be broken,
For justice must be done."

Give homes and halls of learning
To the lowly ones of earth,
And in deeds of loving service
Ye will emulate his worth.

Then let his shrines be temples
Of industry and art,
Reared by the hands that gave him
The homage of the heart.

Christian Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We are establishing here a religious spiritual society. Although started only by Mrs. Briggs, her husband and myself, a number of the leading and true Spiritualists of this city have come forward to join us, and we have no doubt that we will build up here a true Christian Spiritual Church. You know as well as I do, that most of the so-called Spiritualists are not at heart true Spiritualists, and it is our aim to teach and put in practice the religion of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Briggs is controlled by Rev. Dr. George, formerly a Methodist minister of your city, who is frequently assisted by other ministers of different denominations. She is fully entranced. She is well known in Chicago, and perhaps to you, as a former mission worker in your city. She is a Christian lady, and we are using the old Tabernacle here, where we preach the spiritual gospel to all, free, every Sunday evening.

The *Plain Dealer* of Jan. 10th, says: "An audience of fair size assembled at the Ontario street tabernacle last night to hear what was advertised as "inspirational speaking by two lady mediums, in English, French, Italian and German." There was, however, no speaking except in English. The meeting was under the auspices of Mr. Hugo Pryor, and the medium who spoke was Mrs. Briggs, late of Pittsburg and now of this city. It was announced that the meetings were to be of a different order from those usually held, in that the speakers would advocate a Spiritualism based on a belief in God and in the Bible. Mr. Pryor said that the regular spiritualistic society in this city is run by unbelievers in God, and in the interests of infidelity. He hoped to build up a society of Christian Spiritualists. Mrs. Briggs then, under inspiration of a spirit represented to be that of the Rev. Dr. George, once a Methodist minister of Chicago, delivered an address, setting forth the relations of Spiritualism to Christianity and urging the importance of a pure life as a condition of heavenly happiness. The address was quite orthodox and delivered in good language. Mr. Pryor made another address explaining how he came to be a Spiritualist, after which Mrs. Briggs, or some spirit whose name was not announced, spoke on the value of the Bible, and exhorting all to read it, especially the book of Revelation. She said this book explains how mediums are controlled to speak and to see visions, as St. John was in a trance when he saw the visions he described on the Isle of Patmos. She said it was not true that when people died some went one way to heaven and some another way to hell, but that all crossed the same river and entered into the other life through the same gate. But over there the conditions were such that one would be living in misery while another would be happy, and that this was heaven and hell. Mr. Pryor explained that the lady medium who spoke in strange tongues was not present because the spirits who spoke through her would not say whether they believed in God or not and he feared that they were evil spirits. 'We will have no spirits at these meetings,' said Mr. Pryor, 'who do not own to a belief in God and Christianity, and therefore the lady was not allowed to come.' He hoped, however, that in time these evil spirits speaking strange tongues would be cast out and good spirits would take their places."

Cleveland, Ohio. HUGO PRYOR.

MIND READING.

J. Randall Brown, "the original mind reader," was in Indianapolis the other day, and told this story to a *Journal* writer: Ten years ago, when I was rather young and inexperienced, while at Baltimore, I was persuaded, though rather reluctantly, to discover the body of a murdered man. The murderer was handcuffed and placed in a carriage. I sat blindfolded beside him and held his hand. As we drove on aimlessly I followed the thoughts of the murderer, and led to the spot where the body was concealed. Alighting, we walked about for a few minutes, and at last I gave orders for the attendants to dig at a certain spot. A few feet below the surface was found the body. The murderer was afterwards shot to death in jail by a mob. After that I received a great many anonymous letters from persons who threatened to kill me if I ever did such a thing again.

However "inexperienced" Brown may have been once, it is much more than ten years since he cut his eye teeth. The above story is on a level with some of the misleading fancies of one W. Irving Bishop and is to be taken with an equal proportion of doubt.

WELL THEN!

While I am strong in conviction that a woman should have equal liberty with man—should be equally free to unfold her highest capabilities to their fullest development, I am firm in the belief that her line of life must ever be different to that of her brother, and that the world's well being could not be attained by any other arrangement. A long life's experience has shown me that she is superior to man in those attributes that pertain to her conditions of motherhood, while in others she is inferior, and, as I believe, wisely so. Qualities not needed for use are of little or no value.

It is almost universally the misfortune of those who assume to teach the new gospel of woman's enfranchisement, that they pitch their notes on too high a key; pour out such lofty words and high-sounding phrases as have no common sense meaning; travelling on a plane so high as to be utterly out of reach to a vast majority of women, as if the whole scope of their teaching was only intended for those who are exceptionally well educated and well-to-do, while the great swarming mass of wives and mothers in the hard working classes are left out of count. Give estimate to such sentences as these, from the recent utterances of Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, in the *Woman's World*:

"But amid all these discordant voices, let us always remember that in reply to the error, 'Might makes right,' the philosophers of all the ages have exclaimed, 'Welcome, mother mine, to the forum, the sacred grove, to the inmost shrine of the holiest oracle.'"

Or: "These sons who were groping in the darkness of that old error, 'Might makes right', were riveting chains upon themselves, and fastening wings upon women. Think of it! Banished from mosque and temple, from pulpit and cathedral the woman soul was forced to erect her altar in the very heart of the eternal silence, where with thoughts illuminated by the light of love and truth she 'has seen into the heart of things.'"

For pity's sake, what does this mean? Round and smooth flowing the sentences roll out, but to what meaning to the great heart of oppressed womanhood? Nay, can any one follow the "woman soul forced to erect her altar in the very heart of the eternal silence" and give a reasonable explanation of what she is doing there, and what of benefit to herself or any one else is to be derived from it!

If we carefully analyze these utterances, what must one be led to infer? That the philosophers of all ages have had so little knowledge of the world's duties as to suppose that the mother's field of operation was on the "forum, in the sacred grove and inmost shrine of the holiest oracle." If the mother had the welfare of her children at heart, and was possessed of that most valuable of all gifts in this busy world—to do the right thing in the right place at the right time—would not the sacred duties of her own household set up effectual bar to forum, oracle or sacred grove? If a woman has the ability and inclination to teach on platform or in pulpit, by all means let the road be laid wide open for her to do so, and God speed to her effort. But why not put it in that common-sense way, and not spread out the idea in grandiloquent phrase, that if it were not for man's "might makes right" tyranny, the whole race of motherhood could be elevated to a grand life on the "forum, in the sacred grove and shrine of holiest oracle." Why not seek to make happy homes, and thereby elevate to a higher standard, both men and women, by teaching that the wife and mother, while her husband goes out to the farm or workshop, doing manful work for the sustainment of herself and children, should aid his endeavor by wise management and the graces of wifely affection and refinement in their home.

If it is true that men while "groping in darkness riveted chains on themselves and fastened wings upon women," what superior flight of accomplishment has woman attained to show for it? Is it not to her discredit, that with man bound in chains, while she has been furnished with wings, her flight has been thus far so inferior that she cries aloud for a wider field of endeavor? Of what use are wings save to fly to higher altitudes?

In fact, is not the entire idea absurd? It is not wings a woman needs in this working world. The duties of life are imperative. No amount of fancied enfranchisement, of college education, of "forum, sacred grove or holy oracle," can do away with the inevitable burden of earning a livelihood that will ever rest on the great mass of the human family; a burden that must be equally shared by woman in her own peculiar sphere with her brother. Enfranchisement to be real must bend itself to the task of making this burden lighter; lighter for the man as to the woman, so that they may clasp hands in the true harmony that makes these two one. The "forum, the sacred grove and the holy oracle," are for the few, whether men or women. The overwhelming majority must hold themselves to lives of toil, with limited opportunities for the higher education that can see nothing of value below a college. A woman's highest and best development must ever come from her home life. That homes are not what they should be is but to say that our most earnest aim should be to make them so, with this truth ever held in view—that woman can never attain to the best status of her possibilities apart from man; that never while he is bound in chains can she soar upwards, let her have wings never so abundantly. They will sink or swim together.

In conclusion: Let no sister flippantly assert, that I am one whose self-conceit has been soured by the superiority of a wife. Surely, the more capable a man will be to perceive excellence of quality, the more ardently he must desire it in a life companion. The fault I find is, that this demand for woman's enfranchisement is narrowed to a circle of only a very small portion of the world's womanhood, and that it is everlastingly clouded by big-sounding phrases that have not an atom of meaning to the great mass of those it is pretended they are uttered to serve, hence is impracticable for real purpose of good.

Cleveland, Ohio. W. WHITWORTH.

A Curious Story from Georgia.

There lives in Cherokee county, just across the North Carolina line from here, a man who is looked upon as having the affliction of Cain, writes a Clayton (Ga.) correspondent. He believes himself that Providence has thus marked him, and in consequence courts the night, and never appears in the light of day.

In 1844 a rich Virginia planter named Mortimer sought the wilds of Cherokee county, North Carolina. Thither he took his family and a retinue of slaves. He was averse to the advent of strangers. In this hatred of intrusion he was fully joined by his wife. To them were born two children, Henry and Edward. In course of time Mr. Mortimer died, when the care of the children fell wholly upon the mother. She grew more and more a hater of her kind. It is said that during the four years of the war not a human being outside of her two children ever crossed her doorstep. The children inherited the strange characteristics of their parents, and were regarded in the neighborhood as young Ishmaelites.

It was about eight years ago that Edward lent his younger brother, Henry, a small sum of money, which the latter was slow about repaying. One day Edward warned Henry that he would kill him before the sun went down if the money was not forthcoming. Toward sunset, as Henry was returning home from hunting, he saw his brother advancing with an open knife.

"Have you got my money?" asked Edward.

"No," was Henry's response.

"Then die!" shrieked Edward, as he rushed forward.

A bullet from Henry's rifle penetrated Edward's forehead and he fell dead. A terrible scene of excitement followed. Henry refused to be arrested and took refuge in the wild haunts of Cherokee. Vigilance finally relaxed; excuse was made for the murder, and by degrees Henry ventured to appear abroad again.

But the change which had come over him produced a greater sensation than the killing of Edward Mortimer. He said that on the night after he had killed his brother he found it impossible to sleep. Just as he would begin to doze off his brother would appear at his side, and, with an expression of exquisite pleasure, he would slowly pluck, one by one, the hairs from his head and face. For three months this refined torture continued, when the visits were stopped, and there was not a single hair left on Henry's body. The pores of the skin opened wider, and with every breath the hundreds of pores would act in sympathy, so that on the warmest day the victim would feel freezing cold. He retired to a room in his mother's house and persistently refuses to let the light of the sun shine on him. He says that he is punished as was Cain of old.

The Cause at Benton Harbor, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While the columns of our spiritual papers are largely filled with criticisms and counter-criticisms upon various topics and questions of vital importance to the well being, growth and development of the human race, I sometimes think that Spiritualists as a class have fallen into a condition of mind bordering on non-appreciation toward some of our speakers and mediums, and this may be due to the fact that we have not attained to that degree of eminence which inspires us to do the right, to be just, to possess the freedom and a willingness to publicly express our appreciation of their labors; and I might say right here, and plead guilty to the charge, that this condition in a measure is also due to the stupidity of many persons holding positions at the head of Spiritualist societies; for I am reminded that the editor of the JOURNAL often invites articles of general interest—only, perhaps, not so long as this is destined to become; and while we have scores of eloquent speakers, faithful workers and trustworthy mediums all about us, only a few have had the pleasure of visiting our beautiful village.

Until within less than two years, Spiritualism has been seldom mentioned here, except by a very few families, and often by these in a subdued tone; but during this period we have had at intervals, Mr. J. H. Randall, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, Mrs. De Wolf and others of your city; Mrs. A. C. Woodruff of South Haven, Mr. Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y., and Mr. A. B. French of Clyde, Ohio, all of whom are well known to the readers of the JOURNAL. I am pleased to say each one won hosts of friends here, and by their eloquence and logic made deep and lasting impression upon the minds of many in this community.

I wish in this article to mention more particularly Mrs. S. E. Bishop, who gave two lectures here Dec. 26th last. The subjects were, (1) "Inspiration, Ancient and Modern, its Uses and Abuses;" (2) "Spiritualism as an Educator." While both of the lectures in point of argument and logic, were powerful and strong, the latter was conceded by many to be equal to the best they had ever heard. She also gave three parlor séances; these were, indeed, feasts and highly enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to gain admission. I have attended many similar gatherings, but recall none that gave more general satisfaction to skeptics, for there were many who found their way for the first time to a spiritual séance. Her clear clairvoyant vision enables her to give a very perfect description of spirits, often accompanied with a faithful delineation of character, and fond and loving messages to relatives and friends present. Besides, there were other features of these séances that were interesting and instructive, viz.: The marked change of spirit controls and the variety of subjects treated upon; short talks of a general character and of great practical value if heeded; several poems of merit and excellence were given each evening, predicated upon subjects furnished at the time by strangers.

Mrs. Bishop is one of the pioneers in the cause. At a meeting held at her father's house in Ohio, more than thirty years ago, when but a girl, she was entranced and made the announcement of the first lecture she ever delivered in public. As a speaker she is powerful, logical and practical; as a mother, self-sacrificing in her devotion to duty and to the rights of others; as a healer and friend, many can attest to her wonderful magnetic powers, soul inspiring and sympathizing nature. As a reformer she never bows at the shrine of the popular side of life, but ever strives to know and do the right. As the result of such a life, there are but a few, if any, of her age, who have borne the burdens and crosses of mediumistic life, that make a better appearance or present to the skeptic our philosophy with greater force. And while we hail with delight all new speakers, mediums and co-workers everywhere, let us not neglect or lose sight of, or interest in, the pioneers.

W. T. JONES.

Expressing an Opinion.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was much rejoiced to see an article in your paper from the pen of the eloquent lecturer, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. Many years ago I had the pleasure of meeting her in South Thomaston, Maine.

As to the immortality of the spirit, although I know it has an existence in the Spirit-world after the death of the body, I have no safe foundation upon which to erect a belief in its immortality. I believe that the spiritual man, somewhat like the material man, is a progressive being. Where this eternal progression may lead to it seems impossible for any one to calculate. To know, one must have the ability to look along the line of eternal life.

As to Mr. Bishop's unfoldings, I have no means of knowing precisely what they are, but I see no reason why he may not be able to do all the wonderful things related of him without the help of any spirit except his own. He may, however, have great assistance from spirits, and know nothing about it.

Again we read, "As dogs, doves, cats, etc., evidence that animal instinct or intelligence will do many wonderful things, must we decide they are 'controlled' or angel guided?" The same principles are involved in this question as in those with reference to Mr. Bishop. It is well known, I think, to all mediums, that spirits like the material man, can not all exercise, to the same extent, the same powers, and that their bodies are not composed of precisely the same spiritual substances. The earth is a living body; it helps to bring forth, sustain and develop spirits, animals and vegetables. It is an individual and has an individual spirit which embraces all of its belongings.

All animals, all living vegetables and their seeds containing living germs, have their individual spirits, and have, or may acquire power, where proper affinity exists, to unite more completely than two or more drops of water; because the particles of water do not penetrate each other, whereas spiritual substances penetrate, not only matter, but spiritual substances so completely that they pass through each other without causing the least disturbances. This does not refer to mental disturbances. If the foregoing be true, it will be seen that an angel can unite with the spirit of a dog, and guide him to do any work that a dog has the functions to perform, and thereby gain the experiences of a dog; or the angel may unite with the spirit of a dove, and acquire the experience of flying through the air. Is there any good reason or necessity for re-incarnation other than this?

Creston, Iowa. R. ROWELL.

"Bewitched or What?"

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read the interesting narrative of experiences under the above caption, by J. C. Hoffman, M. D., published in the JOURNAL of January 15th, and accept the author's emphatic declaration that all he therein states is plain fact—or at least he so believes. Moved by the Doctor's appeal to the readers of the JOURNAL to aid him, if possible, in unravelling the mystery, I venture a suggestion. I make no claim to superior knowledge touching occult phenomena, but I think if the Doctor will read from the October number of the *Theosophist* (1885), pages 40 and 41, also the initial article of "The Path" (Jan. '87) he may find a clue, which, if followed, will throw some light on a very dark subject. If he would pursue his inquiries further, let him examine the published writings of ancient and mediæval thaumaturgists and mystics. "The Coming Race," by Bulwer, treats plainly of the secret forces of nature and the possibility of human beings being able to make them obedient to their wills.

Streams lead to fountains, effects may be followed back to their producing causes, even though they sometimes lie concealed within nature's mysterious portals.

Washington, D. C. F. A. WOOD.

A. B. Wilkinson writes: I have enjoyed your valuable paper very much, and hope you may live many years to continue in so noble a work.

Wm. Z. Hatcher writes: The JOURNAL steadily improves. Each issue is better than the preceding one, brilliant with beautiful lessons of absorbing interest.

Samuel Atkinson writes: I appreciate the JOURNAL. I ride twenty miles from the mountains weekly to get it. There are many things in it too deep for my understanding; yet it has helped me to see and comprehend many things clearly that I could not understand before.

J. H. Pool writes: I have read your JOURNAL with much profit; am much pleased with the editorial matter, and the manifest spirit of fairness always shown in its columns. I regard it as the fairest and the ablest of all the spiritual papers published. I want to be able to take and read it as long as it is published or as long as I live.

The Wastes of Society.

BY PROF. E. P. THWING, M. D.

This theme was discussed by the Academy of Anthropology at its January meeting in New York. The president remarked that the one aim of the guild was the study of human life in its individual and social manifestations. Biology includes the life of plant, bird and beast, but human existence in its material and psychic phenomena, with events and products connected with its development, human generic, social or tribal, is the field for Anthropologists.

Physicists, like Dr. Wahl before the Wagner Institute, are discussing the "Wasted forces" of matter, mechanical energies that are unnoticed, but can be utilized. Shall we not be more interested in the leakage and drainage of human society? Are there not moral increments to be husbanded more precious than aqueous and aerial currents, chemical and inorganic forces, solar radiation and magneto-electric power? It is well to eliminate chalk from river mud, burn and grind it for Portland cement; to mingle the blood of the slaughter house with sawdust, press it in heated dies and make buttons and door knobs, but it is a grander work to stop the wastes of moral energy that are sapping the life and happiness of men, and turn the weapons of evil into the servants of good.

A recent examination of various American and foreign authors has illuminated this subject and emphasized its importance. How do civic and rural communities compare in physical and moral health? What are the causes of ill health in various mechanical callings, and how far preventable? Are we to grant to Heredity and Environment all that their eager advocates demand, or has the will, after all, some oppugnant power in resisting and conquering inherited tendencies to vice and crime? The field is broad and the questions are vital. Can these social wastes be arrested? How may the race be kept from degeneration?

When Gregory at Rome saw Saxon slaves for sale he voiced his admiration at their beautiful figure. "*Non Angli sed angeli.*" An English physician quoting the phrase, remarks that the introduction of the mechanic arts have probably injured the figure, as well as the health, of his countrymen. He cites in proof of it a mass of statistics and observations among toilers and craftsman in city and in rural life. He classifies the baleful influences thus:—the cold humidity of English air and its impurities in certain districts; vegetable and animal exhalations; within-doors, dust, steam, and metallic poisons, with extreme heat of the factory or shop; the unnatural postures, and the deformities resultant. Tailors, for example, have curved back and various digestive troubles; anal fistula is so common that they have had among London tailors a "Fistula Club," as we have the "Hayfever association." They attribute their ill health to the heat, 98 degrees within when 70 degrees without, and to their cramped posture. Yet a proposed elevated table found no more favor than magnetic mouth pieces found favor among the filers. During the plague at Marseilles, all the bakers died having been debilitated by the great heat of their ovens. So also do cooks and confectioners suffer. Merat calls the French cook a kind of martyr, in his "almost divine art," facing apoplexy and the like diseases to minister to gourmandizing Europe. But intemperance and crime are shown to be the greatest causes of waste to society, and we are now to hear from an expert in Pœnology whose acquaintance with criminals and their treatment is wide and thorough, Sec. Round of the National Prison Association.

Theosophy, not Magic.

BY THEOSOPH.

In these days when Theosophy is being written of much and talked of more, it may be well to point out a confusion of terms, which gives rise to considerable misunderstanding. The term Theosophy means the wisdom of the divine, and, in so far as it is divine, it deals rather with man's religious life and character than with his knowledge of occultism and its laws. One may be a practical magician, for instance, and be no Theosophist. Jesus of Nazareth was a Theosophist; Cagliostro was not. All people who are truly living up to their best ideal may be called "Theosophist."

One may be a profound scientist and a very bad moralist. Take, for example, a vivisectionist. It is true that he who dissects the entrails of a living dog may have a knowledge which he who refuses to do so may not have. But it is a devilish knowledge. So one may work wonders by directing and controlling elemental spirits and be a power for evil. The magician, as such, can lay no claim to the name "Theosophist." He only is a Theosophical or white magician, who has acquired his spiritual powers by virtue of his saintship.

There are many Theosophists who are not members of the Theosophical Society. Indeed, there are those who declare that there are more Theosophists outside than in that body, and it would be absurd to suppose that the society founded by Madame Blavatsky has any claim to monopolize the term Theosophy. At the same time, there are many excellent Theosophists within its membership, as all who know of the Rochester Brotherhood and its amiable president, Mrs. Josephine W. Cables, will testify.

Jacob Boehme and Saint Martin may be regarded as typical Theosophists. Though acknowledging the reality of lower planes of existence, permeated by semi-intelligent entities, their teaching and advice is that of eternal progress. Their motto is, "Onward and upward," and they emphasize the words of him who said,—"He that leadeth the life shall know of the doctrine."

Buddha was a true Theosophist. In the Sacred Books of the East, edited by F. Max Muller, he is reported as saying that the reward of the first step in holiness is more to be desired than the attainment of great powers. Lucifer is the emblem of magicianship; Christ of the divine Sophia.

J. Clegg Wright at Newton, Kansas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I spent last Sunday at Newton, where Mr. Wright is delivering a series of lectures. He seems to be stirring up the shallow waters of that once peaceful city to an alarming extent. But it looks encouraging to see once in a while a bold voyager on the great river of life, who is not afraid to dip his oars deep, even if it does stir up the mud and quicksand from the bottom, in the shallow places. It will have a tendency to deepen and broaden the channel so the waters may run more clear in the future. We read of an angel disturbing the waters of a certain pool for the healing of the sick. It seems to me the angels are disturbing the water in a good many pools at present, and would it not be well for the afflicted of to-day to embrace the opportunity and be healed, especially the deaf and dumb?

Greenwich, Kan. B. F. HOYT.

J. H. Ford writes: I should be lost and homesick without the JOURNAL. It is my Bible and instructor, and I read it over and over again, and often the big tears of thankfulness roll down my cheeks to think and know there is a law by which our loved ones can surely come to us and communicate from the Spirit-world. I also enjoy your frankness in continuing to publish frauds. Although some of our tender Spiritualists say you are too hard on mediums, I tell them there is nothing too rough on frauds, and I thank God and the Spirit-world that there is one man who has power and courage enough to stand up and publish the truth to the world in reference to them, and that man is J. C. Bundy; and as long as your paper maintains the same tone it has since you commenced publishing it, and I can get money enough to buy it, you will get my subscription.

P. S. Goodwin of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: The cause is not advancing much here, as Spiritualism, but under the name of Liberalism it is growing. The Rev. Dr. Fay, of Unity Church, is doing a good work, and has the largest and best audience in the city. Maud E. Lord was here and revived us, but her stay was too short to do much.

F. M. Pennock writes: I cannot afford to do without the JOURNAL.

Rev. George F. Pentecost advocates abolishing "the week of prayer." He declares that it has become a "Nehushtan" and an idol, and should be broken in pieces. Churches postpone their work till the first week in January. If it is not then successful, they postpone it till the next January. The mechanical programme laid out by the Evangelical alliance destroys liberty, promotes formalism, kills spirituality.

Mrs. S. M. Smith writes as follows from East Portland, Or: The JOURNAL has been my only panacea for the spirit for many years. Now the clouds of superstition and bigotry are breaking away and the windows of light and wisdom are beginning to open, and the showers of gifts are commencing to descend in the city of Portland, whose orthodox robes had became so adamantine, that all the teachers, mediums of the true apostolic or Christ religion, were obliged to leave the place in despair, until the arrival of Mr. Colby. He seems to be freighted with an awakening.

There is a society established in Portland, having regular Sunday meetings, and speaking by Judge Read, Lawyer Beal, and Dr. Clark.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation; uneducated women can not.

He is truly great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

According to Dr. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, there are now in the United States 142 theological seminaries.

Man's capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried.

The revised version of the scriptures has yielded a handsome profit to Oxford University, which has the copyright on the publication.

Mrs. Garfield, widow of the martyred President, has gone to New York for a month's visit to her sons, who are at school in that vicinity.

Unity church (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place, has dispensed with the Sunday evening sermons and will hereafter present a musical service.

Frank Cushing has gone to Zuni again, taking with him his wife and sister. He has prepared a Zuni grammer and dictionary and is now to explore the Zuni ruins.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the brilliant author and lawyer, was admitted to practice as an attorney in the courts of New York last week. His home is now at Mayville, N. Y.

The Japanese are confused by the multiplicity of sects doing missionary work among them. The dissatisfied element among them takes advantage of this to oppose the work.

A child walking with his father one day saw a hen's feather (lying in the street. He stopped abruptly, and stood gazing at it for some minutes, then pointing toward it, inquired: "Angel—or turkey?"

A New York paper puts a new construction upon the missionary idea when it announces that "St. Thomas's church stood at the corner of Broadway and Houston street until vice crowded it up-town."

The fact is, that, in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—*Sydney Smith.*

During the past year there were 22,000 baptisms of Roman Catholic children recorded in New York city and the entire number of births was 33,319, showing that two-thirds of the number of children born were of Catholic parentage.

Mr. Gladstone recently read the lessons in Hawarden Church. Though the right-honorable gentleman is in his 77th year he stood up and read with his usual vigor. His son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, is the rector of the church.

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be hungry? we must starve. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think.—*Ruskin.*

It was raining heavily when Parson Surplus Eel, in crossing the street, met a poorly-clad boy whose clothes were soaked. "My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella?" said the kind-hearted clergyman. "Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas."

Bishop Wigger, of the diocese of Newark, N. J. has directed his clergy not to allow a funeral to be held in any of the churches if there are more than twelve carriages in the procession, and he instructs the keepers of the cemeteries to exclude extra carriages. The bishop is evidently opposed to extravagant funerals.

Rev. E. F. Miles, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Reformation, in New York, has resigned his charge. He was prompted to take this step because the trustees of the church ordered that a cross, the gift of anonymous benefactors, should be removed from the altar. The trustees declare it is a ritualistic innovation.

Justin S. Morrill of Vermont is 77 and the oldest United States Senator. He entered public life in the Thirty-fourth Congress, six years before Judge Kelley, "father" of the present House. Morrill in personal appearance resembles Charles Sumner. He has a most wonderful memory for facts, figures, faces, and names.

Miss Emma White, a bright little Southern woman at present residing in Brooklyn, thinks she has solved the perpetual motion problem, but some of her theories remain to be worked out. She has also invented a boy's hoop which can be taken to pieces and put in the pocket, and a floating ball balloon shaped like an umbrella.

After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope.

Gen. Sherman and Mrs. Hicks-Lord headed the grand procession at the New York charity ball Monday night. Mrs. Lord attracted a great deal of attention. She wore a black velvet dress, very scant in the skirt. Her neck and bust were hidden by a mass of diamonds, and other diamond ornaments were scattered over her dress and in her hair.

The Christian Union doubts whether 10 per cent of the Presbyterian ministry hold the theological views which were held by the framers of the Westminster confession of faith, or whether any larger proportion of the Episcopal clergy hold in detail the views entertained by the founders of the Episcopal church and incorporated by them in the thirty-nine articles.

A Yale College paper says that the secular magazines and papers are removed from the Dwight Hall reading room Saturday. It is supposed the religious weeklies are substituted in order to give the students an opportunity on the Sabbath to read the patent-medicine advertisements and the long list of "valuable premiums" offered to subscribers.

Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark, who has just given $1,000,000 to found a college in Massachusetts, was born on a farm, grew up, got a little schooling, learned a trade or two, sold tinware of his own make to the peddlers, opened a rag and junk store, which subsequently became a hardware store, went to California in 1849, made his pile in business, sold gold during the War at the War premium and invested in Government bonds, subsequently made lucky investments in real estate, and is now worth nobody knows how much.

Leo XIII. is probably the only person in the world—clergyman or layman—who, having $10,000,000 lying in bank subject to his order, refuses for conscience sake to touch a penny of it. He can not take money from the Italian government without acquiescing by the very act in that government's presence in Rome and appropriation to its own uses of the greater portion of "the patrimony of Peter," and so, like his predecessor, he says *non possumus*, and relies wholly on the free-will offerings of his spiritual children.

Catholic church circles have been torn up during the week over Father McGlynn's troubles in New York. He persisted in taking part in politics, and was first disciplined by the bishop, and then removed. His late congregation in turn refused to receive his successor, and the war goes on, the interest in which appears to have extended through the country. There can be only one result, however much delay there may be in reaching it—the triumph of the bishop, who is the constituted authority of the church. But there is no mistaking the idea, as matters now stand, that Dr. McGlynn has a great deal of sympathy in the fight.

Truth and Song.

The works of man shall crumble and decay,
His boast in brass and bronze shall pass away,
But o'er the flowing years of tide and time
The Truth shall flourish in immortal prime.

Temples and towers shall crumble into dust,
Silver and gold shall perish with the rust,
And all things that we see, below, above,
Shall vanish from the earth but lasting love.

The splendid wrecks of pyramids and thrones,
Can only mark the spot where human bones
Still moulder into earth without a name
These vain memorials of presumptive fame!

But Truth, and Love and Hope and glorious Song
Shall triumph over ages and o'er wrong,
And cheer the drooping spirit in the night
When vice and vengeance battle with the right.
—*John A. Joyce.*

Take Thou No Thought.

Take thou no thought for aught save truth and right;
  Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure.
  Youth fails, and honor; fame may not endure,
And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
  Keep innocent! Be all a true man ought!
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appall!
  Who hath this, he has all in having naught,
Who hath it not, hath nothing, having all.

Indians Materialized in Daylight.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Osakis Lake, distant from St. Paul one hundred and thirty miles north, on the line of the Manitoba R. R., is a very fine body of water, and in extent some fourteen miles in length by from three to seven in breadth. It abounds in fine fish of many varieties and has good hunting in the season for ducks and chickens. It is surrounded by as fine an agricultural district as can be found in the Northwest. The lake has two fine steamers upon its bosom for the benefit of pleasure-seekers, and is becoming quite popular as a summer resort; but my object in writing is more particularly to relate a circumstance occurring upon the above lake, which may be interesting to some of the numerous readers of your popular JOURNAL. I have not the slightest doubt of the truth of the occurrence which I had from an eye witness, and who is reliable, and for truth and veracity above suspicion—Mr. Jeremiah Stone, who owns a farm adjoining the lake, and whose house stands some three rods from its banks. The circumstance occurring, as related to the writer by Mr. Stone, is this: In the winter of 1874–5 (if my memory serves me right) in going to the lake for a pail of water, Mr. Stone noticed some five or six Indians with guns upon their shoulders, dressed in the regular Indian costume, their blankets fluttering in the winter's wind and at quite a distance from the shore, approaching in Indian file, one behind the other, as is their custom when traveling. Securing his water and returning to the house, he called the attention of his sons and several other persons to the approach of the Indians, who apparently were making directly for the residence of Mr. Stone, in a part of whose house was a general store. Those present supposed the Indians were coming to the store for the purpose of trading furs for goods. They continued to approach until within a few hundred yards of the watching party on the shore, and while all were intently gazing at them, they suddenly disappeared, apparently dropping through the ice. Immediate investigation was made and the ice was found intact, and four feet in thickness, and no traces left in the snow of any human beings having crossed the lake in the direction indicated. Mr. Stone informed me that the very early settlers in the vicinity of the lake, report that some five or more Indians were drowned at about this point many years previous to this appearance here related.

I am as ever a lover of the JOURNAL for the "enemies it has made."

St. Paul, Minn. M. T. C. FLOWER.

He Was Ahead of Ananias.

There is a little boy down in Lynn who is given to the telling of very large stories, and who often has to be chastened for untruthfulness. Not long since his father, to try the effect of a new treatment, gave over the usual method of punishment, and told the boy the story of Ananias and Sapphira with all the impressiveness that he could master. The boy seemed to be much edified by the narrative.

The very next evening when the father came home, he found his wife leaning over the boy with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" The father asked.

"Oh, Willie has been telling another great big lie," said she.

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and God didn't dead me, either!"—*Boston Record.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
In Debility from Overwork.

Dr. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results.

A Boston lady prominently identified with Sunday school work, and who is much interested in bringing our Chinese residents within the pale of Christian influence, called the other day upon one of her Celestial proteges. John welcomed her visit to his laundry with evident pleasure, and, when the greetings were over, the Mongolian, in response to her inquiry, gave her to understand that he enjoyed very much attending the Sunday school—information that was exceedingly gratifying. Anxious, however, to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the school upon him, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, yi," came the convincing response; "washee fo'le whole congregation.-*Boston Budget.*

How To Save Money.

Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

"The report of the First Presbyterian (Dr. Sunderland's) church, which has just been made to the congregation shows," says the Washington correspondent of *The Baltimore American*, "that the presence of the president and his wife as members of the church has increased the revenues of the church $500 during the past year. The report also shows that while the presence of the president has done something for the church, the church likewise has tried to make the president comfortable. Among the items for expenses was money paid for a new cushion for the president's pew and foot-stools for the same place. New hymnals were placed in the pew for the use of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and so the congregation think that they have done their duty to the chief magistrate and his wife."

"Imitation is the Sincerest Flattery."

If the above quotation is true, then Dr. R. V. Pierce ought to feel highly flattered, on account of the many imitators of his popular remedy, the "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," for they have scores of imitators, but never an equal, for the cure of sick and bilious headache, constipation, impure blood, kidney pains, internal fever and all bowel complaints. With a bottle of the sugared granules in the house, you can dispense with the family doctor and his often nauseous medicines.

Education should be regarded as capital invested for the future, from which a profit may be derived in subsequent life. It pays an annual income without expense for insurance, repairs or taxes. A good education is a more lasting resource than riches.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Are known and used all over the world, and at all seasons, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, and Bronchial troubles. Sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors, John I. Brown & Sons, on the wrapper. Price 25 cents.

It would take a printer a year and half to put the Scriptures in type at the rate of 5,000 ems a day.

We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as to fully comprehend them.

Even misfortune has its blessings—to the other fellow who profits by your misfortune.

Care For

The eyes by expelling, from the blood, the humors which weaken and injuriously affect them. For this purpose use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives tone and strength to the digestive apparatus, and, by purifying the blood, removes from the system every scrofulous taint.

After having been constantly troubled with weak eyes from childhood, I have at last found, in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a remedy which has relieved and cured me. My general health is much improved by the use of this valuable medicine.—Mary Ann Sears, 7 Hollis st., Boston, Mass.

Nearly Blind.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for over nine years. My oldest daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her eyesight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever.—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

I have, from a child, and until within a few months, been afflicted with Sore Eyes. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for this complaint, with beneficial results, and consider it a valuable blood purifier. —Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

My little girl was badly afflicted with Scrofula, and suffered very much from Weak and Sore Eyes. I was unable to obtain relief for her until I commenced administering

Ayer's Sar

saparilla. This medicine has cured her of Scrofula, and her eyes are now well and strong.—H. P. Bort, Hastings, N. Y.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Eyes

Are always in sympathy with the body, and are quickly affected by its varying conditions of health or disease. When the eyes become weak, and the lids thick, red, inflamed, and sore, a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy.

My little boy has always been afflicted, until recently, with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. We gave him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, his eyes ceased to trouble him; the humor disappeared, and his health was restored.—P. Germain, Dwight st., Holyoke, Mass.

Perfect Cure.

I suffered greatly, a long time, from weakness of the eyes and impure blood. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured me. My eyes are now strong, and I am in good health.—Andrew J. Simpson, 147 East Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

My son was weak and debilitated; troubled with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla his eyes have been cured, and he is now in perfect health.—Alarie Mercier, 3 Harrison ave., Lowell, Mass.

My daughter was afflicted with Sore Eyes, and, for over two years, was treated by eminent oculists and physicians, without receiving any benefit. She finally commenced taking Ayer's Sar-

saparilla

and, in a short time, her eyes were completely cured, and her bodily health restored.—C. R. Simmons, Greenbush, Ill.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

We have made arrangements with one of the largest importers of Violins in the United States, who have an immense stock they must turn into cash. They have allowed us to offer these fine instruments at a terrible sacrifice, provided we mention no names in the transaction. We wish to dispose of the entire stock as soon as possible, and offer you

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This TEACHER is a jewel in itself, containing many beautiful pieces of Violin Music and teaches one to play with great ease and rapidity.

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Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

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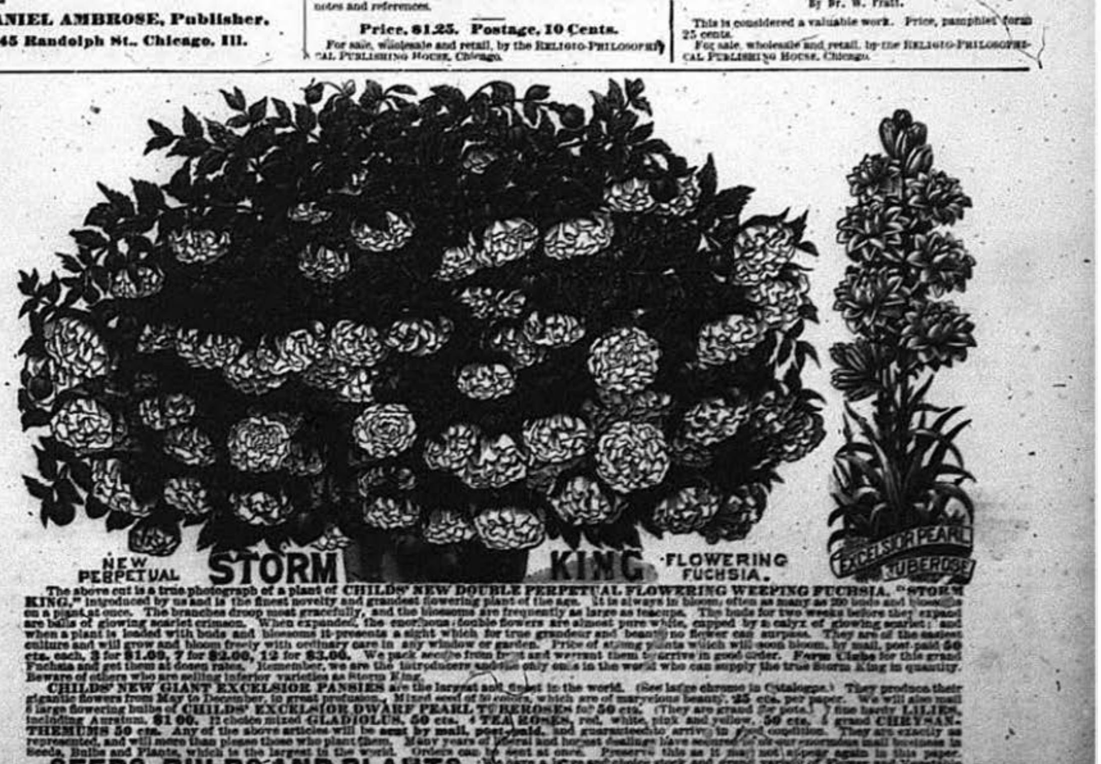

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(Continued from First Page.)

and conditions of the hereafter, so as to help you gain its best on entrance there,—are some of the limits an enlightened and spiritual sentiment would reasonably assign to spirit communion. Applying yourselves to obtain and enjoy such communion within the limits suggested, will enable you to extract the greatest benefit for yourselves, and add a luster to the work of the spirits that shall excite the admiration, and secure the commendation of the world at large.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HYPNOTISM.

A Paper Read Before the Anthropological Society of New York, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—What I shall give you to-night is a synopsis of several papers read by men eminent in science at a late meeting of the Association of Scientists of the Congress of Nancy, France, on the subject of hypnotism. It may perhaps be wise, first, to define what is meant by this term. Formerly it was used to denote the sleep which is caused by the action of one person through magnetic passes or will power on another person. More recently it has come to include mind reading, thought transference, clairvoyance, and a host of other phenomena including, perhaps, mind cure, faith cure, mental healing, etc.

In France for a number of years the subject of hypnotism has received very much attention from the most eminent of her physicians, and the results of their investigations have developed as much interest among medical men as the mind cure, faith cure, and prayer cure have among Christians and the laity here. So great is this interest that at the recent Congress of Scientists at Nancy no less than nine papers were read on various phases of this subject. Indeed, there it has passed the stage of the marvelous and inexplicable, to that of psychology and experimental physiology. All that I shall attempt to do will be to give a synopsis of the views there presented.

I. Dr. A. Voisin related his observations upon acute mental alienation treated and cured by hypnotism.

II. Dr. Edgard Berillon in studying the relation between the hypnotic and the wakeful state arrived at the following conclusions: He says we have demonstrated the possibility of obtaining in the case of a person hypnotized a disassociation of phenomena which in the normal state appear to be inseparable. We have gained the power of control over the action of a subject whatever his natural habit of mind or strength of will.

III. In the third paper Monsieur Liégeois, Professor of Law at Nancy, presented the following summary of the question in its bearings upon civil and criminal jurisprudence.

1. It is possible to develop in certain persons a state of artificial somnambulism analogous to natural somnambulism.
2. The subject of artificial somnambulism is under the control of the operator, not only physically but mentally.
3. The subject is made the victim of all manner of hallucinations and suggestions, and these are imposed upon him in the most realistic and absolute manner.
4. The subject may be reduced to a condition in which he is incapable of defending himself against criminal violence, and the most serious acts committed against him leave no impression upon his memory after he is recalled to the normal state.
5. The memory of the occurrence effaced by a return to the normal state may be revived by a new hypnotic sleep, and in this state the subject may give to friends or to justice all information necessary for the detection and punishment of the guilty.
6. The subject may receive suggestions tending to the commission of any given crime or misdemeanor after the lapse of several hours or days, and he will commit the specified act at the appointed time with a fatal certainty.
7. In such cases the perpetrator of the guilty act should be considered irresponsible before the law, and he alone who suggested the act should be punished.
8. False testimony in civil or criminal cases and falsehoods in writing, public or private, may be induced by hypnotic suggestion.
9. Justice has not the right to cause any one to be placed under hypnotic influence in order to obtain by this means confessions or accusations which the person would refuse to give when in the normal state.
10. If, on the contrary, an accused person or the victim of a crime demands to be hypnotized in order to be able to give testimony which he believes would be favorable to his cause, such demand should be acceded to.
11. The same rule applies to all civil acts, contracts and obligations, that may have been entered into under hypnotic influence.
12. It applies also to donations and to wills.
13. With certain persons the greater part of the hypnotic suggestions of which we have spoken, and particularly suggestions tending to the performance of specific acts, may be communicated not only while the subject is in the hypnotic state, but also in a state of apparent wakefulness.
14. We recommend all persons never to allow themselves to be hypnotized except in the presence of a chosen witness in whom they have entire confidence. The most serious risks may result from neglect of this precaution.

IV. In the fourth paper, M. Burot, Professor at the Naval School of Rochfor, spoke of the change of personal identity, and referred to a case of multiple identity observed by Dr. Bourru and by himself upon a hystero-epileptic subject. The point of especial interest in this communication, is that the operator may transfer the subject at will to any previous epoch of his life, at which there may have occurred any striking phenomena, physical or psychical. In such cases there is, he adds, a constant and necessary relation between the physical and mental state of the subject.

V. Dr. Bernheim, of the faculty of the University, Nancy, read an elaborate paper upon hysterical amaurosis and suggestive amaurosis (decay of sight from paralysis of optic nerve) which appears in full in No. 3 of the new review of hypnotism, experimental and therapeutic. He closes with the following resume. Hysterical amaurosis has no physical location. It exists neither in the retina, nor in the optic nerve, nor in the corticle center of vision. It is real, but it exists only in the imagination of the subject.

VI. Dr. Liebeault, of Nancy, communicated the result of hypnotic treatment in 77 cases of incontinence of urine, the patients being adults and children over three years of age, and concluded in these words: "By means of hynoptic suggestion during induced sleep, it is often possible to re-establish the disturbed harmony of the functions in a manner to avoid this affection in the case of children and adults, and the same treatment applies to the aged who are subject to the same infirmity.

VII. In the section of pedagogy, presided over by M. Felix Hément, a most instructive discussion arose regarding hypnotic suggestion from the point of view of pedagogy. Dr. Edouard Berillon, who led this discussion, formulated the following conclusions:

"In the treatment of children merely indolent, indocile, or mediocre, we may limit ourselves to verbal suggestion in the wakeful state. To make this effectual it is necessary to inspire in the child the most perfect confidence, to isolate it, to place the hand upon its forehead, to speak gently and with precision and patience.

"1. In the treatment of children impulsive, refractory, incapable of the least attention or application, manifesting an irresistible tendency toward bad instincts, we think there is no objection to the induction of the hypnotic state.

"2. During the hypnotic sleep, the suggestions have more power. They make a profound and durable impression. It is possible in many cases by repeating them many times to develop the faculty of attention in subjects hitherto intractable, to correct bad tendencies, and to recall to virtue spirits which would otherwise be hopelessly lost.

"3. In conclusion, he said, I do not hesitate to affirm that while it is not desirable to practice hypnotism upon healthy and well organized minds, it is justifiable from the standpoint of pedagogy to deal thus with subjects bad, vicious or diseased. But even here it is to be discreetly resorted to, only or especially in cases where other pedagogic means have failed, and it is to be practiced only under the direction of a competent and experienced person."

Notwithstanding the reserve of M. Blum, professor of philosophy at the Lycée of St. Omer who "would not readily accept a method involving the moral liberty of the child," and in spite of the objections of the same nature formulated at the Academy of Moral and Political Science by a distinguished jurist, M. Desjardins, MM. Liegeois, Leclere and Ladame emphatically endorsed the conclusions of M. Berillon. The President, M. Hément, continued the discussion in the following words: "Without doubt education should respect the personality of the human soul; it should not regard the child as an automaton, but it may and it should do for the lunatic, who is a defective being and for the child who is an incomplete being, all that is of a nature to correct the former and to develop the latter. If the hypnotizer fails to confine his power within wise limits, if he abuses it, if he injures the being whom he should benefit, the law is there to punish him as it punishes the meanest of malefactors.

"The benevolent establishments of MM. Boujean and de Metz for the benefit of abandoned and vicious children proceed upon the same principle as that of hypnotism. They assume, to a certain degree, the mastery of the individual conscience. They do in a moral sense what the gardener does physically when he trains and supports the feeble branch upon a white and sun-warmed wall. The tree receives thus the greatest possible amount of heat and light; it is also shielded against storms, and, in consequence, instead of bearing inferior, colorless, bitter or tasteless fruit, it bears a delicious and nourishing kind, the honor and the delight of the table. In like manner the true educator supports and trains the human mind, and his success justifies the means.

"Let it be understood, in conclusion, that we are not discussing a method of education for all, but a treatment, a curative process, applicable to weak or vicious natures. Further, it is to be observed that hypnotism cannot be successfully employed by all who may desire to do so; it is and should be limited to a chosen few who are worthy the name of educators, and of physicians of the soul. We do not accept without discrimination a person to treat a child physically ill, why then should we summon without care the one who is to treat those morally unsound?

"I accept willingly the idea of hypnotic treatment in cases where the teacher confesses his inability. Such treatment seems to me the point of departure of a genuine moral orthopsedy."

VII. In the same section of pedagogy, Dr. Netter, of Nancy, read a note upon "The hypnotic suggestion in relation to the spiritualistic doctrine of Descartes." According to the learned writer the hypnotic suggestion as taught at Nancy is in full accord with the doctrine of Descartes, who admits a radical difference between man and animal. The following are his conclusions:

1. It is possible to hypnotize animals, to cause them to sleep, but it is not possible to suggest ideas to them, not even to a monkey, by means of mimicry, although these animals imitate so well all our movements. It is only possible to modify the habits of animals.
2. In the case of a human being, the hypnotization suspends the action of those faculties which are necessary to the maintenance of consciousness. The subject is thus transformed into an automaton.
3. Professor Bernheim admits the existence of psychical phenomena and of phenomena purely cerebral.
4. Animals do not speak; they are not even in a self-conscious state; they preserve, therefore, indefinitely the new habits which have been imparted to them.
5. Children born vicious may be modified by hypnotization, by calming their impulses and by rendering them attentive to instruction. The spiritualistic philosophy may well accept the proposition emanating from Nancy to intervene with hypnotization the education of vicious children born vicious.

VII. The following is the substance of a communication from Dr. Jules Luys of the Biological Society under the title, "The effect of certain substances at a distance upon hysterical somnambulists."

1. The hynotized subject acquires by virtue of the hypnotic state a sensitiveness to certain substances at a distance.
2. These substances derived partly from the mineral and partly from the vegetable kingdom determine various reactions upon the organism, such as convulsions, paralysis, hallucinations, etc.
3. The effects vary with the point of contact, and with the side on which they are made to approach.
4. The result of these experiments upon the nervous system indicates the possibility of a new method of treatment for maladies of the nervous system.

By a series of instantaneous photographs the effect of the same substances presented alternately on the right and left side has been shown. On the one side joy, gaiety, laughter, are expressed, on the other, fear, and in certain cases the most violent terror.

We thus present a clear and impartial summary of the present state of the question of hypnotism.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

SPIRITUALISM THAT ENNOBLES.

BY L. A. CLEMENT.

Yesterday I read an article entitled "Hints to Spiritualists. Reasons why the Spiritualism of the Present Day Does Not Command General Respect." It was by the author of "Gates Ajar." The author details her experience with those who speculate upon the fears and hopes of humanity under the name of fortune tellers, or so-called clairvoyants, who try to mislead in order to plunder, and she calls this "The Spiritualism of the present day."

After detailing her experience with that which claims to be in partnership with the immortals in the show business she asks these questions:

"Drift on as you may through whatever course of 'investigations,' become a post-graduate if you will in what you may be pleased to call the study of occult phenomena—what, after all and through all, do you achieve? Are you a better man? Are you a wiser woman? Is life more lofty? Is death more dignified? Is your heart more pure? Is your struggle with sin more manly? What have you found? What have you learned? What precious thing did your dearest dead breathe to you across the dining room table of a scarcely reputable stranger? What did she say that was worth unsealing the awful lips of the sepulchre?"

Laying aside the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of the 9th inst., in which this article appeared, with a feeling that the time spent in reading it was time lost, I picked up the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of the 8th, and my eye rested upon your leading editorial entitled "The Power of Satan." You comment on the criticisms based upon a paragraph taken from the first article I ever wrote on the subject of Spiritualism, and I did not know until then that it had ever appeared in print. I was in Washington at the time, and was all "broken up" by a lecture by Mrs. Spence, which instead of telling of the beauties of Spiritualism was simply a tirade of abuse of the churches. Its tendency was not to open the door and invite hungering souls in, but to disgust and drive away the seekers after truth. The lecture pleased a few who were already convinced that Spiritualism stood far in advance of the Christian religion, but it had none of that spirit of the woman at the well who said, "Come and see a man who told me all I ever knew."

As I have been accustomed to write for the press for the past twenty years, I wrote an article for the *Banner of Light* entitled "Christian Spiritualism," and from this article you quote the following:

"I assure you that I would not give up my belief in, and my knowledge of, Spiritualism for all the gold in the United States treasury; and yet I remain a member of the church, and with the Episcopal minister and his wife at my far-away Western home, have formed a circle, and I am glad to say we have excellent demonstrations. Sunday morning from the pulpit he preaches Spiritualism. Sunday night we commune with the spirits, and will allow nothing to interfere with our appointment with them. Who shall judge us in our work? I know that Spiritualism in its truest and best sense—that Spiritualism which does not seek to destroy but to improve and build up, is rapidly gaining a foot-hold in all churches, and in time will have complete possession."

I adopted this view two years ago, after fourteen years of investigation—not after fourteen years of running hither and thither following the advice of the many controls with which I have come in contact, but after I had turned leaf after leaf as I would go through a book to discover its contents, finding much that was beautiful, some which disgusted, much that was corrupt and demoralizing, for I have taken in the commercial phases as well as the pure and undefiled that is within the reach of all honest searchers after the truth.

And though I have suffered in loss of property; though I have been discredited and injured because it was known I was a searcher after the light and a believer in spirit return; though friends and relatives have turned upon me, I repeat, "I would not give up my belief in, and my knowledge of, Spiritualism for all the gold in the United States treasury."

In reply to the queries raised by the correspondent mentioned, I can truly say that I am a better man; that I now shun company that I found delight in before I saw the light, as I would shun the pestilence; that the sins that so easily beset me before that day, no longer afford pleasure; that it is now easy to overcome temptation to which I had readily surrendered.

When my angel mother came to me in her robes of light and said, "My son, if you only knew how much easier it is for me to come to you if you do not drink, and how much more I can assist you if you keep yourself pure, you would never drink again,"—it was easy enough for me to resist that temptation which has never returned to me.

When my dear boy, appearing first as a ray of light on the carpet at my feet, so far materialized as to lay his little hand in mine, and say, "Papa, do not be discouraged, all will be well by and by, the troubles you have had are for a purpose that you will understand by and by,"—the yoke I wore and the burdens I bore became light indeed.

When death approached me in the form of a ruptured artery and life was passing away like water flowing from an upturned pitcher, death lost its terrors and the bright beyond appeared as a picture I was loath to turn from.

When lying in the hospital racked with fever, I wandered in crystal palaces, rested beside babbling brooks, walked among fragrant flowers, and listened to music more charming than anything earth life affords,—returning purer in heart and with strength that only God and the angels could give, were not precious things breathed to me from over there that I could not well forget? Yes, indeed, my heart is more pure, my struggles with sin more manly since I came to know that mortals can converse with spirits.

And this is the answer that one who has suffered and been rewarded, who suffers still but is not without hope, can give to the questions raised by one who has evidently seen only the commercial Spiritualism of the day, and yet assumes to write of the purer and holier article.

Duluth, Minn.

The Watseka Wonder.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As the "Watseka Wonder" is soon to be republished, I venture a few words, principally in defense of Mr. Roff's family, who are besieged with letters from all quarters, some asking if there is such a family in existence, and some wishing the truth confirmed; and also because there are those unjust enough to accuse them of having published the pamphlet for speculation. I will say that I have known the family intimately for the past five years; know them to be honest, truthful people, who could not be persuaded to lend their names or aid to furthering any project not strictly in accord with truth and right; not only this, I am personally acquainted with Lurancy Vennum as well as nearly all others connected with the "Watseka Wonder," and can vouch for the truth of it. Aside from social acquaintance with Dr. Stevens, its author, I had an extended professional acquaintance with him, and know that the Lurancy Vennum case was only one of many similar cases that the Doctor successfully treated. Having had a nine years' experience myself in the treatment of disease, I have also had several cases of obsession, any of which written up would be a "nut" for the regulars to crack, and would add weight to the testimony the "Watseka Wonder" contains.

I will give one incident which occurred during my visit with Lurancy Vennum, which will establish the fact that her brain remained sensitive, or in other words, that she retained her medial powers. It was during the month of October, 1881, that I first met her, and on the day of our introduction, I asked her to go with me to an art gallery and sit for her picture. She consented. As we walked along to the art rooms, she said I hear a name I have heard many times before, at the same time speaking the full name; it was a name that Mr. Roff (who accompanied us) and myself were perfectly familiar with, and which she could not have known but by the means in which it came, which is known to us as clairaudience. I have only to add that "the half has never been told" concerning the wonderful visit of "our angel Mary" to her parents and friends in earth-life.

My apology for making these statements is based on a knowledge of the case described, and also of many similar ones; a knowledge that Mr. Roff and family have been unjustly criticised by an unreasoning public, and a knowledge that this statement from me will satisfy hundreds throughout the Union who are acquainted with me and my work, and who will know that no desire for anything but to see common justice done actuates the writer.

CORA ELLISON, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal. 129 Taylor St.

Opinions of Eminent Egyptologists Regarding Mr. Gerald Massey's Alleged Egypto-Christian Parallels.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I sent copies of the JOURNAL of October 16th last, containing my *critique* of Mr. Gerald Massey's alleged parallels between Egyptian mythology and the New Testament, to some of the leading Egyptologists of Europe, with request that I be informed of any errors that might be discovered in my statements. I am in receipt of the replies given below. The first is from Prof. A. H. Sayce, the eminent philologist, Assyriologist, Egyptologist, etc., of Queen's College, Oxford.

"Many thanks for your very thorough demolition of Mr. Massey's crudities. It is difficult to understand how a man can have the effrontery to put forward such a mass of ignorance and false quotation. You have done a real service to the cause of truth by exposing him so fully. You ask me if I can detect any errors in your essay. Errors enough on the part of Mr. Massey, but they have all been exposed impartially and mercilessly by yourself. I wonder how you manage to keep abreast of the newest researches at such a distance from the great libraries of the Eastern portion of the hemisphere."

The second is from one of the ablest Egyptologers in England, regarded by some as the leading one in that country. He is now connected with the British Museum. Owing to the rather personal character of some of his remarks, it is thought better that his name be not published.

"You are quite right in your exposure of Mr. Massey. Some people think him dishonest, and that he is quite conscious of the ridiculous blunders which he publishes. I do not think so after having examined his large book. It is a work which I should have thought could only have been written in Bedlam. No lunatic could possibly write more wild rubbish, without the least consciousness of the incredible ignorance displayed throughout. The man is at once an ignoramus of the worst kind—viz., not in the least being aware of his ignorance, and he has the pretension of explaining things which cannot be understood (except by trusting other persons) without a considerable knowledge of different languages, which he does not possess. And although there are ignorant persons enough who do this in a mild way, Mr. M. pursues his hobby as none but a Bedlamite would."

It is safe to say that every competent Egyptologer in the world, reading Mr. Massey's ponderous volumes, would come to the same conclusion, substantially, as is voiced above, regarding the stupendous display of ignorance and absurdity which they contain. The quantity of rubbish and blunders found in them is indeed amazing!

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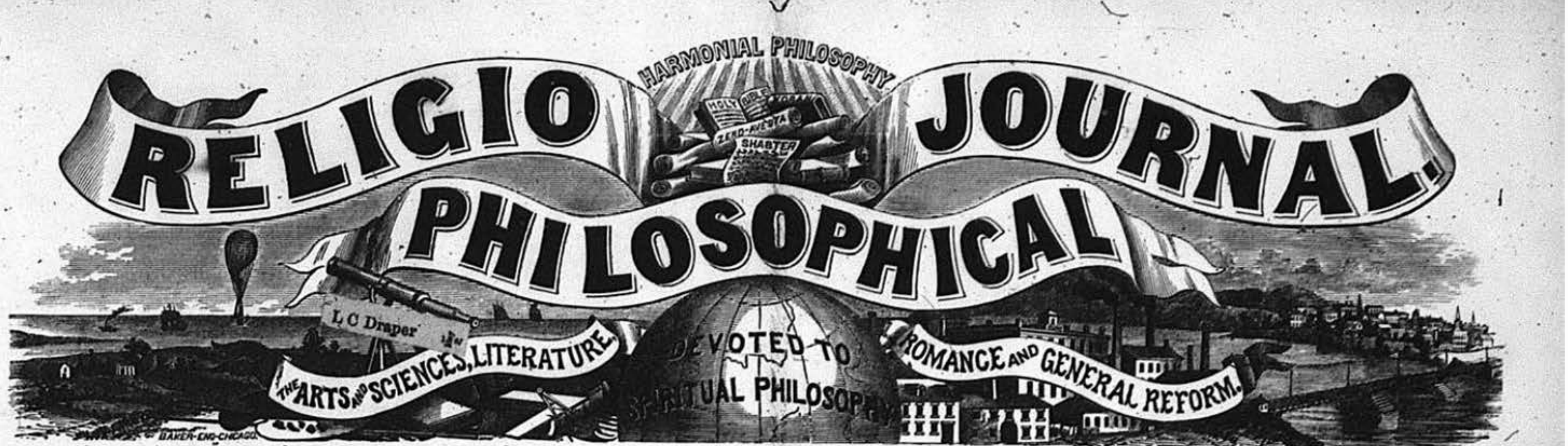

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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FACTS, IDEAS, PROOFS.

A Lecture Delivered by C. W. Cook,

Before the Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists at Omro, Dec. 19, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

At the close of my first lecture on the subject of Spiritualism, a gentleman who had listened with marked attention and no small degree of interest, said to me, "Mr. Cook, your positions are well taken, and your conclusions are inevitable, if your facts are correct. But I don't know about them." This, together with other remarks which, from time to time, have reached my ear from the opponents of modern Spiritualism, has led me to prepare the following discourse for the purpose of removing, if possible, from the minds of some of my hearers, at least, the shroud of ignorance as to what Spiritualism really is; of presenting proofs that its phenomena do occur as alleged; that they are reliable; and that they are produced by intelligent human beings once resident on this or some other of the numberless planets in space, but now dwellers in the Spirit-world.

For the purpose of getting these facts, ideas and proofs before you, I shall present the subject in the form of questions and answers.

1. What is Spiritualism?
2. Do its alleged phenomena occur?
3. Are they reliable?
4. How are they produced?

In regard to the first of these questions, there are various definitions. The ordinary orthodox opposer supposes Spiritualism to consist in certain inexplicable phenomena, wonderful feats, magic tricks very similar to those of a juggler, only surpassing them in the gaping wonder which they excite in the beholder. Others, and I am sorry to be obliged to include a few Spiritualists themselves, in this class, suppose Spiritualism to be a sort of means whereby they may inquire of the spirits about the most insignificant and utterly selfish matters pertaining to their corporeal and especially financial welfare. As, "Do you think my son will get his patent?" And, "Will he make a great deal of money out of it?" Or, "What can you see for me?" Or, "Can you tell me how my sore toe is getting along?"

While there may be, and doubtless are spirits who have never yet developed into very high nor comprehensive planes of thought; since there are constantly passing to the second sphere men and women who never think nor talk about anything higher than how many dollars they can get into their own private treasury, or their neighbor's dress or bonnet, or an old horse with the poll evil, or how much money their pigs will bring in market, or how many chickens the old hen will be likely to "hatch out;" still, he who supposes that these trifling communications constitute Spiritualism, shows not only his dense ignorance upon the subject, but also the low groveling plane upon which his own nature is now acting.

Materialism, although occupying the very opposite extreme from Spiritualism, yet considers it an ally because Spiritualism perceives the "handwriting of God" in no other book than the Book of Nature; and hence believes in the reign of immutable law. But when Spiritualism, accepting as it does all the facts of materialistic science, ascends into the higher, the deeper, the more interior realm of principles, and demonstrates the immortality of man, materialism exclaims: "Yours is a beautiful philosophy! I hope it is true! But I know nothing beyond the range of sensuous facts!"

There are other definitions of Spiritualism. Some of its most noted lecturers deny that it is a religion at all and assert that it is a pure science. Hudson Tuttle says: "It is a great cosmopolitan moral eclecticism, accepting from everything the good, and rejecting the bad." A good definition! I repeat it. "Spiritualism is a great cosmopolitan moral eclecticism, accepting from everything the good, and rejecting the bad." A. J. Davis says: "It is, first, phenomenal or objective; then secondly, it becomes subjective and philosophical. What does phenomenal Spiritualism teach? It teaches, by demonstration, three articles of knowledge: First, that man is an organized mentality or spirit, of which his physical body is in general a representative; second, that death is to man nothing more than a physiological and chemical change, leaving the states of affection and intellect unaltered, and thus preserving the individuality of the mind complete; third, that the dynamical relationships between this earth and the spirit-land are perfect and intimate, whereby the departed person may return and hold converse with those remaining." "What does philosophical Spiritualism teach? It teaches by the laws of cause and effect, by clairvoyance in the thinking faculties, and by reasonings, intuitive and correspondential, that omnipresent and immutable progress is heaven's first law; that the so-called 'imperfections' of the globe and the discords of nations will be eventually overcome by the perfect workings of our universal Father God; that immortal truth lives and will prevail everywhere, and is the only 'light' which can dispel mental darkness and unite humanity; that celestial love is the eternal life of Mother Nature, the inspiring presence of Deity in all parts of the universe, a perpetually flowing and inexhaustible fountain, by which everything lives and moves and has its being; that there never was and cannot be a 'miracle' in the popular theological understanding of the term; that all religions, creeds, sects, theories of man, laws, institutions and governments are of human origin, and (to the harmonial thinker) indicate the wants of the age, and the status of the different minds in which they appeared; that man's only infallible authority or 'rule of faith and practice' is the divine 'light' which ever shines in the highest faculties of his mental organization; that in proportion as man's affections become refined and his thoughts harmoniously exalted, so in the same proportion will the world be visited with holier conceptions of God, with sentiments of brotherhood more sacred, and with contemplations of the universe more enlarged and worthy; that the conditions and experiences of the individual after death will be in accordance with the development of the sentiments and the intellect before leaving the earth; and lastly, that human character is the effect of causes both interior and circumstantial, is ever susceptible to *ab extra* influences, and will ultimately be harmonized by the spontaneous will or ever operative laws of the Great Positive Mind."

This, then, is the analytical definition which Brother Davis gives of Spiritualism. Were I, myself, to define it, I should say: "It is the same tree which took its root far back in the superstitions and mythologies of our infant race; which has put forth its branches in the various conceptions of God, and of man's nature and destiny, which have in various geographical localities, and from time to time, appeared during the progressive development of man: which reached its beautiful budding in the primitive Christianity of some nineteen hundred years ago; whose fragrant and prophetic blossoming is our own beautiful modern Spiritualism; and which is destined to bear its golden fruit in the harmonial philosophy of the coming era."

Again, Spiritualism is that same divine light which glimmered feebly forth—a flickering taper—in the spiritual darkness consequent on the infancy of humanity, but shining brighter and brighter, as by progressive development, its environment became more and more capable of emitting its rays. It shone beautifully forth in various eras, and through various persons in the past:—Brahm, Buddha, Moses, Plato, Jesus, Mohammed, Swedenborg,—until, in our own day, it is become the rising sun which is destined to banish the night of ignorance and superstition from the world, and by showing man a glimpse of his indubitable destiny, induce him to "forget the (myths) that are behind," and to "press forward to the mark of the high calling" of his own spiritual nature which he shall learn to love so wisely that all the transitory things of all the earth shall tempt him to demean it no more forever.

Our second question is, Do the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism occur?

To my mind it seems more strange that this question should be asked than it would if one should inquire if railroads are actually in successful operation, or if dispatches are actually sent by magnetic telegraph. More strange, because the former, the spiritual phenomena, although witnessed, cognized by the same senses as the latter, are yet under the control of more subtle laws, and hence productive of more wonder and consequent discussion to the human mind. But although these phenomena are more common than the sailing of a steamship, there are hundreds, who never having witnessed them, deny that they occur, though they readily enough believe the report of the sailing of a steamship, though never having seen one in their lives. Why is this? With the ordinary orthodox, it is because they regard all such occurrences as miraculous, and with them, miracles have ceased. With the Catholic, while he believes in the "communion of saints," and will strenuously insist that these phenomena occur in his church, he will not admit for an instant that they can occur outside its pale, and why? Because not recognizing the undeviating action of immutable law, he believes that these spiritual phenomena are specially vouchsafed by the Deity in a miraculous manner to the faithful followers of the church, and to them only.

The materialist, who prides himself upon being consistent, will take the most inconsistent position imaginable, and say that the thousands of persons who know they have witnessed the phenomena in question, have been either deceived by some juggler's trick, or are hallucinated; while at the same time, he will accept the testimony of these very persons as to any other occurrences which they may have witnessed and gained knowledge of by precisely the same senses.

Now I submit that there are thousands of competent persons in every walk of life, from the lowest to the highest, including the honest farmer, the shrewd man of business, the titled professor, the keen scientist, the metaphysical theologian, the learned jurist, who know by the operation of the same senses through which they have acquired all other knowledge that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism do actually occur. And although it is not yet forty years since the invisible intelligences produced the tiny raps at Hydesville, there is now scarcely a community in the civilized world of which some of its most intelligent, most candid members have not witnessed at least some of these many and varied phenomena.

"Well! why can't I see them?" asks the skeptic. As well ask why you can't burn a stick of wood by plunging it into a snowbank! You have never candidly investigated the matter, and put yourself in a position nor condition to witness these phenomena. I make this assertion because I have yet to learn of a single candid mind who has patiently investigated Spiritualism who will not tell you that he or she knows these phenomena occur. More than this! There is scarcely a thoroughgoing Spiritualist who did not once ridicule and sneer at those who believe in these phenomena, and who has not become such in spite of every prejudice with which an early education and the popular jeers of a surrounding public could imbue the human mind. (I know this was the case with myself.) Not only so, but many of them have sacrificed positions of honor and profit to a bigoted community, and the friendship of their nearest relatives, simply because they have had the nobleness of nature to candidly speak the truth relative to these phenomena. These facts should, and do, in every thinking mind add great weight to their testimony. In fact, they render it emphatically unimpeachable.

If you cannot accept such testimony as this, you are a singular jury and will probably never believe any evidence on this subject. If, however, you have an inquiring mind, and such an earnest love for truth that you are impelled to know concerning it, the way is as open, yea, more so, for investigation to you as it was to me. "Seek, and ye (too) shall find!" "Knock (at the door of Nature's Temple) and it shall open unto you," disclosing golden harmonies innumerable. "Come (to the spiritual fountain which has been opened for this century) and drink freely." It shall prove, indeed, a "savor of life unto life," since it indubitably demonstrates the immortality of man, and the consequent boundless infinitude of possibilities of which it proves every human being a repository.

You need journey to no Mecca nor Jerusalem to prosecute your search for truth in this matter. Nor need you bring to your midst any renowned medium to fill the simple with gaping wonder. But in the bosom of your own family, or among your intimate friends and neighbors who can have no possible motive to deceive you in this matter, form a "circle" according to the few laws now imperfectly known respecting spirit communion; (nearly any spiritual publication can furnish them to you). Render your bodies pure by bathing, wholesome food, and abstaining from tobacco, alcoholic drinks, and all sensualisms. Render your minds pure by entertaining noble thoughts, benevolent purposes, and holy aspirations. Then reverently prosecute your search for truth. You shall find it! and it will prove a light to your intellect, a joy to your affections, and a source of development to your being. Thus will you "add to your faith, knowledge," while your "meekness, temperance, hope and charity" will be increased a thousandfold.

We come now to our third question: Are the phenomena of modern Spiritualism reliable?

Ask the wife of your bosom who has never deceived you; the husband of your holiest affections, whose strong arm has sustained you through the trials and sorrows of life; the noble soul who, through life, has been to you a Damon and Pythias combined,—his unfailing friendship ever true through the slanders of enemies or the fawnings of seeming friends; the innocent child who knows no guile;—ask all these, through the mediumship of whom these phenomena occur, if they are reliable; and the blush of shame will mantle your cheek as they reply: "You know me too well to think that I would stoop to deception!" "What! violate the sacredness of our relations by mere idle pretense? Mar your holiest affections by deceiving, relative to your departed dead? I could never do it!"

Are they reliable? Ask any competent witness who has observed them. Ask the great English naturalist, Wallace. Ask the scientists, Crookes and Varley. Ask the statesmen, President Lincoln and Vice-President Wilson. Ask men of literature, Victor Hugo and Epes Sargent. Ask Judge Edmonds or Judge Holbrook, the eminent jurists. Ask Prof. Mapes, the chemist; Hare, the electrician; Crowell, the physician; Ward, the millionaire; and Watson, the theologian. Ask all these, every one a Spiritualist, and there comes a united voice: "We know the phenomena of modern Spiritualism to be as reliable as those of any existing science."

And I here make this assertion which is founded on facts so patent that I need not enumerate them. There is no existing science to-day, which has for its foundation, experiments, facts, and phenomena so numerous and varied; or which has been tested by such multifarious means, under such diverse conditions, and by minds of such varied mental calibre and training, as has Spiritualism. No wonder that some of our lecturers consider Spiritualism a pure science. It is a science. But it is more. It is a philosophy,—it is a religion, as well.

Now, after all the varied phenomena recorded by so many thousands of observers, and by some of the best minds in the civilized world; if after all this, these phenomena are not reliable, then are no phenomena reliable. And the discoveries of science for the last three centuries are naught. We are driven into the position which Christian theology held during the dark ages, viz., that man knows nothing; can learn nothing by employing his own powers; must not use his reason; but must blindly "gape and swallow" what the priests tell him is a revelation from an awful God. And if we can not understand it, we are told that "it is not given for us to know the mystery of Godliness;" that "we must not seek to be wise above what is written."

Shall we hasten back into the dazzling light of this Stygian darkness? Away with such twaddle! such belittling notions of man! and let us thank the divine principle of progression that such a God never existed only in the superstitious minds consequent on the darkened brains of our ancestors scarce yet developed out of the savage condition. Let us be thankful that, by using his God-like powers, in science, in philosophy, in religion, man has developed so much of this beautiful earth from the bestiality and savagism of primitive times, into the progressive civilization of this nineteenth century; that, by investigating the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, this highest, this grandest of all sciences, he has not only found them to be reliable, but he has demonstrated thereby, his own immortality. So that now, in this matter, Spiritualists can say with Tyndall, "We believe in justification—not by faith, but by verification."

Rejoice, all ye children of men! The day of blind adherence to the "say-so" of any man or book—whether six thousand or eighteen hundred years old—whether the priest at the altar or the speaker before you—is about to pass away from your earth forever! The illimitable universe, and the infinite collection of illimitable universes are ever open for your inspection. Employ your God-like powers in a search for truth therein, and in applying that truth to ameliorate the condition of your fellows. Among other inviting tables which our Father-God-and-Mother-Nature has spread for you, is that of the spiritual outgrowth of this century. Come and partake of its rich viands. Its "bread of life" will inspire you with the true object of existence, which is not to "serve God" in popular creeds and selfishly "enjoy him forever;" but to serve your fellowman and endless progression: "Not happiness as an end, nor truth as it is in favorite creeds and formularies; but eternal life and endless improvement, of which, happiness and truth are the incidental developments and ever-healing concomitants."

Having defined Spiritualism, and presented what seems to me conclusive evidence that its phenomena do occur, and that they are reliable, it now remains for us to ascertain their producing causes. This, we shall do by the Baconian or inductive method of reasoning from effect to cause. We ask you to carefully follow us in its prosecution.

It is now pretty generally conceded, even by the opponents of modern Spiritualism, that certain singular phenomena do occur at spiritual séances, that there is something singular, yes inexplicable, about them which they cannot understand nor account for, and which few of them attempt to explain. Why is this? There are several reasons for it. In the first place there is a large class of minds who, I am sorry to say, are still so imprisoned in superstition, and so much under control of the priests that they fear to inquire into the matter. They are told by their teachers, that it is the work of the devil, and they have a hard task to keep out of his clutches anyway. Besides, their superstition is such that the bare idea of a spirit frightens them half out of their senses; in which trembling state, they are in poor condition to calmly inquire into the cause of anything. You remember how this same class of minds went almost crazy with fright over the phenomena of printing; dared not investigate its cause; considered it a mystery produced by Faust or Guttenberg, who certainly had a devil which some of them had actually seen—horns, hoof, tail and all. The same class of minds is with us still, though somewhat advanced since the days of Faust. But the phenomena of Spiritualism are far more remarkable than was that of printing, and they are shrouded in as great, if not a greater mystery for these minds, as was Faust and his devil for their illustrious predecessors. Let them alone, with their impotent shoutings of "Devil!" Their progeny will be as much benefited by Spiritualism as themselves have been by printing, since the time of Faust, Schœffer, and the Guttenbergs.

There is still another class of minds who are convinced that these phenomena are caused, as they, themselves, invariably purport to be, by human beings who have passed the change of death; but who, worshiping as they do, at the shrine of Policies and Expediencies, rather than at the shrine of Truth and Principle, either remain silent in reference to the matter, or, for the sake of money and popularity, go into those places of fashion and popular resort, the churches and Sunday schools of the day, and decry the whole thing as a humbug. This class of minds think: "This and that may be right and true, but Public Opinion says we must not do it! We must act and walk in all points as it prescribes; or we shall be lightly esteemed; certain mouthfuls of articulate wind will be thrown at us, and this, what mortal courage can front?" I have in my mind now, a gentleman who writes A. M., LL. D., after his name, and who receives a salary of about $1,500 per year as Superintendent of Schools in one of Illinois' little towns. He once told me, in a private conversation: "Yes! Mr. Cook, I've investigated Spiritualism. But (cautiously, as you see) if it's true, 'twon't do! It'll kill any man, in this country." A little further on, he said (and remember he has enjoyed all the advantages of a collegiate education, has been admitted to the bar as a lawyer): "Seventy per cent. of all my ideas have been obtained from Spiritualism. But don't tell any one, it would hurt me!" "Kill him," I suppose, *i. e.*, his popularity. Now mark! The next Sunday after this conversation, he told the children in Sunday school: "I have investigated Spiritualism myself! (pompous! authoritative!) and there's nothing in it. It's a humbug." When I heard this, I wondered if he'd admit that "seventy per cent. of his ideas" were "humbug;" and I could not help wishing that he had got the other thirty per cent., because then, he would have possessed integrity sufficient to declare the truth, or remain silent at least, and not make a "lick-spittle" of himself for the paltry sum of $1,500 per year and the fleeting flattery of a few bigoted applauders. He is a good type of his class.

Having disposed of these two classes, I might mention, in passing, some of the vague and unsatisfactory theories upon which opponents to Spiritualism, who cannot but admit the occurrence of the phenomena, attempt to account for their production. These theories are as varied and contradictory as can be imagined. Not one of them is logical in its induction, and neither one alone, nor all combined together, at all accounts for the facts observed and the effects produced. But I cannot weary your patience by a consideration of them.

In presenting my own inductions, which are certainly honest, and, as I believe, logical, as to the cause of these phenomena, permit me to relate a portion of my own experience in investigating them.

In the fall of 1865, I removed from the State of Wisconsin to Webster City, Iowa, for the purpose of taking charge of the public schools in that place. At that time I regarded Spiritualists as a set of deluded fanatics; and, in common with other "knowing ones" who boasted of a scholastic education and moved in what would be termed the "better circles," I sneered at the "soft-headed listeners" to "feeble tips and raps," and the "gaping mouthed gobblers of mediumistic tales," although none of us had ever witnessed, nor sought to witness, the phenomena so far beneath our lordly notice. Nor had we even read anything on the subject, except the ridicule of those who, like ourselves, had, without examination, learnedly (!) declared the whole thing a humbug. Being a single man, and one of quiet habits, I sought board in a private house, away from the bustle and confusion attending life at a hotel, where, unmolested, I might pursue my studies. Fate would have it that I should board with a family of Spiritualists; though, as you might imagine, I sought in vain for accommodations elsewhere.

After we had become somewhat acquainted, and had had several conversations on the subject, my hostess said to me one evening, while I was busy with my book: "Mr. Cook, did you ever see any spiritual manifestations?" I replied in the negative; whereupon she inquired if I would have any objections to seeing herself, husband and daughter sit at the stand, for the purpose of obtaining the phenomena. "Certainly not," said I. She remarked, "We may get nothing, but we shall see." She removed the lamp from the stand to a large table where I was sitting, and the three took their seats at the stand, with their open palms lying lightly on its top, while I went on with my studies, not disposed to give the matter much attention. In a short time the stand began to tip, and they began to ask questions and receive replies by means of these "tips." With emotions akin to those of a small boy at a circus, I looked on and listened. At length, more amused at the novelty of the thing than from any other motive (though not without some curiosity as to how the stand could be moved so dexterously), I propounded a question to the stand, which met with a prompt response. I began to study how they moved that stand. But they all declared that they did nothing towards moving it, except to lay their hands, which were all in plain sight, lightly on its top, and that they could not

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Graphic Picture of the Misery Resulting From Its Use.

BY DR. J. F. BABCOCK.

In relation to one who takes morphine as a habit, and to one who having taken it, and abandoned it after years of its indulgence, there is as wide and marked a difference between the two conditions—I speak as one having authority—as there is popularly supposed to be between those of heaven and hell. Having taken opium in any form, for any length of time, one's normal condition or nature becomes utterly changed—undergoing a complete transformation, both physically, mentally and morally. If naturally gay, gravity takes its place. If social pleasures were extravagantly enjoyed, solitude becomes their substitute. Mental stupidity gives way to mental activity, and even brilliance. If taking the keenest pleasure in the presence of the opposite sex, the utmost aversion is the change. If naturally convivial, the quiet of one's own room gains the ascendancy. If averse to reading, writing or study, the exact reverse becomes a passion. If given to late hours, early ones assume their place. If a spendthrift, care and economy become prominent virtues.

Such are a few of the ordinary contrasts, as effected by the habitual use of morphine, which are rendered apparent to the student studying from an actual experience, and for a short time the mental stimulation, and physical exhilaration, afforded by the opiate is a source of the keenest enjoyment and happiness; harassing cares, with all their concomitant mental anxieties, become a thing of the past, but only for a short time, for after the unfortunate has been lured by morphine's charms to a point where it becomes only just short of impossible to abandon the use of the drug, reaction sets in and the devil lurking therein thrusts forth a claw. The exhilaration is found to be but temporary, and despondency—notwithstanding strenuous endeavors to push it aside by an ever-increasing dose—becomes, in the course of time, chronic; despondency not alone as the primary result of the drug's action *per se*, but through its indirect manifestations upon the physical and mental systems. The sufferer finds himself gradually growing thinner, and lighter in weight. His face assumes a peculiarly pallid and unpleasant appearing hue. His eye loses its brilliancy, and he sensitively finds himself looking upon his appearance with the utmost regret and aversion. Permanent constipation of the bowels, of an otherwise almost impossible character, sets in, and a movement of them can only be secured by the use of such powerful cathartics that their indulgence cannot be justified oftener than once every five or six days, which period indicates the frequency of movement as obtained, and only to be obtained, by their use.

Physical ailments of numerous descriptions follow as a natural matter of course. Animal food becomes repulsive to the stomach and the anticipation; while sweets of all descriptions are craved in its stead. As a consequence the appetite is scarcely ever sufficiently keen to enjoy a single meal. The sexual instinct is for the time being entirely obliterated, and the sufferer's mind dwelling upon these results and effects, from which he knows there is scarcely a chance of escape, assumes a morbid, extraordinary unhappiness, such as the ordinary person can have not even the remotest conception of. The fact that the realization of the victim's slavery is always present, and the constant fear in anticipation of some accident which shall deprive the taker of his accustomed drug in some manner, makes of one's life a continual series of anxieties, such as are, in themselves, almost nothing less than torture.

A CRUEL EXPERIMENT.

I once knew a young man from whom his friends—though enemies would prove a more appropriate term—had surreptitiously abstracted, during a serious illness, all the morphine that he could control, and, under a mistaken sense of kindness, destroyed it; they took his clothing at the same time, and locked him while asleep into his room,—all of which was the most infernal idiocy—to say nothing of its cruelty—upon the part of those who thus sought to restrain his indulgence—nay, his overwhelming necessity. The result was that after midnight the young man awoke restless and feverish, from a more than ordinarily prolonged abstinence, and heated with impatience he proceeded to secure his accustomed dose of morphine. Discovering the trick which had deprived him of the opiate, and his inability to leave the room, he became simply desperate and frantic in the extreme; he stormed and cursed, and pleaded; crying like a child to be released, but his captors—who thought themselves his friends—were merciless, because they loved him, and because they had no conception of his agony. Suddenly a crash was heard in the room. Alarmed and anxious his jailers hurriedly entered, but the prisoner had flown; the room was empty, and the broken sash indicated the manner of exit.

In a frenzy of despair and indignation at the horrible cruelty of those professing to be his friends, that young man had adopted, and carried into execution, a most desperate design to end his agony and life at the same time. He had thrown himself with one determined rush through sash, glass, and all that would impede his progress, to the ground below, some fifteen feet distant, and when these friends entered that room he lay outside senseless, bruised, cut and bleeding, with a badly fractured leg. Sadly and tenderly, with their consciences lashing them as with a whip of thongs, they picked him up, and when too late they opened their hearts to mercy. That young man lived, and two years later entered upon all the horrors of abandonment of his own free will, passing through them successfully, but neither he nor any other person living who takes morphine as a habit, can be successfully forced to stop taking it. The desire to abandon the habit; be free from all its accompanying ills, and regain what one can always recall as their normal condition, with all its natural pleasures, is ever present; but the very hopelessness of a successful issue to the attempt, generates a grim despair such as death would at any time be a most welcome relief from. Business ability is gradually weakened, and a morbid indifference assumes the place of former ambition until the despondent brain too frequently tries and hopes to find relief in an "overdose." But ere such an irrevocable step is taken, numerous unsuccessful attempts to abandon the drug have been made, and in proportion to the strength of the persons will power is the agony of the trial prolonged. If of naturally weak will a few hours of fearful suffering will disastrously terminate the struggle, and a sense of despair, such as no human mind can fathom, will become ever present; but if of a naturally powerful will—and in the grades of strength of will there is as marked and palpable a difference as in strength of muscle—the effort will be of a giant character; such a one will enter the wide open jaws of hell itself and battle there until physical endurance gives way, or holding strong by the strength thereof he triumphs for at least a time; such a result is, however, but one of the successful issues among hundreds of thousands of trials which are failures.

A VIVID PICTURE OF SUFFERING.

Those who are in health can never have the remotest conception of what it means for the sufferer, in the throes of abandonment, to feel as though his stomach was literally full of white heated coals, burning, scalding and sizzling without cessation for days at a time. To feel for hours at a stretch as though some steel-fanged hand were clutching and trying to drag the stomach from the body. To have every nerve in your body seem for day after day as if it were being seared by a red-hot iron along its entire length. To have as an ever constant companion, the sensation in one's mouth that it is full of red pepper stinging and burning. To endure physical and nervous prostration until in a frenzy of agony and discouragement the hand can scarcely be restrained from opening a gash in one's throat. To be wholly without sleep, save a single hour, for thirteen days and nights, though mercifully finding a certain relief in the delirium which ensues. To endure the mental stress and constant agony of mind, with never an instant's diversion, which results as the natural effect of such suffering. To be compelled to live upon the sole diet of lime water and milk as the only possible nourishment the stomach can bear, and again I say that if you in health, or otherwise, can have any adequate conception of what such agony means, then you can partially appreciate the horrors of an attempt to "swear off" the morphine habit, ever aggravated as such attempts are with the absolute knowledge that if you will only relax your grip for a single instant of time, and take but the slightest portion of the poison—only just once—that a heaven of ineffable bliss—in contrast with the present hell—is just within your grasp; but no that cannot be for "just once;" there can be no half-way measure in such a matter, for that "just once" means utter and ignominious failure.

HOW TO ACHIEVE VICTORY.

If you possess the will to bear it—and there are such wills—you can suffer to the end so long as you maintain that will unbroken, but yield to a single relief voluntarily and the end has come in the form of absolute failure; and what is more the sufferer knows the fact at the time; discouragement and loss of self-respect result, and after a cruel but gallant fight the battle has ended in naught save the determination never to try it again; but where one can be faithful to the bitter end a certain degree of victory will be the reward; absolute victory so far as the taking of morphine is concerned, but yet a victory—as will be seen later on—which still retains many questionable elements. From the beginning to the end, wherein active and acute suffering must be endured, will ordinarily constitute a period of eighteen or twenty days. To endure this one must—and I say *must*—be able to command the services of warm, constant, and supremely faithful friends; friends by their unfailing sympathy; friends who will patiently endure your ceaseless petulance, and seeming ingratitude; friends who will love you and encourage you constantly, but without fail you must be the possessor of sufficient means to release your mind from any added care of a financial nature.

No poor man or woman can ever hope to succeed in abandoning the use of morphine as a habit. Money is essential because you have got to have comforts which money alone can secure, but more especially is money necessary because you have got to live for months unable to fix your attention in the slightest degree upon any business requiring personal supervision, since long after the period of acute suffering is passed a nervous, homesick restlessness, which cannot be shaken off, and which is in itself a torture, constantly pursues you. The mind cannot be fixed upon anything whatever in a business way; reading, writing or study, before so agreeable, now becomes utterly loathsome; and the solitude and quiet of the morphia life, then so desirable, are now replaced by a great and overwhelming passion for excitement; excitement of any name or nature, it matters not what, so long as it suffices to prevent one's thoughts from dwelling upon one's self and thus relieve that constant restlessness before alluded to. So essential is some form of excitement that I venture to say, in the absence of it, that within one year nine out of every ten of those who have successfully fought the fight will relapse into the old slavery again, and this, too, notwithstanding a vivid recollection of all they have suffered to be free. Pleasant and convivial companions are invariably sought after; the sexual desire returns with overwhelming force. In fact the functions of the entire body—both mentally and physically—become bouyant with new life, new blood, and physical exhilaration, and it is just here that the extremest danger lies in excessive indulgence of all that may be included under the head of dissipation. The craving of the reclaimed morphine taker is almost overwhelmingly irresistible for continuous action and excitement, and if he be of a sensitive, analytical turn of mind, with a conscience, and with the capacity to be cruelly hurt by the gossip which will inevitably circulate concerning him, it will not be long before he will reason himself into the belief that his last condition is worse than his first, and that with all its miseries his former life, which he endured so much to break away from, was the preferable one—especially if complications arise because of a slender purse—and after a long and anxious mental struggle he will then do one of two things: resume the habit deliberately, or if his aversion is strong enough, he will just as deliberately commit self-murder, since in any event he can see nothing but unhappiness in store for him.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

I once knew a talented and successful physician whose home was in a small town in Massachusetts. He had made many fruitless efforts to release himself from the exactions of the morphine habit, but his sufferings were too great in proportion to the strength of his will, and yet this man's nerve was simply superb, for he went to Philadelphia, sought out his old hospital friends, related to them his morphine history, and then deliberately said: "I want you to place me under proper restraint; take my morphine away from me, and under no account yield either to my entreaties, commands or threats. If my life pays the penalty, promise me that you will let me die rather than give me any of the drug." They promised, and placed him in a padded room with all its windows properly secured. In forty-eight hours he was almost a raving maniac,—one moment pleading piteously for relief; the next raving and blaspheming because they would not permit him to change his mind and go free. They gave him the best of attendance, and kindest care, but they were merciless—no morphine did he have that he knew of, though upon several occasions while in delirium it was injected into his arm in order, as they believed, to save his life. At the end of thirty days he returned home, as he considered, a free man.

This man's will power was weak, but his nerve and courage were marvelous in placing himself under such restraint, knowing full well just what he was doing, and just what such restraint meant. Well, for a year that man sought every species of excitement and conviviality. His physical system became a sort of human volcano ready to break forth upon the slightest provocation. He did not drink to any marked excess, but his methods of life were so different, and the metamorphosis was so complete that the staid citizens of his town gossiped so much in their wonderment, and told such infernal lies in connection with him, that his practice began to desert him and he to make an analysis of himself. Sensitive and, to others, incomprehensibly restless, he finally, after long mental travail, determined to return to morphine, regardless of its results, in order to subdue the irresistible longings of his new nature for excitement, but no sooner had he done so than a species of remorse and regret took possession of him; discouragement overwhelmed him, and one afternoon he was found lying in his bath tub—dead from an opened artery.

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

In condemning him, let those who are without sin cast the first stone. Can the term "unfortunate" be more appropriately applied than to this man? And I say unfortunate because it is the only term to apply to those who habitually take opium in any form. No person ever enters upon the habit deliberately. Who ever knew of such an instance? Upon the contrary, the first step is nearly always the result of using the drug as a means—and a blessed one if used understandingly—of alleviating pain, and the unpleasantness of an illness; but I strenuously maintain that if physicians would be less reckless in its use, or if large quantities are necessary, keep their patients in ignorance of what they are administering, there would be vastly fewer cases of the "opium habit," for where a patient is kept under the influence of morphine for any continuous length of time—and a few days are all that is necessary—informed of what they are taking, then when it is withdrawn and the resultant unpleasant effects occur, which even then seem like suffering, they will in some manner procure the drug for themselves, sincerely thinking that when they once more regain their natural strength their will-power will then enable them to cease taking it whenever they desire. Alas! that time will never, never, come save through the travail of soul, the agony of mind, and the suffering of body, which it has been the effort of this article to faintly describe, hoping that it may serve to enlighten some who may be tempted but who in yielding to such temptation go down into the valley of the shadow of death not knowing what they do.

Bangor, Me.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered by Joseph Williamson

At the Funeral of Miss Sarah Howes, Cowlesville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1887.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

In the presence of circumstances such as have called together the present assembly, it cannot be improper to review the many very suggestive facts that lie at the root of human speculations with regard to life and consciousness. If there is truth in the universe, it is within the province of the human mind to reach out after it, through the murky avenues of the unknown future and the obscure past. Opinions, based upon exceptional facts, are too illusory and unsubstantial to remain undisturbed by time, and a more uniform experience of men. Truth is composed of many factors, none of which can be spared from the roundness and symmetry of its perfection. It is a fact beyond question in the universal experience of mankind, that the mind realizes the close relationship that exists between the conduct of to-day and the consequences resulting therefrom of to-morrow. We sow that we may reap. We labor with mind and body to build up a moral and physical future, that shall, as we hope, fully equal our ideal of perfection, that may give to future generations many advantages that we of the present can never realize. Our hopes of the morrow are always in advance of the realizations of to-day. We live to make the morrow brighter and better than to-day.

Life and thought are in their very nature transitional; the present moment's thought is the legitimate offspring of the one that but a moment ago engrossed our consciousness; and our present thought will become the parent of succeeding generations of relating thoughts. We live in to-day, but we live for to-morrow. The evils of to-day are not sufficient for us. We anticipate with a certainty borrowed of long experience, many looming up in the distant future. We labor to turn them aside or fortify ourselves with courage to encounter their force. Knowledge is of the past and of the present; the storehouse of experience is the fund upon which we are continually drawing, and which enables us to measurably estimate the probabilities of the future, with which our hopes and fears are mostly concerned. Is it to be wondered at, that these hopes and fears have projected themselves away out and beyond the confines of human life and experience? Certainly not; it is the very nature of hope and fear to reach out toward a future, though knowledge and experience lag behind.

The question, which I think always has, and always will, press itself upon human thought and consciousness, is,

How is the future linked to the past?
Is time a great ocean, so deep and so vast,
That mind may repose in Eternity's lap,
And ever awake refreshed by the nap?

Shall all be forgotten, and life cease to be?
Shall the thoughts we are thinking like waves of the sea
Be succeeded by others in endless array,
And each in succession pass forever away?

Shall the sorrows that pall and the joys that delight,
Like the day, pass away in the shadows of night,
And the loves that we cherish fade and be lost,
As the pane-pictured forest limned by the frost?

A retrospective survey of human activities, will reveal to us the fact that the subtle and intangible realities of thought remain as an inheritance of the ages. When the rocky monuments designed to perpetuate the memory of thinkers, have crumbled and been lost in the sands of which they were originally composed, the purpose of the designer lives in the conscious thought of after ages. Works of art, that taxed the genius and skill of the master hand, have ceased to be; but the thought that guided that hand survives in the admiration and efforts at imitation of suture artists. Do we wish to acquaint ourselves with the history of things anterior to the genesis of man? The geologist finds imbedded in the rock a form, the material of which differs not from the rock in which it is found; but the form, the ideographic reflection of the form speaks the word of truth and wisdom, telling us what without its subtle aid would ever remain in the darkness of oblivion. The foot prints in the rock tell us that long, long ago man had been there; that the ground upon which he walked was then a plastic and yielding mass. They even tell us within very small limits the stature and structure of the being who made the impression.

Did you ever reflect on the unsubstantial nature of form? Matter is one thing, form is another. Matter, it is true, must have form; but form itself is an ideographic concept. Nevertheless this ideal unsubstantial entity is the key that unlocks the mysterious secrets of an infant world. Ideas, thoughts, words, written or spoken, have nothing apparently to recommend them as enduring entities; yet it is doubtful if an idea or thought having become the common property of humanity has now or ever will lose its influence on the future of the human race.

Matter, says the scientist, is indestructible; it may, however, become intangible, invisible. Form, they also claim to be equally indestructible. These conclusions are the result of the closest observations and experimental tests. Is force or energy more of a reality than life or consciousness? or is the latter less enduring than the former? These are questions that await the teachings of the future, and upon which we in the present must be contented to solace ourselves with a large measure of hope. Those who are living, must submit to so much, at least, of uncertainty, as our experience determines. Those who have gone before us have had the experience that alone can fully determine the question so far as such a question can be determined by experience.

Life and consciousness, though lying in the fore-front and pathway of all investigation are shrouded with dimness and mist that have hitherto defied the penetration of the most acute thinkers and investigators. The minds that have probed the far off problems of space and marked out the pathway of Neptune even before any eye had certified its existence; the minds that with unfailing certainty interpret the language of the solid rocks and reveal to our astonished gaze the secrets that unfold the story of unnumbered æons of time; the minds that are rich in the lore of dead peoples and dead civilizations, that read in the stone and metal fragments that have lain for ages, rusting and moldering in the dust and rubbish heaps of the past, the life history of decayed civilizations; the minds that solve the problem of races of men by the aid of speech, are all dumb and silent on the problems of life and consciousness. Why is this? Has the last word been said, the last truth revealed? Has all been done that may or can be done in this direction? I think not. If I mistake not, the future has in store for unborn humanity more light than the present.

Men will think and investigate when released from the trammels of superstition and prejudice; and the field for work in this direction is broad and rich, and the coming labors will be many. Men no longer gaze in wondering expectation of a supernatural revelation that shall reveal to them the occult mysteries of life and consciousness. Their searching inquiries are being directed toward the facts and circumstances that lie within the reach of common observation and they labor incessantly toward and for the unfolding of natural knowledge. Mistakes and failures are not few nor far between; but every effort tends to make more certain the final result; and the methods of procedure that have done so much to augment the knowledge of the various sciences that have been subjected to its manipulations, may be trusted to yield, sooner or later, some solution of the problems that appear so difficult in the sphere of life and consciousness.

The indestructibility of force, admitted as finally established as an undisputable fact, would seem to present difficulties fully as great as those that obscure our knowledge of the final condition of life and consciousness. The idea that certain beliefs had the power to endow the conscious part of man with the attribute of immortality, has forever lost its hold upon the minds of men. We may rest assured that the facts of life and death are unmoved by beliefs of any kind. Immortality, if a fact at all, is so independent of creeds and faiths. We need not urge the acceptance of a verity when the mind perceives it to be such; its acceptance is provided for regardless of entreaty or promise of reward.

Here in the presence of death, where the sympathies of sorrowing friends are rent and torn by the sad event that overshadows the many interests of every day life, it is a becoming tribute to the many virtues of the one whose loss they mourn, that we extend to them that sympathy due to unavoidable misfortune. I cannot forbear saying what I am fully satisfied will be the verdict of all having any acquaintance with the deceased, that she leaves a record of womanly virtues that commands the admiration of all. Mentally freed from the conventional domination of social usage, she passed through life worthily discharging the duties of a daughter, a sister and a friend. With a strong mind resting upon the hope of life beyond the grave, she has passed from us, leaving a vacancy that friends will find difficult to fill.

The Religious Education of Children.

There is one curious superstition concerning the matter of religious training that it seems to me important that I should notice. I meet it at almost every turn. It is one of the finger-marks of a crude, undeveloped, and unthinking liberalism. Parents tell me continually that they do not give their children any religious training, from the feeling that it is taking an unfair advantage of the child. They say, I propose to let my children grow up as far as possible unbiased. When they become of age, capable of thinking for themselves, then let them look over the world and choose what religion they will have, what their belief as to these great questions shall be. Now, this might be all very wise and well, provided, in the nature of the case, it were not utterly impossible. Can you take one of your children and isolate him from all the rest of the world, and let him grow up till he is twenty years of age with no thought concerning God, concerning duty, concerning right or wrong, or worship or aspiration, with no thought concerning a future, and then can you suddenly place before him all the facts, the dreams, the imaginations, the hopes, the fears, of humanity in all the ages, and have him so situated and so constituted that he shall look over the whole field freely without any prejudice, and choose that which is the best? If you should take a ball of putty, white and smooth and clean, and shape it as you wished, and then toss it from hand to hand, or let it fall into the dust or mire of the street, and let any passer-by step on it or shape it as he would, and then at the end of a certain time suddenly endow it with life, and ask it to choose what shape it would hold, and whether it would be soiled or clean, you would be engaged in a rational operation as compared with this one of which I am speaking. Suppose a sculptor should take a piece of marble and stand it in front of his studio on the sidewalk, and should invite every passer-by to have a stroke at it with a mallet and chisel, shaping it according to the fancy or the caprice of the moment, and then at the end of the year have it suddenly endowed with life, and ask it to choose what it would be, the shape of a god or of a satyr, of beauty or ugliness, pure and white or stained and soiled; this man would be rational as compared with the one who believes that you can let a child grow up until he is twenty unbiased, without absorbing any religious ideas or convictions, and then freely choose what he will be. If *you* do not bias the child, the first that he meets on the street or in his school, or among his companions, will begin the work of biasing, of impression, of education, of training: for this is a continuous process. Whether you will or not, it is something over which you have no choice. It is something that will be done either wisely and well or unwisely and ill.

These persons forget another thing,—that the child is born with the summed-up and inherited results of the tendencies of all the past. This brain, this heart, these bodies of ours, are not clean white pieces of paper that the grown child can write on what he will. We are all palimpsests that have been written on over and over and over again in all the ages of the past. We are the total result of thousands of generations, and we come to the beginning of this life with tendencies and biases and inclinations of every kind. It seems to me, then, that, if you have any views, any convictions, any persuasions as to right and wrong, as to God, as to human character, as to destiny, that you think are worth holding, you should do your utmost to give these to your children. If you have none, of course I shall waste my words in talking to you, unless I can persuade you of the importance of becoming possessed of them as soon as possible. If you are doubtful about any of these convictions, then seek to remove these doubts. Seek to find out the truth, and remember that anything that is safe for you to hold is safe for your child to know. I am amazed, as I come in contact with parents, to find that they hold certain religious convictions themselves, and yet question the wisdom of telling them to their children.—*Extracts from a sermon by the Rev. M. J. Savage, in the Christian Register.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

AN OPEN LETTER

To Father T. P. Abbe, of Sorrento, Fla.

DEAR FRIEND: I cannot refrain from telling you how disappointed I am in your discourse delivered on the 19th inst., at my daughter's funeral,—not that it disagreed in the least with my religious belief, but that it did not contain what I especially requested, through Bro. Risinger, when I applied for your services. My request was this: That you should embrace in your remarks a plain and distinct reference to the spiritual intercourse with departed friends, as you and I alike believe is taking place at the present time, the same as that recorded in the Bible. Also, that should you not wish to do so, I would prefer not to have services at all. From the following statements you made a few days before, while stopping at my house, I had scarcely a doubt but that you would freely comply with such a wish, else I should not have made it known to you. Those statements were after I had introduced the matter of spirit tests: "You can tell me nothing I cannot match." "I see my son whenever I want to." And you agreed with me that the modern phenomena of spirit intercourse in no way conflict with the principles of Universalism.

When you introduced your text: "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth," my soul almost leaped within me in anticipation of the present tangible evidences of a future life about to be presented; but what did you do? You referred freely to the dead past up to, but not subsequent, to the days of Christ, but studiously avoided mention of what I asked for; not even as much reference was had to the communion of our spirit friends, as was common upon funeral occasions, with the orthodox ministers forty years ago, when I was a boy.

I have heretofore supposed that I was none the less a Universalist for believing in the modern evidences of Christ's teachings concerning a future life, and my name is still on the church record in the State from which I came; but this rebuff of yours, coming as it does from an aged, talented and acknowledged representative of the Universalist denomination, coupled with similar ones from professed Universalists, has at last brought me to the point of withdrawing from the visible church and my interest in its success as such.

Did you fear that to comply with my request in presenting the whole truth as we both conscientiously hold to it, would interfere with your success in building up your cause in this vicinity? Then why, in opposition to that request, did you extend your services? It looks to me, however, that as you did so, you should have considered my wants in preference to that of the congregation, and that you could not have done less than to honor the feelings of myself and family by making known our belief, even though you did not commit your own. Allow me to say that I cannot help but feel that you have acted unwisely, untrue to yourself and to us in this hour of need, and in conclusion, I would say that if you desire to build up a Universalist church here or elsewhere, to be anything better than an empty shell, you must hereafter act true to your own convictions, and erect it upon modern as well as ancient truth.

With well wishes for your personal interests, and for the truth as you conscientiously hold to it, I remain your brother,

FLETCHER WILSON.

Bay Ridge, Fla., Jan. 23, 1887.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
The first air pump was made in 1654.
The first lucifer match was made in 1798.
Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.
Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826–27.
The first steamship plied the Hudson in 1807.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

MOTHERHOOD.

"O beautiful new life within my bosom,
New life, love born, more beautiful than day,
I tremble in thy sacred presence, knowing
What holy miracle attends my way—
My heart is hushed. I hear between its beating
The angel of annunciation say,
Hail, blessed among women, while I pray.

"O all creative Love! thy finger touches
My leaping pulses to diviner beat,
What am I, that thy thought of life should blossom
In me, in me thy tide of life should beat?
Beat strong within me, god-tide, in high passion
With quickening spirit earth-born essence greet;
Fountain of life flow through me, pure and
sweet.

"O all-sustaining Love! come close beside me
Me so unworthy of this wondrous gift,
Purge me, refine me, try me as by fire,
Whiten me white as snow in glacier-rift,
That neither spot nor stain nor blemish darken
These elements that now to being drift,
Inspire, sustain me, all my soul uplift."
—*Anon.*

That the editor of this column has not oftener dealt with the most important facts of woman's life, Marriage and Parentage, is not owing to a failure to comprehend their tremendous import to humanity. With unpardonable stupidity men begin at the end of the alphabet to spell upward. Millions of money every year are spent in trying to correct mistakes that could have been obviated by beginning at the letter A instead of Z. If any thing tends to make a thinker grow sad and impatient, it is this brutal and senseless treatment of effects instead of causes.

What is the need of asylums, reformatories, hospitals, jails and prisons? Why the vast machinery of justice made to detect and punish crime?

Why, when art, science and material prosperity increase so marvellously, is there not a corresponding increase in morality?

It is because the very beginnings of life are kept foul and polluted. "Conceived in sin and born in iniquity," as a large percentage are, children grow up trained in intellect, but, to all intents and purposes, as far as discipline, self-control, and all physical habits which affect the soul are concerned, perfect savages. Indeed, the unspoiled savage is far ahead of the average city denizen of to-day. Reared among churches, theatres, galleries of art and luxurious appointments of the foremost country, they are steeped in self-indulgence and animalism.

Are these hard words? Facts justify them. On these subjects, because there is so much to be said, nothing is to be said. It is a delicate topic and difficult to handle wisely. They who do the vilest deeds in private, are shocked at plain words in public. Like the luxurious, rotten populace of Rome before its fall, the greater their demand for a deceitful varnish over the surface.

To build human society on the basis of righteousness, the foundations must be laid in purity and in right relationships. Self-renunciation, living for the highest and the best,—they are divinely beautiful, and the children of such do not need regeneration.

The JOURNAL is not the place to do more than indicate, in a general way, the necessary reforms in marriage and parentage. They are reforms which lie at the root of all true growth, and Spiritualists, as a body have been culpably direlict on these points. Let us hope they may wake up to the duty which lies before them.

Two worthy laborers in this field of reform deserve mention, they are Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, editor of the plucky little *Alpha* of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler of Chicago, who first started the moral educational societies in this country. From leaflets and publications put forth by the latter, we will make extracts suitable for this column:

PARENTHOOD.

"It seems to me like flinging an insult to God to claim in this nineteenth century, when lightning is our servant, when space is annihilated by the telegraph and telephone, when machinery is steel and iron endowed with intelligence, and the steam engine has transformed civilization, to claim that only in the domain of parenthood must the accepted ideas of past centuries govern and obstruct progress. There is, there can be, but one adequate, logical, compensatory fact of human existence, that humanity is God's instrument of manifestation in the flesh. In accordance with this view, the highest use we can make of love and parenthood, is the most perfect and beneficent use of life. Then what should be sought is the best product in offspring, and the best conditions for its development. It is a well known fact that the lowest forms of life multiply fastest; the period of gestation is longer in animals of highest development. The capacities of human intelligence and spiritual endowment require corresponding capacities in parenthood and ancestry to secure a development that makes these capacities available in human life to the child. Of all forms of advancement to which humanity should aspire, that of parenthood should be most earnestly sought. The parent, teacher, thinker, physician, or reformer, ought to find this branch of social science the highest demand upon their talents, energies and devotion. That mankind shall be sheltered from the vicissitudes of climate and storm in dwellings of taste and luxuriance, shall be clothed in fabrics of choicest texture, shall be fed on rare fruits gathered from every clime, and yet claim that God has ordained that children shall come into existence whether or not there may be for them a shelter or a crust, whether disease or health is liable to be their inheritance, whether or not God has spoken in the soul of motherhood a desire to call a life—seems to me preposterous. But more than all, it is a mockery of civilization that contains no higher ideal of the uses of parenthood than simply to multiply. God says to-day to the intelligence that is learning the secrets of nature and applying them to the comfort and uses of mankind, seek to understand the laws and conditions of human development. God says to the unenlightened or unthinking woman, that no power has any claim on her life and existence for the mere purpose of multiplying; and to the enlightened, earnest, devout woman who has a conception of the vast obligations of parenthood, God says, that reason, the teachings of experience, and the laws of mind and spirit, should attend the introduction of human life into the vicissitudes of an earthly career, and regulate the love which calls it into being."

MORAL EDUCATION.

The following extracts from a circular letter serve to show the reformatory principles and measures of the Moral Education Society of Philadelphia:

"A standard of social purity for men as high as that for women; a spirit of charity and helpfulness toward the fallen but repentant woman; the installment of women as matrons, teachers, physicians, managers, wardens, inspectors, trustees, and other officers, in all penal, reformatory, or charitable institutions in which women are confined; social and legal penalties for masculine unchastity; eternal vigilance against the legalizing of prostitution; a suppression of all low plays, books, pictures, and every other object and appliance which rouses and pampers the lower passions; a suppression of the liquor and tobacco vices, both of which directly feed and foster lust.

"As regards the marriage state, we would submit the following principles:

"Mutual fitness, mutual respect, and mutual love are the only proper conditions for an honorable marriage. Every woman should demand absolute purity of life and habits from the man who sues to be her husband and the father of her children. A husband should ever make his gratification subservient to the highest welfare and happiness of his wife and offspring. It is the supreme right and solemn duty of every wife at all times to possess and control her person, and, for her own sake and her children's, to hold it sacred from every violation of moral and physical laws. 'It is the right of every child to be well born'—that is, to be welcome to this world—to be born of such parents and under such circumstances as to secure to it physical, mental and moral health. It is the duty of parents to see that their children are conceived and born and educated in such a way that their tendencies shall be toward all that is pure and good. Further, it is the duty of parents to educate and enlighten both their sons and daughters, so that if they enter the marriage state, they may go into it wisely, reverently, purely, and unselfishly and make of it a blessed sacrament."

There is needed something beside mere mental conditions. Temperance in food, drink and care in the expenditure of strength in every form, would at once elevate the moral standard of the individual. Character is affected by physiological sins, impure physical environments poison spiritual fountains and it is irony to call such transgressors Spiritualists.

Early February Magazines Received.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New York.) The Laws of Habit, by Prof. Wm. James, gives a clear explanation of the way in which habits come to involve all the functions of the organism. Of great interest, also, is the discussion on Materialism and Morality, and Science and Morals. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson contributes a paper on Science in Religious Education. An illustrated paper, entitled The South-African Diamond-Mines, furnishes information on the ordinary aspects of the subject. Some Points on the Land Question embodies a logical exposition of the principles on which the right to own land is vindicated. Mr. George Pellew, in Fetichism, or Anthropomorphism, reviews the position respecting the origin of fetich-worship. The subject considered in the Editor's Table is that of Prophets of Evil. The other departments of the number are quite up to their average in fullness and interest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) Mr. Lowell's poem, Credidimus Jovem Regnare, will be one of the first things to which readers of the February *Atlantic* will turn. John Greenleaf Whittier also contributes a poem entitled A Day, and William Winter, one named Perdita. The first part of a well-told story, is The Lady from Maine. The Second Son, and Paul Patoff, are continued, and Mr. Fiske has a paper on The Federal Convention. A Glance Backward, by Susan Fenimore Cooper, contains reminiscences of her father. The reviews are devoted to some of the latest and best works. The Contributors' Club and Books of the Month complete this number of the magazine, which appears in new and elegant type.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The variety in the contents of the current *Century* is quite noticeable. Politics, biography, travel, fiction, art, architecture, astronomy, war reminiscences, unwritten history, poetry, and humor furnish topics of vital and present interest. The Life of Lincoln is occupied with Lincoln's first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer. Prof. Langley's New Astronomy series treats upon The Stars in a way to hold the attention; Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani contributes an article on the bronzes of Rome; The Bailing of Jefferson Davis, as recounted by one of the chief actors, is the subject of a paper by George P. Lathrop. In the War Series the important subject of Gettysburg is concluded.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York City.) James Otis begins a serial this month, entitled Jenny's Boarding House, and it deals with newsboys and babys. Between Sea and Sky is a stirring Icelandic adventure; Effie's Realistic Novel is a very clever sketch; Rev. Washington Gladden has a number of valuable thoughts under the title, If I were a Boy; and Palmer Cox tells of the Brownie's Singing School. There are many more stories, poems, illustrations and jingles.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Prof. Edward Caird opens this issue with Gœthe and Philosophy, and is preceded by many good articles as the following shows: American Jottings; The Fall of an Island; The Character of Shelly; Loyalty of the Indian Mohammedans; France as it is and was; Animal Love; The Railway Bubble; Illustrations of Faust; Financial Frauds; The British School at Athens; The Matterhorn and its Victims; Literary Notices.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

BROTHER AND LOVER: A Woman's Story. By Eben E. Rexford. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 40 cents.

In tenderness, gracefulness, simplicity, and exquisite versification, it would not be easy to find this Poem's equal in the poetry of our day. The story runs somewhat thus: Ruth, the woman who tells the story, is left, while a young girl, an orphan, with a still younger brother, Robert, to whom she promises her dying mother to be all that an elder sister could be. The poem opens thus:

I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams,
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours....
It all comes back to me like yesterday—
That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell
The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave.
In those long days, when sense of coming loss
Hung like a cloud between me and the world,
And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there,
Away from those who had no care to vex—
No grief to bear—I used to sit and think
Of what must be.—I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
That she was drifting out upon the tide
That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon
Where her dear face made sunshine in the room
The shadow of dread Azrael's wing would fall.
Where was the Heaven she was going to?
So far away that she could no more see
The children she had loved and left behind?
When trouble came to us, could her warm heart—
No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been
A mother's heart on earth—know of it all,
And understand our sorrows as of old?
What Heaven was I hardly understood,
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best
About the mysteries of life and death;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be
The Heaven of my fancy if it shut
Our mother and her love away from us.
Mother would often talk with Rob and me
About her going from us. Never once
She spoke of it as dying, for I think
"Going away" has not so sad a sound
As "dying" has, and in that thoughtful love
Which always sought to spare her children pain,
She chose the simple phrase in daily use
Among us when we speak of those who go
Upon a journey. If we think of them
As *gone away, not dead*, we do not feel
That awful sense of loss which death suggests;
We, someway, do not feel their absence so;
A little time of parting from our friends—
A parting all must know—and then
To be with them again. Sometime, somewhere,
The sundered paths will meet, and love will have
Its own again,—its own forevermore
But if we think of them as *dead*, we seem
To stand upon the brink of a great gulf
Too wide for us too cross, and feel that they
Are separated from us by a sea
That breaks upon a shore of mystery,
And they are lost to us. At least to me
It always brings such dreary fancies up
To speak of death, or absent friends as dead.
So, when our mother talked with Rob and me
About her going from us, I would feel
That after she was gone, 'twould be as if
Her feet had climbed a long, steep hill, and she
Was on the other side, just out of sight,
But never far away. The thought was sweet
With comfort for a childish heart like mine,
Perplexed by thoughts of what I felt must be,
The mystery that I could not comprehend.

Ruth and her brother grew up into early womanhood and manhood. She says:

Though to myself
I had not said, in just so many words,
That John Earle was my lover. I had felt
His friendship had a tenderer quality
Than ordinary friendships have. No word
Of his had ever told as much to me.
And yet I knew it. I could feel the truth.

Our civil war breaks out. John and Robert both enlist in the Union army. Before they set out, John avows his love for Ruth; but she answers thus:

"Dear John, best friend I ever had,
Save Robert and my mother, I can give
Friendship for friendship, but the love you seek
I keep for Robbie, and for him alone."—
"I ask no love like that," he said, "I want
A different love. You can love me as I
Would have you, Ruth, and love Rob none the less."—
"You cannot understand me, John," I said;
"I'm sorry for your sake, so sorry, John,
But what you ask it is not mine to give."
"I will not take an answer now," he said:
"Think over it. Before I go away
I'll ask for your decision."—"It will be
The same," I answered.

After a couple of years Ruth receives a telegram telling her that "Robert was killed in battle yesterday." Soon afterward she learns that John Earle had been sorely wounded by the side of Robert, and was lying in the hospital, apparently very near his end; and that he was continually calling for "Ruth." She says:

Till I read that
And felt how near death was, I did not know
How much I loved John Earle; but then I saw
The truth to which my love for Brother Rob
Had made me blind. The love that John had asked
My heart would give him now, but ah! too late
Would come the boon his steadfast heart had craved,
Alas, too late! What need have they who go
Away from us to Heaven, of earthly love?—
The love that would have made a Heaven here
For them and us. "Too late, too late, too late,"
Kept ringing in my ears to torture me
With hopeless longing and with vain regret,
By the monotony of its refrain, "Alas, too late."

She hurries away to the scene of the conflict; finds John Earle indeed sorely wounded. He slowly recovers, and one still October day he conducts her to the nameless grave of her brother. He leaves her there alone for awhile, and then comes back to the grave.

"Is it too soon?" he asked, and came and stood
Beside me, looking down upon the grave
With thoughtful eyes. "I knew, dear Sister Ruth,
You'd have so much to tell him." "Yes," I said,
"And I have told it,"—smiling through my tears,
At him who stood there with his empty sleeve
Across his breast. How brave, how grand he looked!
"If I were lying here, and to my grave
You came, dear Ruth, what would you have to tell?"
He questioned, looking gravely in my eyes.
"Oh John," I cried, my heart upon my lips,
"I'd tell you that I loved you." Like a flash
Of sudden light, the meaning in my words
Broke in upon him, and with eager eyes
He scanned my face. "O Ruth, what do you mean?"
"Oh, are you blind?" I cried in sweet, swift shame,
"I told you, once, I could not give such love
To you as that you asked for. I was wrong.
Oh, let me be right hand to you, dear John—
I'll take the place of the strong arm you gave
For him whose grave is here. Oh, may I, John?"—
"Ruth, Ruth," he cried, in voice that trembled so
With doubtful joy, the words seemed closer to tears,
"Do you say this because you pity me?
For love's sake only would I take the gift
You offer me."

I looked into his face,
With honest eyes, and answered truthfully.
"Believe me, John, I say it for love's sake."
And overhead I heard the pine's low voice
Telling its troubles to the wandering wind,
While in the rustling grasses at my feet
I seemed to hear a voice all jubilant
With gladness, and I think it was Rob's voice,
And he was telling me he knew, he knew!
Ah yes, he knew, and for love sake was glad,
As was the bird that from its little nest
Upon his grave soared singing up the sky,
To tell the story at the gate of Heaven.

And thus comes to a happy close this "Woman's Story," so gracefully told from beginning to end.

New Books Received

RECITATIONS AND READINGS. No. 8. Compiled by Mrs. A. R. Diehl. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

CHRIST UNVEILED. By Anna J. Johnson. New York: Jas. N. Johnson. Price, cloth, gilt edges, $1.00.

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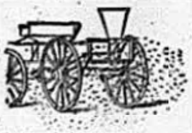

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 12, 1887.

A Methodist Muddle.

There is a stir in the Methodist camp. A shameful refusal and hesitation in doing a right thing is calling out a good deal of righteous indignation. The Chattanooga Methodist University is under the charge and control of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some weeks ago Professor Wilford Caulkins of that University insultingly refused to shake hands with a colored preacher of good character and ability.

The Freedman's Aid Committee investigated the case, declared the Professor "unfit" to teach in the school, and asked the Chattanooga trustees to dismiss him. The trustees asked for further consideration, which led the committee to repeat their request for the resignation of Mr. Caulkins. The trustees refuse to act as asked, and their stand meets with general approval, it is said, in Chattanooga. The Freedman's Aid Society pays the current expenses of the University, erected its fine buildings, and "may make its mandate imperative" at any moment its committee in Cincinnati choose,—so thinks the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* in this city. Others try to claim that the Chattanooga trustees have the power for a year to manage as they see fit, which the *Advocate* here thinks "incredible," and which seems very unlike the usual methods in like affairs.

Thus hangs the affair, and so long as it is in this position no cry of "Peace, peace!" will be of any avail. But this is not all—only a small part indeed. Two young colored men, of unquestioned good character, manners and ability, have asked for admission as students in Chattanooga University, and have been denied on account of their color. This adds fresh fuel and gives wider spread to the fire. Not only does the *Advocate* in this city denounce the trustees as violating their charter and the order of the General Conference, but it says: "If the Gospel cannot lead Chattanooga to forego distinctions which the United States laws condemn, we may well make a new estimate of the lauded triumphs of Christianity." The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* calls for the early removal of Professor Caulkins and declares that such a course as has been pursued cannot be rightly allowed by their church.

A veteran Methodist preacher in New Orleans writes the *Boston Christian Witness*, that no church has said more or better things on the fatherhood of God and on human brotherhood than theirs; or more thoroughly denounced caste as a sin, "but in no church in the South are caste lines more distinctly drawn than in theirs." He says:

> Not a pastor in the South, outside the Methodist Church could have been induced to publish a card so brutal and unchristian as the following:
>
> "The First Methodist Church, in this city, of which I am pastor, is for white persons exclusively, and colored persons are not invited or expected to attend. E. H. KING.
>
> "Birmingham, Alabama."

The bad report has reached over the Atlantic, and the *Methodist Times* in London "can scarcely believe that any Methodist institution could have been guilty of conduct so outrageous." It asks: "Was it to perpetuate caste that Garrison pleaded and millions fought and bled? We are dumbfounded. We can scarce believe our own eyes when we read in the *Baltimore Methodist* and the *Northern Christian Advocate*, articles defending the Chattanooga authorities in a strain fit only for the darkest days of slavery."

This brings out the fact that these leading Methodist journals are on the wrong side. It is the old story over again. Forty years ago or more, when slavery ruled the Methodist church, the editor of its great leading paper opposed the discussion of the question, saying: "We shall lose the border Conferences, and soon what will become of the Methodist church, with all its wealth, power and glory?" So pious Methodists held, bought, sold and flogged their human chattels, and abused the abolitionists as infidel agitators.

The *New York Independent* says some plain and true words on this Chattanooga affair, and the pious *Northern Christian Advocate* brands it as a "traducer of the Methodist Church." Now, as in the past, those in the wrong vilify those who are right. It is a plain case. The Methodist General Conference has fully decided that no person shall be excluded from its schools on account of their color. The Chattanooga trustees defy the Conference. Which will yield? The pluck and high sense of justice and consistency of the *North Western Christian Advocate* must command respect. It says: "Surely we have a bit of debate in front of us."

Nothing can be more cowardly and pitiful than the faltering course of the journals which half way take the other side. The bold bad course of the Chattanooga trustees is respectable in comparison, for boldness is better than meanness.

The case brings to mind the trial of that brave Cape Cod sailor, Jonathan Walker, in the ante-bellum and slave-holding days, at Pensacola, Florida, for slave stealing, and his conviction and sentence to be branded on the hand with a hot iron, making the letters S. S. on his seared flesh. No man could be found in that Southern town to make the branding iron until a blacksmith from the North offered to do it.

For the Freedman's Aid Society, backed by the Methodist General Conference, to build a college where decent colored men can be insulted by its professors, and students kept out of its classes on account of their color, and allow this state of things to go on with their financial and heathenish support and consent, would be paying for the branding iron to mark the negro as of a low and brutish caste. The education of the black man will be the salvation of the South; wrongfully to keep him in ignorance fills the land with peril. Let our Methodist brethren, our neighbors of the *Advocate* and their like, meet "the bit of debate in front" with apostolic courage and with the zeal of John Wesley, and settle this case in the right way, and that will prove, as it ever does, the safe way. Then those who love Chattanooga University can sustain it; those who do not can let it alone, and the South will be helped by higher intelligence and broader humanity.

The Quincy Meeting.

The annual session of the Illinois Press Association at Quincy is said by old attendants of these meetings, to have been one of most interesting and profitable ever held in the twenty years of its existence. The editor of the JOURNAL enjoyed it greatly, and feels that contact with these sterling characters of the secular press is of inestimable value to one engaged in his special line of work. He also desires to return thanks to the press and citizens of Quincy, for their manifold courtesies. In another column will be found a report of the meeting by a JOURNAL representative, which is as full as space permits.

The Foreign Missionary Board matters seem still to be in hot water. The *Christian Union* says a new creed, more orthodox than the old, is being sent out in a strange way. This is its statement: "The revised Apostles' Creed has been largely mailed and sent abroad from the mailing room of the American Board in the Congregational House. This action has occasioned much comment in various quarters, and many ardent friends and supporters of the Board express surprise, and criticise the doing on two grounds: it assumes authority to issue a creed; it offers a revised version of the Apostles' Creed without indicating that it is not the original Apostles' Creed." Rev. Newman Smyth, preaching in New Haven on "The Signs of the Times," spoke of this new creed as "not a sign of anything but folly." He said: "Had we been told that some convocation of lord bishops after prolonged consideration had deemed an enlargement and emendation of that ancient symbol of our faith necessary, we might have received the result with a pained surprise. But the new Apostles' Creed comes to us in the last week of the year 1886 unheralded, without authority or name, yet inclosed in an official envelope of our American Board.....Our Puritan fathers were bold iconoclasts in their day, but I know not that they ever ventured to offer to the world a parody of an ancient creed.....Surely this divisive theological novelty is no sign of that growing Christian unity in which all large and generous souls are beginning to rejoice."

It is not an extravagant estimate, says *The New York Christian Advocate*, that there are five hundred hypocrites, impostors, and cranks of both sexes getting a living by acting as temperance lecturers, evangelists, etc., in the United States and Canada. A short time ago a man appeared in Burlington county, New Jersey, in the different Sunday schools, dressed in the attire of some foreign nation, professed to have been a cannibal, and made such an impression at the Sunday schools which he visited that large crowds went out to hear a lecture which he advertised. A corrupt evangelist who has been exposed in Nova Scotia has taken advantage of the desire which many have to hear women evangelists, and, though not a woman, professed to be one, dressed in female attire, and produced a tremendous impression.

Will Caleb Cushing please give us his post-office address? We will then comply with his request.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Frank Baxter was a great success at Cincinnati. The Society passed very complimentary resolutions on him.

We regret to learn that *Mind in Nature* has been discontinued. It did a most excellent work while it was published.

Mrs. Kate Cleveland, late of Detroit and now at 404 West Randolph street, this city, comes well recommended as a medium and a lady.

A San Francisco correspondent writes: "Mrs. Watson lectured upon the 'White Cross Movement,' Sunday, January 30th, to not less than twelve hundred people."

The Chicago *Tribune* says that Sam Jones declined to preach to the newspaper men of Boston, because he came to call sinners and not the righteous to repentance.

The fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mont Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape—invisible to the eye—on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.

A French physician contends that groaning and crying are two operations by which nature allays anguish, and that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of feeling. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about any thing let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterward.—*American Homeopathist.*

Elaine Goodale, who it will be remembered, together with her sister Dora, when they were children, sent forth some beautiful poems from the home-farm in the Berkshire Hills, has just accepted a commission as government teacher on the great Sioux Reservation. Miss Goodale was a teacher in Hampton Institute and there became intensely interested in the welfare of the Indian. The mantle of Helen Hunt Jackson seems to have fallen upon her. It would appear very fitting and not at all unlikely, that "H. H." may find in this sympathetic young girl with her beautiful poetic nature, an avenue through which she may be able to carry forward her cherished ideas.

The old anti-slavery pioneers are rapidly passing away. Abby Kelly Foster, aged seventy-six, and Henry B. Stanton, aged eighty-two years, have recently joined the "choir invisible." Mrs. Foster was of Quaker origin, deeply religious and conscientious, she felt that she had a divine call to work for the freedom of the slaves. She possessed undaunted courage, though her meetings were often attacked by the mob, the broken glass from the windows falling about her; but she never wavered or lost hope, and lived to see the last fetter fall from the black man. She has lived in retirement for the past few years, but was still keenly alive to all reforms, taking great interest in Woman's Suffrage, Temperance, etc., and at a ripe old age has entered into rest.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* speaks as follows of a lecture by J. Frank Baxter: "In the midst of his address, which began a few minutes after seven o'clock and continued one hour, he was, so he said, impelled to give heed to a spirit which had a message, which was: 'Do not let Victor write so much. His ambition cannot be satisfied in that way.' The spirit was that of Frank H. Helleberg. His father, who was present, recognized it. The Victor referred to is a brother of the dead young man. Mr. Baxter, in his lecture, acknowledged that there are frauds cloaked under the name of Spiritualism just as there are frauds in every thing else. He read a letter from Mrs. Ellen E. Andrews, of Akron, Ohio, in which she says that the Owen W. Mitchell who appeared in spirit at the meeting one week ago was her husband. He had died eleven years ago."

The Orton Mission Industrial School on West Lake Street, in this city, is a practical charity that some of the restless, idle people who are wondering what they can do to benefit humanity, would do well to emulate. A few philanthropic ladies started a school for the purpose of gathering the poor girls of this neighborhood together, to teach them to sew and do other useful things. One day a little boy, half frozen, stole in to warm himself, and he was given a needle, thread and thimble; he was interested in learning to take stitches, and was found very apt. It was soon noticed that there was quite a change in his appearance—his face was washed and hair combed smoothly. Soon other boys began to come, all were taught to sew. About a year ago it was decided to set apart Saturday forenoons for the exclusive use of the boys. A kind friend donated some carpenter's tools and two work benches were put in. There are now forty-eight boys enrolled. "The object in teaching them to sew," said one of the teachers, "is to cultivate in them a spirit of patience rather than to teach them a practical lesson in the art. Sewing requires patience, and, as they all look forward to the time when they may work at the carpenter's bench they are anxious to graduate from the sewing class." A young man who attends a mechanical school, during the week instructs these boys on Saturdays and takes great pride in their progress, and does all that is possible to stimulate in them the desire to learn a trade. Among the pupils of the school a society has been formed, known as the Band of Brothers, with a membership of twenty-two. The society meets once a month, and its teachings are to overcome the use of improper language and to cultivate good manners. "What we need," said one of the teachers, "is more tools and more teachers. We hope to have this small beginning grow into a training-school where all the trades are taught."

I. P. A.

On Tuesday morning of last week the forty thousand citizens of Quincy who read either the *Herald* or the *Whig*—they all read there—saw the strange device I. P. A. in large black capitals at the head of a leading column. In the afternoon the same cabalistic combination stood out prominently in the *Journal* and the *News*. To these honest and unsophisticated souls the letters, naturally, first suggested Innocence, Purity, Affection; reading down the column it was found they stood for Illinois Press Association, a body composed of editors and publishers of newspapers in the State and numbering several hundred members. There is said to be historical evidence that in the early years of its existence this Association was not a model of sobriety and decorum; that its morale was sadly affected by an army of camp followers in the persons of lawyers, doctors and politicians who longed to pluck the dear people, and who felt it were more readily done with the aid of the press gang. But whatever of hilarious crookedness once prevailed, none can now be found even under the most searching scrutiny. Hence after three days of intimate relations with the Association the citizens of Quincy by a solemn and formal vote declared that for innocence, purity and amiability the I. P. A. was unsurpassed. It may be mentioned in passing that the Association at its winter meetings seeks to convene at a point where the follies and fancies of the wicked world are unknown, or leastwise, held in abeyance. This is done that no seductive allurements may beguile members from the work of the session, which is made up of essays and discussions bearing upon the editorial profession and newspaper business. Those who know Quincy will commend the wisdom of the Executive Committee in accepting the pressing invitation to the "Gem City." No citizen of that city would so far forget himself as to tempt an editor to neglect his duty.

The first session was held on Tuesday evening, when acting President LeBaron of *Every Saturday*, Elgin, presided. Hon. J. Parkhurst, Mayor of Quincy, delivered an able address of welcome, embodying a large amount of valuable information, to which Mr. Le Baron responded. J. C. Bundy, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, was then introduced and read a paper on "The Country Press in Ethics." The city papers of the next morning contained extended reports, including the speeches and essay in full. During Wednesday and Thursday several papers of general interest were read including a symposium, "Woman in Journalism," by Hon. M. B. Castle, *Argus*, Sandwich, and Mrs. A. V. Wakeman, *Times*, Chicago. Mrs. Mary Allen West, *Union Signal*, Chicago, by special invitation addressed the Association and made an excellent impression. Gen'l Bane of Quincy who has had much experience among the Mormons was invited to enlighten the editors as to his view of the perplexing problem. The General believes that only by disfranchising the Mormons will the solution be found; in this position he is sustained by those best informed, including some who were once Mormons.

The citizens of Quincy were unremitting in their courtesies to their visitors, meeting all trains coming in over the numerous roads and furnishing carriages at a moment's notice, either night or day. The social side of the affair reached its culmination on Wednesday evening, in the banquet and ball at the Tremont House, tendered by the citizens, and in which they were largely represented by their best known people. Col. W. W. Berry, a prominent lawyer of the city, was chosen by the citizens as master of ceremonies; his magnificent physique and polished manners completed the adornment of the feast. After a two hours' discussion of the generous menu Col. Berry in a finished little speech introduced the intellectual course, consisting of eight numbers:

"The Illinois Press Association," responded to by Gen. M. M. Bane.

"The Press of Illinois," responded to by J. K. LeBaron.

"Quincy, the Gem City," responded to by C. B. Bostwick.

"What are we here for?" responded to by Judge T. A. Fritchie.

"The Press," response by W. K. Sullivan.

"Reveries of a Bachelor," response by C. D. Tufts.

"Moons and Honeymoons," response by C. M. Tinney.

"Scientific Use of the Imagination: Its Commercial, Æsthetic and Therapeutic Value," response by John C. Bundy.

Col. Berry then announced that a large number of young people were waiting in the ball room to receive such of the editorial party as wished to join in the dance. This was sufficient to arouse the surfeited sitters and many of the younger ones availed themselves of the opportunity, including Dr. Charles Holt of the Kankakee *Gazette*, and Rev. Charles Crandall of the Chicago *West End Christian Advocate*. These two are specially mentioned as their skill and grace upon the floor made them the envy of all the other editors.

As the company was leaving the banquet hall, a mysterious card was quietly slipped into the right hand of each veteran editor by a descendant of Abraham. It read thus:

"Present yourself in the reception hall at one o'clock A. M. sharp, and obey directions there given you by Hon. W. K. Sullivan of the Chicago *Evening Journal*."

Promptly at the stroke of the clock all who could disengage themselves appeared and were conducted by General Sullivan through a long and narrow passage into a small hall, neatly and appropriately decorated for the occasion. At the farther end sat a venerable looking man of noble figure and benevolent expression; at his left sat W. H. Hinrichsen, the able editor of the Quincy *Herald*; on his right a black cloth covered from view what might have been a coffin, but was not. Editorial curiosity was aroused to its highest tension as Mr. Hinrichsen arose and, as is his wont, shook his auburn curls preparatory to breaking silence. Laying his hand affectionately and reverently upon the shoulder of his aged companion, Mr. Hinrichsen introduced him thus:

Gentlemen of the Illinois Press Association: I have the very great pleasure of introducing to you one who saw the fate of Europe decided on the field of Waterloo, one who as a drummer boy beat time for troops that beat the great Napoleon, one who came to this land of the free and home of the brave before you were born. One who founded Quincy and lives to enjoy her prosperity and welcome so brilliant a body of representatives of the Press as that now before me. Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Hon. Emanuel Johann Schlauber, Alderman-at-Large, for the City of Quincy. (Applause.)

ALDERMAN SCHLAUBER'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Press: There is a well grounded suspicion in the minds of our city authorities and business men, that you were not in a sufficiently receptive condition on Tuesday evening to retain the valuable data so succinctly and perspicuously given you by Mayor Parkhurst. It is believed that you are now in a state of greater perspicacity and that a brief illumination from me will enable you to reflect the light of Quincy abroad in the land.

Gentlemen, for nearly four score and ten years have I trod this green earth; from the Rhine to the Mississippi have I wandered; on battle field and in the cornfield have I struggled; in the arena of political contests and before the Common Council have I studied human nature. But I assure you on the honor of an old man who loves his adopted country, that never before has it been my lot to meet such an aggregation of total abstinence as I now see before me. We have many times and oft banqueted visitors but never before has it been a dry banquet. When my distinguished friend, Hinrichsen, declared the Association would decline wine and of our delicious, strength-giving, home-brewed beer would have none, our citizens' committee and our city officials were dumbfounded. Behold, gentlemen, the emblems of our sorrow (raising the black cloth, and disclosing a keg of beer untapped and a bottle of champagne with a black ribbon over the seal). This seal unbroken, this beer-spigot dry and crackling, bespeak the *bona fide* nature of your claims to total abstinence; yet I know by the glow on your cheeks and the sparkle in your eyes, that your hearts are warm and that you will not forget what I am about to say. (Applause, and shouts of "Never." "Never.")

Gentlemen, I will be brief; though ninety years old I am not garrulous. In 1822 I was living in St. Louis, which then had about four thousand inhabitants and aspired to be a city. With a prophetic eye I saw that town was to grow into a big, dirty, slow-going place; and, too, I wanted to get out of slave territory. I packed my kit and struck north; when I reached the site where Quincy now stands, I determined it was my fate to settle down.

And thus I was in 1822 the first white settler of this splendid city, now the second city of the great State of Illinois. The bluff on which this hotel stands is two hundred feet above the Mississippi, and I have killed deer and rattlesnakes on this very block. We now have over 100 miles of wide streets laid out at right angles and shaded with graceful elms, but I well recall the time when there was not even a cow path, only the trail of wild animals leading down to the water. Electric lights now turn night into day, where once only the stars and a log fire were to be had. Street cars now carry you in a few minutes, farther than we could go in a day in early times. The best water works in the entire West are here, the pumps furnishing 5,000,000 gallons a day and the reservoir holding 20,000,000 gallons. Quincy is situated in the center of a rich farming district, and coal is laid down at $1.60 per ton. This will explain to you why such large manufacturing interests are located here and give you an idea of the unusual advantages we can offer those seeking locations for factories and shops.

We now have 150 large manufacturing establishments, employing more than 6,000 hands and supporting more than 20,000 people. Seven stove foundries turned out last year over 200,000 stoves. One of our carriage factories supplies stages for the Fifth Avenue line in New York. We have large paper mills, breweries surpassing those of Chicago, and various tool and implement factories too numerous to mention.

Gentlemen, I don't want to tire you; I know your staying qualities and will venture a word more. Quincy is 160 miles from St. Louis, 260 miles from Chicago, and hence is not affected by those wicked and venal towns. We have a good moral atmosphere here; our city government is reasonably honest; we have churches enough to suit every variety of sentiment and pocket. Our schools are superior and we support four colleges, with the help of outside patronage attracted by their peculiar advantages.

Friends of the Press,—believe the old man when he tells you Quincy seeks no free advertising, but that in the interest of humanity, in behalf of the suffering and the unhappy, he bids you to voice the advantages of this gem city. Now, I'll not detain you longer. Were you like other men I would drive this spigot to its head through this beer bung and draw the foamy bead that you might quaff. As it is, I ask you to join me with a glass of cold water in the sentiment: Quincy and the Press, may prosperity ever attend both!

After a hearty handshake with Alderman Schlauber the company returned to the ball room, each member determined to speak truthfully and amply of Quincy and her generous people.

On Thursday the members of the Association accompanied by citizens were furnished carriages and shown about the city. The Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, which is one of the chief attractions of Quincy, adjoins the city limits on the north. It comprises 168 acres of land, about equally divided into native forest and tillable ground. Up to the present time there has been completed, the headquarters building, eight cottages, the warehouse, engine and boiler house, and the central kitchen and laundry, affording accommodation for about 275 veterans. Additional buildings will be required at once, however, as at least 1,200 soldiers will apply for admission to the institution within the next two years. It is expected that the Home will be formally opened by March 1. The Soldier's Home, with its shaded drives, pleasant walks and beautiful groves, will prove an attraction of steadily increasing interest to Quincy, and will draw people to the city from all sections of the State.

It will be readily understood from the foregoing that Quincy offers the highest advantages as a place of residence as well as a place of business.

The Association is under special obligations to the press of Quincy for the very full and accurate accounts published daily, and to Messrs. Hinrichsen, of the *Herald*, Wilcox, of the *Whig* and Wheeler of the *Journal*, for their personal attention. Upon Mr. W. H. Hinrichsen of the *Herald* fell the weight of the undertaking; it was through his active agency that the meeting convened at Quincy, and his admirable management, executive ability and affable manners contributed very largely to the success of the affair.

Another Exposure.

Owing to the sustained and vigorous warfare upon frauds which the JOURNAL has maintained for years, the vocation of the tricksters has become too hazardous for all except the very expert, and not at all safe even for these. Gradually educated to more critical methods and backed by the better sentiment of the mass of Spiritualists, there has been developed all over the country a class of investigators able to cope with the wiles of the tricksters and to detect fraud wherever it exists. Often it has been difficult and tedious, and many perplexing and still inexplicable phenomena are mixed up with the exposed deceptions. Among the boldest of these disreputable characters is one Mrs. H. V. Ross, who began her career some years ago in Providence, and who has been repeatedly published in these columns as a fraud and swindler. Her performances at Providence became so barefaced as to cause public scandal and render the place unsafe for further plying of her nefarious traffic. Naturally she turned her face toward Boston, famed the world over as the Mecca of spiritualistic frauds and the natural home of *gobemouches*. Once settled in Boston with a house arranged in such a way as to insure "favorable conditions" for materialization, Mrs. Ross started off on a fresh career of success. The impulsive and kind-hearted old gentleman who has so long edited the *Banner of Light*, was inveigled into the toils of this wicked adventuress. In the face of the evidence against her, she overcame his caution and secured his active co-operation and private endorsement. Even so acute an observer as W. R. Tice of Brooklyn, was deceived, his judgment baffled and his testimony in favor of the genuineness of the show secured. One evening last week the miserable farce came to an end and the fraud stood fully exposed, as will be seen by an account in another column republished from the Boston *Post*.

We have for several weeks been in possession of drawings of the Ross apartments and had already become morally certain that she was playing the old mopboard game which "Huntoon" worked so skillfully in this city some years ago, and for denouncing whom while working it the JOURNAL was abused by the very people who afterwards had the mortification of witnessing his exposure of his own deception. But it would have been wholly useless to suggest the mopboard and false cupboard theory in print, it had first to be demonstrated, and we are glad it was done by Boston people and that some of them were Spiritualists. We have in our possession a letter written on January 7th, in which there is a detailed description of the trick cupboard and magic mopboard. This information was supplied the writer by Mrs. ——, a medium of Boston, who declared she got it from Mrs. Ross's own sister who claimed to have been a confederate and spirit personator until her conscience would no longer permit it. The scheme worked well at Providence and was duplicated in the Boston house.

This Ross rottenness is a part of the damnable stuff which Spiritualists are innocently cajoled into assisting in palming off upon the public as genuine spirit phenomena. When the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has denounced and exposed these frauds it has been in turn denounced as a "persecutor of poor mediums," by addle-headed dupes and wilfully blind marvel hunters. We are sick and tired of all this. Let Spiritualists rise in their might and cleanse their ranks of every suspicious character, cease to excuse or condone deception, place a high premium on honesty and genuine mediumship, encourage and develop scientific investigation. Let them in a word stand squarely upon the platform of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and all these disgraceful exposures will be at an end, spirit phenomena will increase and honesty and peace prevail.

Again we warn the Spiritualist public that unless this system of fraud and chicanery is squelched, the legislatures of the several States will take hold of the matter and, legislating without due knowledge, will enact statutes likely to work hardship to honest and worthy mediums. In the Ross case no amount of sophistry can befog the issue, no claim of what has occurred at some other séance can be plead in mitigation. The thing is a bold, damnable outrage, which should send all concerned in it to the penitentiary.

Among the prominent names occurring in the *Post's* account is that of Prof. James of Harvard, and we see in papers published elsewhere the unwarranted assertion that this gentleman endorsed Mrs. Ross's performances as genuine spirit phenomena. We happen to know of our own knowledge that he not only did not endorse her but was fully satisfied of the fraudulent nature of her show, even though unable to detect how she worked it. In a private letter to us, Prof. James says of Mrs. Ross:

> I lost all interest in her after seeing one of the draped females emerge with her raiment only down to her knees and a pair of black trowsers beneath—apparently the legs of a male spirit who had just "materialized," and after observing that one of the child forms was a dummy slung to the neck of an older girl who, kneeling behind the curtain, put out her head, and gave me, instead of an infant hand, four big finger tips belonging to an adult, with a mitten surrounding them at the knuckles.

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Benton Harbor, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, February 19th and 20th. Mr. Bishop A. Beals and other mediums will address the convention. The meetings will be held in Conkey's Opera House. Saturday sessions to commence at 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Sunday sessions as follows: Conference at 10 A. M.; lectures 1:30 P. M., and 7 P. M.

The JOURNAL office has been undergoing extensive alterations during the past two weeks, and a few days more will be required to fully complete the desired changes. Those who have not promptly received the books they have ordered, can understand the reason why.

The next course of lectures to be given by Mrs. Emma Hopkins on Mental Healing, will commence February 10th at 3 P. M. at 2210 Michigan Avenue.

"The Watseka Wonder," one of the most wonderful narratives of the Nineteenth Century, is now for sale at this office. Price, 15 cents.

The illustrated Catalogue for 1887, published by Joseph Harris Seed Co., Rochester, N. Y., is received.

"MATERIALIZED SPIRITS."

An Interrupted Seance and What It Developed.

Sharp Tussle Between Mortals and "Shadows," in which the Latter Are Badly Worsted—The Magic Mop Board.

Some time ago there came to this city from Providence a woman by the name of Mrs. H. V. Ross, who had acquired quite a reputation as a spiritualistic medium. She was accompanied by her husband, and together they produced materialization and manifestations that were not only startling but were apparently quite free from any trickery or charlatanism. Mrs. Ross courted investigation; she invited to her séances scientific gentlemen, clergymen of note, and hard-headed business men, who were amazed at what was revealed to them and for which they could assign no physical reason. These séances were continued at Madame's house, 96 West Concord street, on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on three afternoons of each week. On the afternoon of Dec. 27, 1886, a distinguished party gathered in Mrs. Ross's parlors. Among them were Professor Alfred R. Wallace of England, Professor William James of Harvard College, Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, the Rev. Minot J. Savage of this city and Mr. E. A. Brackett of Winchester. There were also a number of ladies in the company. Both before and after the séance the cabinet was thoroughly investigated; also the room above and the cellar beneath. The cabinet consisted of a curtain stretched across one corner of the front parlor. The walls in this part of the room were solid and to all appearance would not admit of the passage of anything mortal. Directly back of the cabinet in the rear is a small china closet, but as it is separated from the front room by a wall twelve inches thick, it apparently played no part in the performances. The company, having been satisfied that there was no opportunity or desire for fraud, were treated to a succession of spiritualistic manifestations that were truly startling. Dim, shadowy forms appeared; allowed themselves to be touched, and even conversed with persons present. The following afternoon the same gentlemen met again at Mrs. Ross's house, and on this occasion the manifestations were even more wonderful. The materialized form of a tall Indian took a particularly active part, and finally had to be reminded that he was making himself a little frequent, but before he retired into the cabinet, he escorted a little child in the audience into the middle of the room and waltzed her about for a minute or more. The distinguished gentlemen were greatly mystified, and Professor Wallace declared he had never seen anything like it.

Mrs. Ross's success naturally excited much comment in spiritualistic circles, and all her séances were well attended. Many persons who were willing to be convinced paid her repeated visits, and all came away with the belief that her manifestations were as wonderful as they were unaccountable. Among those who, out of curiosity, were present at some of these séances was Mr. C. A. Braman, manufacturing jeweller, 415 Washington street. A few visits, in company with a number of friends, convinced him that the forms which appeared in such a mysterious manner were "of the earth, earthy," rather than belonging to the spirit land. They had seen the babies, the young men and maidens, and even the "big Injun," and their curiosity was aroused. So they quietly formed a little plan which was put into effect last Monday night. The "conspirators" consisted of Mr. C. A. Braman, his son, Mr. C. L. Braman, Mr. R. G. McLauchlan, Dr. N. W. Gilbert, Mr. John W. Tufts, the organist of King's Chapel; Mr. John S. Nichols, Mr. W. F. Metcalf, Mr. Fred E. Phelps, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Foster, Mr. Harry Tufts and Mr. Ransom Willard. Mr. Willard is a powerful man who has had experience in the violent ward of an insane asylum, and his muscular powers made him a valued companion in case the "spirits" became unruly. The plan was as follows: It was agreed that when the Indian should make his appearance, some one man who had previously been selected should seize him. Another should occupy himself with Mr. Ross, a third with Mrs. Ross, a fourth should light the gas, and the others put in the best possible work. If the Indian did not appear, then the chimes of the little French clock on the mantel, striking 9, should be the signal. Mr. C. A. Braman provided himself with a box of lucifer matches, so that a bright light could be obtained at short notice. Thus prepared, the party assembled in the front parlor of 96 West Concord street, last Monday evening, and the gentlemen state that everything started off as usual. The cabinet was examined; Mr. Ross made his little speech, the lights were extinguished save a small lantern situated in the opposite corner of the room from the cabinet, the doors leading to the back parlor were closed and the performance began.

The curtains were drawn aside and a shadowy form revealed for an instant. Soon the manifestations remained longer and finally began to move around the room. For some reason the Indian did not appear, and the fatal hour of 9 was approaching without any action having been taken by the company. At last a "spirit" who claimed to be a friend of Mr. McLauchlan called him to the cabinet. Mr. McLauchlan said at a venture: "Is that you, Harry?" The "spirit" nodded an assent. "My dear friend," continued Mr. McLauchlan, putting out his hand, which the "spirit" took, "I am very glad to see you." Mr. McLauchlan tightened his grip on the spirit's hand. "Come out here," he said, and then in a quick, sharp voice, he cried: "Come on, boys; I've got something!"

The party responded to a man. Mr. Braman's matches flashed into flame, and in an instant the room was as light as day. The "spirit Harry" found himself in the middle of the floor, with the ghostly muslin stripped from his face. Mrs. Ross was securely held, while the stalwart Mr. Willard caught the gentle Mr. Ross in his arms just as that gentleman pulled his revolver. But the most singular part of the affair was yet to come. Young Mr. Braman, who is a finely-built, muscular fellow, sprang to one side of the cabinet, and as he lifted the curtain he saw his "big Injun" with an uplifted chair, preparing to brain the first person who entered. Under a blow like a flash of lightning, which landed on poor Lo's jaw, the now thoroughly materialized spirit fell to the floor. Young Braman was on top of him as soon as he struck, when he perceived, to his astonishment, that his victim apparently had no legs below the knee. A vigorous pull, however, discovered the cause of the phenomenon and solved the mystery of the cabinet at the same time. The mopboard in the seemingly solid wall had been pushed up by some ingenious mechanism and a clear passage into the china closet before mentioned in the back parlor was effected. It was through this open mopboard that the spirits were admitted to the cabinet, and it was in the rooms of the house that the various changes of costume were made.

While the battle in the cabinet was progressing there was a general mêlée going on in the parlor. Poor little Mr. Ross was struggling in the embrace of brawny Mr. Willard, begging to be released and acknowledging that the game was up. The "spirit Harry" broke away from his tormenter, and succeeded in making his way up stairs. Then the cabinet was searched, and behind a black cloth, which covered the parlor walls inside the cabinet, serving as a background for the presentation of the spirits, were found two boys, or young men, and a poor little trembling girl, not over eight years old. She was completely terror-stricken, and clung to the dress of Mrs. Ross, crying bitterly. The "staff" of Mr. and Mrs. Ross turned out to be four boys and the little girl. The "big Injun" proved to be a young man of 20 or more years old. Mr. Ross did not attempt any explanation, but refunded the money paid by each one of the audience present, and the company departed well satisfied with the night's work. A *Post* representative called last evening at 96 West Concord street, but was unable to gain admittance. The blinds were securely closed, and up to a late hour there were no signs of life about the premises.—*Boston Post, Feb. 4th.*

On Sunday, Feb. 20th, a collection will be taken up in all the Catholic churches in the United States for the benefit of all the colored and Indian missions under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attentions.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1885.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

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PROSPECTUS.

THE OPEN COURT:

— A —

Radical Liberal Journal,

Published in Chicago by The Open Court Publishing Co.

B. F. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of *The Index*), and SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors.

THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of *The Index*, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedom of thought, untrammelled by the authority of any alleged revelations or traditional beliefs; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great ethical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day; will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religion and exact justice for all. It will help substitute catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for theological dogmatism, and humanitarianism for sectarianism. It will emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life, and of making the well-being of the individual, and of society, the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominence will be given in THE OPEN COURT to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their fascination for many minds, which as Lewes says "the unequivocal failure of twenty centuries" has not sufficed to destroy and the discussion of which is not without value, will by no means be wholly ignored.

THE OPEN COURT, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor, and will endeavor to keep the banner of truth and Reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political crazes of the hour, to submit all opinions to the crucial test of reason, and to recall men from their aberrations to sanity and the pathway of truth. It will aim to be liberal, in the broadest and best sense, and to merit the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers whom the creeds of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer satisfy.

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those here given:

James Parton,
Geo. Jacob Holyoake,
Fred. May Holland,
Minot J. Savage,
Elizabeth C. Stanton,
Anna Garlin Spencer,
Edwin D. Mead,
William J. Potter
B. W. Ball,
Chas. D. B. Mills,
Allen Pringle,
Rowland Connor,
W. D. Gunning,
Edmund Montgomery,
Moncure D. Conway,
Wm. M. Salter,
John W. Chadwick,
Ednah D. Cheney,
Paul Carus,
George Iles,
W. Sloane Kennedy,
W. H. Spencer,
Hudson Tuttle,
Lenos Clark,
Lewis G. Janes,
Theodore Stanton,
Felix L. Oswald,
Thomas Davidson.

Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, is the distinguished philologist and oriental scholar, Prof. Max Muller; and we have the statement of one of his personal friends, that Ernest Renan will probably encourage us by articles from his pen.

Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, whose names are not included in the above list, will be among the contributors to the columns of THE OPEN COURT, in which will also be printed occasionally, during the year, lectures given by Prof. Felix Adler before his Society for Ethical Culture.

THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, commencing in February.

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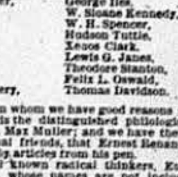

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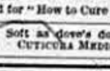

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Voices From the People.
AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Unity.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

God of the Crescent and the Cross,
God of the Gentile and the Jew,
Source of all recompense and loss
Through all the old and all the new;
Thy revelations on me shine
Where'er a knee to Thee doth bow,
For part of every faith is mine
And part of mine is every vow.

God of the arch-celestial spheres,
God of the deepest depths of hell,
Though earth be swept by floods of tears
Or tides of rapture o'er her swell,
Thou art the cause of all effect,
Thine the effect of every cause,
Since man's devotion or neglect
Can never break Thy changeless laws.

God of the fire that burns and glows
Within the human brain and soul,
Refining matter till it knows
And feels Thine infinite control;
Nameless, Thy children name Thee still,
Boundless, they seek to bind Thy thought
And limit Thy eternal will
To self-conviction inly wrought.

Denying while they own Thee still,
Believing while they yet deny,
Obeying evermore Thy will
While in their madness they'd defy;
Changeless Thou art through ceaseless change,
For transmutations but reveal
Of truth a broader, higher range
Which fact and circumstance conceal.

Lost in Thy life, myself I find
Impersonal, yet one with Thee
I blend with Thy eternal Mind
As drops commingle with the sea,
And like the drops I seek the sky
Attracted by Love's cloudless sun,
Again in ocean's breast to lie
When day her royal course hath run.

Or yet to linger in the cloud,
To feel the fierce tornado's sway,
Or when have ceased the thunder loud
To glitter in the rainbow's spray;
But wheresoe'er my pathway lie
I throb in Thy eternal heart,
O Love Divine, since I am I
Forevermore because Thou art.

Thus conscious of my right divine,
Of such inheritance the heir
I find my sire at every shrine,
And claim my kindred everywhere;
His Love and Wisdom on me shine
Where'er in prayer a knee doth bow,
For part of every faith is mine,
And part of mine is every vow.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

A grave, silent man, filled with large-hearted, Christ-like love of humanity, impelling him to reach forth helping hands to all distressed sufferers that fell in his way, giving to those who were athirst and hungered, binding the wounds of the maimed and broken in spirit, and pouring out the blessings of sweet charity and sympathetic love on every sufferer he found in his path. But even he, who thus lived only to help, and cheer and comfort, could not escape envy and detraction, and his tender spirit became deeply hurt by the bitter stings that were thus made to rankle in his breast. At length he fell into great discouragement, and murmured his heart-sore discontent because of the seeming lack of appreciation he received. Then there grew in his breast a hideous demon who greatly tormented him; constantly asking the mocking question: "Of what avail have thy good deeds been to thee? See the base ingratitude of those thou didst aid. Better have lived for thine own ease and pleasure, caring for none but thyself."

But one day, when he had fallen into a deep sleep, he awoke in a strange country, where a lovely being, wearing a crown of exceedingly bright light and glory, and whose benign aspect filled his soul with ineffable comfort and great joy, took him by the hand and led him away. Instinctively he seemed to feel that he had left the earth sphere, and was now arrived to the first stage of a new existence. Suddenly he beheld one he had known in his past career, as a hard, unloving man, bowed to the ground in hopeless, grief and vain regret. The landscape was changed to a barren desert, with cold, icy clouds like a leaden canopy o'er head, and jagged, hideous rocks, black caverns and hissing snakes, on every side. Still more horrible were the wan spectres of men, and women and children, with supplicating hands held forth, and, oh! such piteous, half-starved pleading for human aid and sympathy in their sunken eyes. In the most heart-rending voice, as he beat his breast in action of pityful woe, the man cried: "Oh! if I could help you! Oh! if I could devote my existence to your behalf!"

Then the bright being said to his companion:

"This man on earth was possessed of great abundance, far beyond his utmost needs, yet he refused to help his needy fellows; and now his serenest offering lies in seeing those who once vainly implored him to give assistance in their dire extremity, and that he is powerless to aid them. In his lifetime he was the impersonation of selfishness; and now he is fulfilling the immutable law which demands that 'whatsoever ye sow, that also shall ye reap!'"

Once again the scene changed wherein he was shown a landscape of such transcendent beauty as was never seen on the earth sphere. Woody hills and lofty mountains, watered valleys and beautifully undulating plains, covered with such wealth of emerald green as filled the eye with unspeakable delight. Most enchanting of all, was the wide-spread array of blooming shrubs and flowering plants that decked the fairy-like scene as far as eye could reach. Amid these, standing in clustered heaps along the wayside, were some of even still greater sweetness and beauty, whose fragrance filled the whole atmosphere and bathed the good man's soul as in a stream of peace and purest enjoyment. It was as if this wonderful fragrance, at once more deliciously penetrating than anything of which he had ever before had conception, and the exquisitely charming flowers from which the sweet scent was exhaled, had some special significence that belonged to his past life. Like the lifting of the early morn's grey mist by the warm sunbeams, every pang of regret and discontent whose bitterness had lain on his heart with such weight of misery, seemed to pass away under the benign influence of this fragrant exhalation, until his soul became borne on wings of joy to realms of peaceful serenity and happiest repose.

The next moment the secret of this was revealed to him. The flowers and shrubs by the wayside, which were at once so beautiful and fragrant began to expand their petals and wondrous foliage, and anon they assumed the exact counterpart of those earthly suffering ones he had befriended in their hour of need in the earth life. And now they smiled on him in loving sweetness and gratitude, and sang, in strains of heaven's own melody:

"All hail to him of the unselfish heart! As he gave to the weak and helpless in their hour of sore distress, so shall he be made rich and strong in God's choicest blessings. For even as he gave unto the least of these, he gave it unto me."

Then said the spirit by his side:

"Now thou canst see how thy good deeds were made to strew thy future pathway with flowers of love that shall bless thee a thousand fold through all the æons of eternal progress. Even as good seed planted in fertile soil bears fruit abundantly, so does every good deed grow up in blessed increase of righteousness, and blossom to life everlasting. Evil shall surely die; but good is eternal.

Cleveland, Ohio.

An English clergyman expresses alarm at the drift of the State church. He declares "that it is saturated with popery and leavened with worldliness. Of course, I know there are exceptions, but as I tell you, the general condition of the Church of England is appalling. For the most part it is being used as a mighty instrument for the perversion of the nation to popery."

Kansas City Notes.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This is a stirring town of about 130,000 inhabitants, an increase of thirty thousand in the past two years. Something over ten million dollars, it is claimed, have been expended in building within the past year. An extensive line of cable tracks have been completed since I was here two years ago. Robert Laird Collier is still here, and I understand his society expect to have a new Church ready to dedicate in May. His sermons are full of suggestive thought, and quite radical. Last Sunday he discoursed upon "How to be Born and When to Die." He dwelt upon the changes in the world of thought due to scientific discoveries, the most conspicuous factor being the recognition of natural law in all departments. He said statistics show an improvement in the health and longevity of the race of fourteen years of average human life, over that of 50 years ago; but he thought man may have lived longer in earlier ages of the world than now. "Civilization is not natural; it is wholly abnormal, and almost wholly artificial. Modern life is almost wholly twisted. The child born to-day begins life on a plane wholly unlike that half a century ago. Then nobody knew that everything was governed by law, but were eternally prating about good and evil as the result of personal intervention or chance. The child born to-day is born under the auspices of science. There have been some glimpses of the spiritual world. The discussions that engaged the wisdom of the divines 50 years ago, we look upon as frivolous; such as the exhaustive debates on how many angels could stand on the point of a cambric needle! Men have been looking into the soul and determining what a child inherits. It will take a century to remove the ignorance and prejudice of the world so they can see the truth clearly. Do you know of a man or woman who is fit to live? Where is there a man of perfect physical organization? Where is there a perfect intellect? Where is there a long life and simplicity? These are just the qualities that make a man fit to live. What man or woman has these? I answer, we are all fit to live only in the potential sense."

He dwelt upon the impulses that led to elopements and unnatural unions, and thought the time would come when the law would prevent them, and annul them when made.

I have given a very incomplete synopsis, but these thoughts may show what the pulpit is doing to stir the thoughts into new expression. Dr. Thorn, who was dean of the medical college here two years ago and an outspoken Spiritualist, is on a tour to Florida with his family. I regret to learn that the Doctor is in poor health, but hope he will return soon with the orange blush on his cheek to add his vigor and weight to the spiritual work.

Mr. George H. Brooks, who lectured here about two months before I came is well spoken of by all I have met. In fact, he seems to be quite a favorite. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and found him genial and full of the true spirit. He is very sensitive, and a fine psychometrist according to the testimony of his many friends here. He went to Wichita, Kansas, where he was to speak last Sunday.

Dr. Bowker is as fresh and frank as ever, and though devoted to his profession, he finds time to discuss spiritual themes, and takes high ground for truth and honesty; but I am constrained to think that the Doctor sees some holes in the skimmer which are really only the bright dots reflected back from the converging intensity of his sharp mental rays from the clean surface of the skimmer, where the focus of his imagination fell! Nevertheless it is well to watch the skimmer, even if the light of our gaze bore some holes through the solid surface in search of truth under difficulties.

Mr. A. E. Beggs, with whom I stop, has the advantage of many in the mediumship of his accomplished wife, who seems about as familiar with her invisible companions, as with any outsiders. She both sees and hears them, and seems greatly to enjoy their company.

Dr. Kimmel and wife, both graduates of the medical college, work helpfully and happily together, and bravely stand for the cause of Spiritualism, work for it and do all they can to encourage a high recognition and honorable presentation of its best aspects.

I am not speaking under the same auspices, though in the same hall, and to many of the same people that sustained Mr. Brooks. A new choir has been organized since the change, but with part of the elements of the old one, organized I think by Mr. Brooks. Our music is good and improving each Sunday, and our audience increases, and so far as I know, good feeling prevails.

Kansas City, Mo. LYMAN C. HOWE.

Odds and Ends from New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

As I sit in my home, far away in the "back blocks" of New South Wales, writing my brief contribution for your valuable and world-renowned paper, my ear is greeted with shouts of laughter and mirth on all sides from the children, for dear old Father Xmas is here with his load of presents for the little ones, and they are making the earth seem heaven with their signs of happiness.

Speaking of children, reminds me that recently several lectures, debates, etc., have taken place in Sydney, touching upon the system of education adopted in our colonies,—most of our thinking men being of the opinion that a laboratory attached to each large school, would prove most beneficial, enabling the pupils to receive practical as well as theoretical instruction; but, perhaps, it is a little out of place to speak of schools just now, when all have put on holiday garb, and for the next six weeks present closed doors to the applicant. This reminds me of a few lines the old Puritan poet, Withers, wrote:

"So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Literary men be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly,
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it haps to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

For some time past the clergy of our city have been much troubled at the prevalence of Sunday lectures and concerts, which are becoming very popular, attracting large numbers of people, some of whom might, perhaps, otherwise find their way to church. Two ministers more energetic than their fellows, took the matter in hand and determined, if possible, to put a stop to such "heathenish ways." They convened a meeting of their brethren and formed a sort of club, calling it the "Ministers' Union of Sydney and Suburbs." After fruitlessly sifting the law to find a point by which they could quite demolish these desecrations, a petition was drawn up and forwarded to the Chief Secretary, urging him either to take the matter in hand personally, or cause a short bill to be introduced into Parliament to put a stop at once and forever to this Sunday breaking. The Colonial Secretary acknowledged the letter, and intimated he had submitted it to the law officers of the crown. The matter remains still in abeyance, although it is now seven months since the petition was sent in.

The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* asks: "Does anybody in his sober senses really believe that secular music is an instrument whereby the community is demoralized? Does it acquire a satanic quality in the theatre on Sunday which it does not possess in a clergyman's drawing-room on Monday?"

Mr. F. J. Thomas, a gentleman very favorably known all over the Colonies, has written an able letter on the subject, to the Sydney *Morning Herald*. I take the liberty of enclosing it to you.

This season our crops are splendid, and the fruit will be most plentiful. Mr. Russell, the government astronomer, calculates that it has been nineteen years since we had such favorable weather.

In and around Sydney, for some unaccountable reason, it is exceptionally unhealthy; perhaps due in a great measure to too much soakage, but in these country districts, the earth has put on her most brilliant garb, and all seems smiling; in this part grass was well nigh unheard of, rain was so scarce, and the sun scorched up all vegetation.

With kindest greetings I wish you and your readers a happy prosperous year.

Dec. 25, 1886. R. CAVENAGH.

An article printed recently in the Philadelphia *News* gives a census of Philadelphia's church-going population. It finds that one-third of the million inhabitants (more or less) hold membership in 637 churches. The church property is valued at $23,195,225; the amount paid for pastors' salary is $844,834. The denomination having the largest church attendance on the day on which the census was taken was the Presbyterian, which out of a total membership of 31,081 had 21,847 in attendance at one service.

THE BALLS COUNTY GHOST.

The Log Cabin Spirit Rapping Followed by Strange Manifestations.

Lime Throwing and Slate-Writing.

The excitement in this city, Perry, Mo. and, indeed, throughout the entire country, relative to the "Missouri Mystery," described in the *Globe-Democrat* of November 28, has not yet worn itself out, and recent developments have made the affair a greater mystery than ever. The Ingerham family has moved from Brown's farm house in the woods into a small one-story frame house belonging to Edwin Hubbard, situated in the northern part of Perry, on Mayhall street. It seems to have gained a world-wide reputation, and strangers from far and near stopping over night in Perry never fail to go and hear the spirit rappings.

THE SPIRIT IS A THROWER OF LIME.

A few nights ago, Miss Mollie Cornwall, the very comely Kentuckian medium, asked her "guide" to vary the performance by throwing some lime from the wall. It immediately consented, and, to the surprise of all present, began throwing lime all over the room, hitting several of the occupants of the house and frightening them so badly that they were about to abandon the place. Since then on being asked to do so, it will throw lime at any time of night. The opinion still prevails among the majority of the people of this community that it is a trick gotten up to deceive the public. Miss Cornwall, becoming annoyed at this, concluded not to pay any more attention to it, and on Sunday night, when it began to rap, she told it to go away and never return, as it was, causing a great deal of talk about her which she did not like. The spirit resented this order by pulling the covering off of the bed in which Miss Cornwell was sleeping. It repeated this act three times, and also rapped on the head-board of the bed in a very angry manner. It continued this angry rapping for two days, and Miss Cornwall was very much troubled over it, thinking that she had made it mad and that it would never make up with her again. But it at last gave in, and now everything is "all serene on the Potomac." Your correspondent has visited the house on three consecutive nights. On being admitted the first night, in company with another party, Mr. Ingerham said he was willing for anything that was of a respectable character to be published concerning the spirit rapping, and was willing to aid in unraveling the mystery. He further said that an unbeliever could not get it to rap with any satisfaction.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

The medium then asked:

"Does the reporter believe in you?"

Two distinct raps were heard, which meant "Yes."

"Does Mr. White believe in you?"

Only one rap was heard which meant "No."

I then began to ask it questions, to which it readily answered "Yes" or "No," or would rap three raps, which meant "I don't know."

"Do I believe in you?"

"Yes."

"Does Mr. White believe in you?"

"No."

These questions were asked quite often during the evening. Although Mr. White said he believed in the spirit, it would invariably answer "No."

I then replied:

"Do you love the Bible?"

"No."

"Will the Central Missouri Railroad be built through Perry?"

"Yes."

"Is the year 1887 going to be a good crop year?"

"Yes."

"Is there any truth in the Pine street specter in St. Louis?"

"Yes."

"Was it gotten up to deceive the public?"

"No."

"Were you in the buggy?"

"Yes."

"Will Maxwell be hung for the murder of Preller in St. Louis?"

"I don't know."

"Will the Republicans gain the Presidency chair in 1888?"

"Yes."

"Will you please rap the time of night it is?"

Eight distinct raps were heard. There was no clock in the room, but on reference to watches it proved to be 8:10.

These among a hundred more or less important questions were asked; to which it rapped with promptness one of the three ways designated.

A CRUEL GHOST.

The medium said that while "it" was angry with her she could not sleep unless the light burned all night, as it kept up a continual rapping on the head board of the bed. She also stated that it still rapped on the head at night but not in as angry a manner as it formerly had done.

After the medium retired we were again admitted into her sleeping apartment. Scarcely had we entered when the rapping became louder than during any time that night.

"Will you keep time to a song if sung?" We asked. It answered "yes." A darky song was then sung in a rather feeble manner and we could not refrain from laughing at the way it beat time upon the head board. I then asked if it would pat "juber." Two distinct knocks were heard. The singer again started off on an old-fashioned plantation song which it patted "juber" to the time without a break.

The medium said it did not like religious songs, and the air of "Let the Savior In" was struck to convince us of the fact. Hardly had the music proceeded half a measure when the spirit quit keeping time and began to strike very severe raps to inform us that it did not like the song. We then bid the spirit "good night," to which it answered with two raps.

The second night your correspondent visited the house there was no one present but the family, and it rapped with much better satisfaction. It also rapped equally as well the third night.

THE SPIRIT WRITES.

By the use of a planchet, which consists of a heart-shaped board, supported on two legs, with a hole in which works a pencil, the spirit writes. The medium places her hand on the board, and guided by the spirit, she writes a hand which can be very easily read. It still maintains that the treasure, which was spoken of in the last article which appeared in this paper, is still secreted on the Brown farm, and says that no one but the medium and Miss Biggers, daughter of the crazy man, can obtain it.

The following is one of the messages. It was written in a large sprawling hand, quite different from Miss. Cornwall's lady-like penmanship:

"Lou, your father sent Sue here, and you and Mollie won't get the money until his death, but are sure to get it, for there is a fortune right in your hands."

Miss Cornwall has been in correspondence with a medium in Connecticut who claims materializing powers. She will visit Perry, and some interesting séances are looked for.—Perry (Mo.) *Correspondence of Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.*

J. Frank Baxter and A. B. French.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I stopped over in Cincinnati last Sunday night, and heard J. Frank Baxter at Grand Army Hall. He had a crowded house, and scores were turned away, although there was an admission fee of 15 cents. His subject, "What Good has Spiritualism Done?" was handled in a masterly manner, and drew forth frequent applause. His tests were wonderful, and created a sensation. The *Enquirer* the next day had nearly a column in regard to the meeting. Mr. Baxter is certainly doing a good work in Cincinnati.

Mr. A. B. French has just closed a series of five lectures at this place. They have been largely attended and well received. His lecture this afternoon was certainly a splendid effort. His subject was, "The Old Theology Contrasted with the New." His business calls him for the next month near Elkhart, Ind. We were very loth to part with him so soon.

Willoughby, Ohio. E. W. BOND.

A most prominent archæological study is now being carried out near Cairo, Egypt—the unearthing of the famous Sphinx of Gizeh. About one-third of the sand has been removed, disclosing the forepaws and a portion of the right side. The paws are made of brick and not of the stone material of the rest of the figure. When looked at from above the figure lacks symmetry, and M. Maspero is of the opinion that if this lack of symmetry should hold true for the whole figure the Sphinx must ante-date the great pyramids, which are marked by harmony in all details. Reports from further excavations are therefore eagerly awaited.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Attempt to Explain.

Once in the dim past, when ensconced in a close room, with the darkness of night reigning without, an ignorant but truthful German told me he saw a town containing "a good many houses and also a tavern sign." A moment later he added, "I see a big box with doors, and inside of it I see books, papers and dishes."

At a remote period, and on a foreign shore, there once stood a monarch who saw, not only the valley of the Nile flow full of purple gore, but nine other remarkable phenomena passed successively before his vision. The indexes of the timepieces of a Russian Czar and his cabinet at one moment indicated 8 o'clock A. M. The next moment they all indicated 7 o'clock. And again, almost instanter, they indicated 8 o'clock. As we float down the gulf of time up rises a certain J. C. Hoffman, M. D., and avers he saw "white worms from one to two inches long," crawling on a man's fractured limb, which instantly disappeared as by magic; and for this, and other singular phenomena, he asked for explanation. Here it comes:

The German, alluded to above, was at that time so deeply mesmerized as to be under my complete control. The scenes he described—one 20, the other 40 miles distant—were the productions of my own fancy which, by the force of will power, I stamped upon his mental vision so completely that he saw precisely what I saw with the mental eye.

By side of King Pharoah there stood one of earth's mightiest mediums and psychics, and by the exercise of his natural powers projected before the proud monarch's interior vision, ten fearful pictures which, to the latter, were living realities. By side the Czar & Co., there stood an expert conjuror (alias medium and mesmerist) whose will-power predominated over the unsuspecting crowd and produced the above described results. Near Dr. Hoffman there stood, fully bent on mischief, "an evil-eyed witch," with "lips thin as sole-leather" and from whom "emanated a weird, witch-like, icy-cold magnetism," and who projected before the Doctor's mentality a host of loathsome worms! Doctor, those worms were not on that limb but simply "all in the eye." You saw and the victim felt just what she willed you to see and feel, the same as in the other cases described. The language of that "thin lip" is indomitable will, which she exercised to your great annoyance then and subsequently.

But she "killed the pigs." Nothing remarkable in this, for the act was resultant from her "weird, witch-like, icy-cold magnetism." Besides it was only a case of simple reflex and only half as mysterious as the following, which a living and reliable witness of the monstrosity stands ready to confirm. An Illinois family who had a strong desire to see an elephant, returned from the exhibition so highly charged with elephant magnetism that a female hog, belonging to the family became the recipient of the same to such an extent that one of her pigs, subsequently brought forth, had a perfectly developed, miniature, elephant's trunk. The pig was dead. Now, here was a case where a dual reflex produced a singular monstrosity and also a probable death. To explain both cases there is no need of going outside the pale of natural law. To exhaust the natural before calling to aid the supernatural should be the aim of every philosopher.

As regards the man whose gun came so near ending the séance, he was simply an impressible subject, temporarily controlled by the will-power, or magnetic influence of Mrs. Witch. With a strong operator distance is a small impediment. Now to the levitation of horses and buggy. Some 33 years ago I was one of four surrounding a common work-stand, and finding it obeyed my unexpressed will in minutia, I ventured to will a certain leg thereof to stick to the floor, which it did so effectually as to require a force of fully 600 lbs. to raise it. Without stopping to discuss how much of this power proceeded from the ego and how much from the occult side of nature, I simply ask if I reached the maximum of power? Or where shall we fix the boundary line beyond which the human will cannot reach with its power? It is clear to every thinker that a sufficient extension of this force would not only elevate the team and buggy from the earth, but waft it safely across the ravine. And for the present I shall conclude that Mrs. Witch embodied a force adequate to the occasion, especially with four "human-like 'something,' real as life, of short and strong built," to assist her by lifting at the wheels. Other important points demand notice but space forbids.

Charlton, Iowa. M. J. BURR.

Notes from England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In writing it is somewhat difficult to avoid a prominence of the first person singular, on one hand, and a reference to matters of a too local interest on the other. However, in a letter perhaps a little latitude is usually allowed the writer in both these directions. The questions, What have you been doing? Where did you do it? and, How well was it done? cannot be answered without some mention of the significant "I," and the important locality.

For the past four months I have been thoroughly active in the field of English Spiritualism. During the early part of December I visited London. The spiritual outlook is certainly brighter than it has been for some time. I attended a large and enthusiastic meeting at Neumere Hall, and I never saw London Spiritualists more deeply interested. The object of the gathering was to give a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of Orion. This lady and gentleman are now making a tour of Europe, and while passing through England, gave their services to many societies, gratuitously. They have left impressions behind them that will live as pleasant memories in the minds of many. Mr. Drake is carrying on independent meetings at Notting Hill, London, and the reports are most encouraging. I am to speak there on Sunday, February 13th. Good physical and clairvoyant mediums are well supported. The Midland counties do not seem so much alive as the Northern. I visited Peterboro, Stamford, Bourne, and other places, on my way to Manchester, where I am engaged to speak the first Sunday in every month until my return to America in the summer.

The large cities in Yorkshire come in for a full share of my labor. The Yorkshire district committee have engaged me to occupy platforms in their district two Sundays in every month, and about ten week-evenings, until my departure. I have no dates to offer any society now; they were all taken up some time ago; so you will see I am not idle by any means.

So far I have answered two questions out of three. As for the third, I shall leave the minds, hearts and lives of my auditors to bear their own testimony. I have no doubt, but like the seed scattered broadcast by the sower, spiritual thoughts and sentiments fall upon thorny, stony and good ground. I for one, am willing to wait until the harvest for the results.

I spent my Christmas with my old and much esteemed friend, Joseph Armitage, of Batley Garr, Yorkshire. The door of his house is ever ajar for me. His devoted wife and many children always have a welcoming smile. When I think how many hearts and homes are open to me, both in England and America, I feel myself most wealthy. If I am a fatherless, motherless, homeless child, in the usual sense of the word, Spiritualists have been to me, father, mother, brother and sister, friends and home. May the sainted loved ones of my kindred bless them in blessing me. I have everything to thank Spiritualism for spiritually. I have been guided from my infancy, educated and brought into public recognition. If I had my choice to-day, of perfect sight without the spiritual perception with which I have been endowed, I would choose total darkness, physically, to spiritual blindness.

I am too late to wish your readers a happy new year, but I certainly hope this year will be in every true sense a prosperous one.

It was most thrilling to me, to once more hear the melodious sounds of an English Christmas. American people do not realize how beautiful it is to hear the church bells ringing out upon the still night air their joyous peal; or to listen to the church choirs, who go from house to house, carrying the gospel of music everywhere; and to swell the Christmas anthem, many bands of instrumental music parade the streets all night. Thus at least, the messiah of harmony has a symbolic birth once a year, and the spirit of good will is inspired. We may differ as much as we like, about the origin of Christmas and the historic Jesus, but we must all agree, that in the depth of winter, and amidst human selfishness, it is good to have even the suggestion of a nobler humanity brought to view. WALTER HOWELL.

Manchester, Eng., Jan. 12th, 1887.

A good colored clergyman in a Southern town prayed the other day that the indelicate might be made delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious.

Give all a Hearing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have read in the *Globe* of the wonderful feats of Bishop and Montague, and know, from my own experience, that both must look to an outside power for help, even if it does express itself in finding pins, jackknives, etc. I know that Bishop has served up dishes of spiritual phenomena in other places. In Hornellsville, N. Y., some nine years ago, he and his medium astonished a large audience in the Opera House by reading and answering correctly, questions which were written and placed in the pockets of different ones, and they gave answers from those called dead, with descriptions which were graphic in the extreme. I know that his attitude toward the very gift he is using, has been bitter; I think not from principle, but from a purpose.

One's memory does not have to stretch back only to the winter of 1877, to remember a Bishop, of the same name, following the illustrious pattern of Jeff Davis, donning petticoats, and visiting the mediums of Boston, of which he gave a detailed report in one of the city papers. He failed, however, to report visiting a writing medium who tried to write for the "woman who was so hoarse;" but the medium's hand kept moving, and finally, without charge, she gave her, or him, rather, a crude drawing of a "snake in the grass."

His strong conscientious scruples against disturbing the "high and holy spirits of the Lord," would, I think, be somewhat modified, if it should come to pass that there was more money in it, calling by its right name a gift plainly promised in 1st Corinthians, 12th chapter. It may be doing God's service to do a popular work, but to me it seems better to do an honest one.

If half of Boston should pass out of the form today, how many would be prepared to become high and holy spirits of the Lord? Not many, I think. They would be just what they are now, until they could grow better; changing their coats would not change their minds, and it is the mind that lives.

If to-day I would stand up before the world and say that I had been a liar for these past twenty-five years, and in an unsatisfactory way, try to explain as Bishop does, I should have the church doors thrown open to me, and hands held out that would not shake mine now. No! I can't afford that; life is too short. CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Dr. Phillip Schaff says there are more men in New York City wearing the title of doctor of divinity than there are to be found on the entire continent of Europe.

Evidences of increasing interdenominational comity are perhaps getting too common to need mention, but as the latest instance it may be said that Canon Wilberforce, of the Church of England, recently preached in a Congregational church at Southampton.

The wife of a Japanese senator has started a "Society of Love" for Japanese women. The object of the society is to raise funds for the support of a school or bible-woman. This is done by making different kinds of fancy work at the meetings. As the members work, someone reads aloud from the bible.

At its meeting last Tuesday evening the Chicago Woman's Unitarian Association adopted resolutions congratulating Senator Farwell that his first vote in the United States Senate had been cast in favor of woman suffrage. The membership of the association represents the four Unitarian churches of Chicago.

Seventeen years ago Thomas Adams, a native of Quincy, Mass., but no connection of the historic Adams family, died in Roxbury and left $10,000 to the Unitarian church at Quincy on condition that a like sum be given to the society by the Adams family within two years of the death of the testator's widow. The latter died in February, 1885, and now the heirs of Charles Francis Adams signify their intention of giving the $10,000.

A clergyman who had got partly through the marriage ceremony for a young couple at Lancaster, Pa., last week, suddenly stopped and asked the groom if he had been drinking. The latter admitted that he had taken just one glass as a "bracer," and the minister thereupon flatly refused to conclude the ceremony, remarking that he had determined never to marry a man who was in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor.

Dr. Dubousquet read before the Société de Biologie at a recent meeting in Paris a most unique paper upon skin-grafting from the frog to man. One of his patients was a man whose feet had been burned by molten iron. Upon one of the wounds were ingrafted four patches of human skin and upon the other four grafts of frog skin. All of the grafts took firm root. The frog-skin grafts retained their peculiar color for a few days, but afterwards changed to the ordinary color of human skin, in due time the wounds becoming perfectly healed.

A little boy of Buffalo took a recess in his devotions one night recently, according to the *Courier* of that city. This juvenile, aged four years and a half, after donning his nightgown, located in a warm corner by the stove to comfortably say his prayer. He got along nicely until almost through, but concluded thus: "God bless papa and mamma, and make—please wait a minute till I kick Vio. Little sister Violet had interrupted the brother's devotional exercises by tickling the bottom of his bare feet with a broom splint.

The application of electricity to photography has rendered possible many remarkable observations. It has been applied to the study of the path of the lightning's flash. Thus, Herr Leyst of the Pawlowsk Observatory has shown that a flash not unfrequently divides into two or more branches. In one observation the flash divided into two branches, at an angle of about seventy-five, and after passing over a certain space the branches turned toward each other, and were presently reunited. In another observation exactly the same path was traversed four times in rapid succession. The thunder lasted for eighty seconds.

An indignant correspondent writes to *The Boston Transcript* asking why the clergy do not use the confessedly more accurate revised version of the Bible. "As a parent," he says, "I mean never to talk to my children of, or to allow them to talk of damnation, and, if we use the revised bible we shall find that we have no right to use that word as it has been used in the past. I believe that the greatest care should be taken by parents and Sabbath-school teachers to give the correct meaning of such words as have been mistranslated, for we have no right to retain or teach an error in the Bible any more than one found in any other book. Whether we hold the doctrine of endless future punishment or not, it in no way affects the demonstrable meaning of Greek words."

The advance of Mohammedanism in Central Africa and the benefits that have followed are the subject of an article in *The Contemporary Review*. The writer found well-built cities and the signs of industrious communities. No native beer or spirits, no European gin or rum were for sale in the markets. The Koran had swept away fetichism. The negro population each morning was early summoned to prayer. There were mosques and schools in all directions, and so general was the desire for education that many, not satisfied with the home schools, had found their way through many dangers and toils to the great Mohammedan University (El Azhar) in Cairo. The Moslem is not only proselytizing among the heathen; his faith has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos, where it is recruiting its ranks from the Christian community and declares war upon "civilization's" chief contribution to West Africa—the gin trade.

Chief-Geologist Maj. J. W. Powell contributes an article to the *Forum* upon the cause of earthquakes. He shows them to be very common, probably one at every hour at some point on the earth. But few are of such magnitude as to prove destructive, and the minor earthquakes are from convulsions so slight as to make no perceptible effect upon the topography. The point of an earthquake is frequently under water, so that a displacement of the earth's crust is concealed. As to the origin of earthquakes many have attempted to explain them on the ground of the explosion of gases in the interior cavities of the earth. But they unfortunately include in their hypothesis no explanation of the origin of these gases or the method of action. Some writers have definitely assigned the effects to exploding steam. But such an assignment would of course require great cavities, and enormous fissures within the earth where the steam may act. The geologist is inclined to reject all such theories, upon the ground that it is impossible to conceive of such immense cavities, except just under the surface of the earth, as the weight of great superincumbent strata of earth would probably crush all support.

Prof. Newman.

Prof. Francis W. Newman, of London, has been known as a free religious writer of some eminence. He is a brother of Cardinal Newman, an eminent and able Catholic, learned and sincere. The Professor has taken a step toward materialism. M. A. (Oxon) says in *Light:*

Having in the maturity of life given to the world some books setting forth his belief in a future life, Prof. F. W. Newman has in his decadence published a pamphlet of recantation.....It would be a weary task to take the statements made in these few pages and to point out how many of them may be excepted to, how easily most may be refuted, how often mere assumption and assertion passes for argument, how few are the remarks made with care and caution sufficient to entitle them to respect.......I may cite the concluding words written "for the convenience of anyone who may assail these pages." "They [the pages] assert that the 'doctrin' of heaven and hell has its source not in Christianity, much less in Judaism, but in a shallow and monstrous Oriental Theosophy. They plead that this 'doctrin' is not only unproved, but unprovable: that the idea of hell or fiery purgatory is wholly pernicious, and that of heaven (variously and on the whole) far from harmless."

But surely all, save some exceptionally belated thinkers, and those who do not think at all, have given up any such crude and materialistic notions as those repudiated by Prof. Newman. Has he not grasped the notion that "the kingdom of heaven is within" us; that heaven and hell are states, not places, and that in those states many human beings live here and now? It would seem too late to set forth such a well-worn truth, were it not that Mr. Newman argues or writes all through his pamphlet as if every Christian must run down this world, its duties, its pleasures, and its opportunities of development, in order to exalt, at its expense, a fancied heaven. "Belief in a future [why not "futur"?] life becomes pernicious, first, if the argument require us to disparage the present life, which is certainly God's work." But it requires us to do nothing of the sort. An intelligent and reasonable belief in a future life leads us rather to seize all means of development in this, seeing that man makes or mars his future by the way in which he uses the present, and that he is, in literal truth, the final arbiter of his own destiny. This truth, once really grasped, will not permit a man to loaf through life as a mere epicurean, any more than it will lead him to disparage this world in contrast with the harps and crowns, the ceaseless adoration and elaborate ritual of an ideal New Jerusalem. The only statement of opinion in the pamphlet that will command general approval is that quoted from a Scotch minister, who defined the right object of life to be for each of us "To leave the world better and bonnier by reason of our having been born into it."

How a Small Boy was Saved from Drowning.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Doubtless there are many "strange stories" in various stages of preservation, lying on the "shelves of memory" of the readers of the JOURNAL, which, were they recorded in its columns, would tend to broaden the field of psychical study. The following, though not passing strange in the experience of the present day, may seem to illustrate the fact that psychical phenomena are not of recent birth. It was several years before the advent of the Rochester knockings, that the following narrative was told me by my mother, a consistent member of the Presbyterian church, and occurred, I should judge, nearly sixty years ago: An elder brother of mine, a lad of say ten or twelve years of age, was employed in a general store in an Eastern village, situated on the Erie canal. The rear of the store was flush with the canal, so that canal boats could run alongside and receive or unload freight from the door of the store which opened on the canal. The front of the store opened on a street running parallel with the canal. My brother had been unpacking a crate of crockery and glassware near the door, and had pushed some of the packing straw out of it into the canal. He discovered that he had accidentally pushed out with the straw a small glass dish that floated on the straw in the water, and on reaching out to reclaim it, he lost his balance and fell into the water.

No one had seen the mishap, and being unable to swim or cry out, he would have drowned had not this, the strange part of the incident, occurred. My mother at the time was visiting at the house of the proprietor of the store, several blocks away and not within sight. She was busily engaged in some kind of work when she felt an impulse urging her to go to the store. She heard no voice, but somehow the words, "Go to the store," kept forcing themselves into her mind. She resisted the impulse and with difficulty shook it off temporarily. She asked herself, "What do I want to go to the store for? I can think of nothing that I want from there." Soon the impulse returned with increased force and before she was fully aware of what she was doing, she had seized her bonnet and shawl and was on her way to the store at a rapid pace. Still questioning herself about this mysterious impulse she arrived at the front door of the store, and paying no heed to the inmates, who accosted her, she fairly flew to the rear door, and looking out into the water she saw her boy faintly struggling, nearly drowned. The question, "What do I want at the store?" was answered.

Denver, Col. H.

Bewitched or What?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just finished reading Brother J. C. Hoffman's article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Jan. the 15th, under the heading "Bewitched or What?" And to me it is somewhat draped in mystery; but as investigators of spiritual science, we should coolly examine all things that come up before the enlightened judgment; and if the judgment lacks sufficient light to solve the mystery, whatever it may be, that shows a lack of spiritual development. Love and revenge can be used as connecting links between those in the body and those out, and mediums of all grades can be found, hence the variety of manifestations, not only in our present time, but in all past ages. The mission of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is to take away all masks, bow to no human shrine, and try to discover the laws of nature by the unfoldment of the spiritual faculties of humanity. I love to read it and gather in the golden grains of experience from my brothers and sisters.

Kingsburg, Cal. A. C. DOAN.

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Rev. William Gilbert, for twenty years a member of the Philadelphia conference, has withdrawn from the church because he could no longer accept the bible as an inspired guide of human conduct.

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Last year I suffered greatly from a Cold, which had settled on my Lungs. My physician could do nothing for me, and my friends believed me to be in Consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gave immediate relief, and finally cured me. I have not the least doubt that this medicine

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IV. Ethical Culture.
V. Ethical Principles and Training.
VI. Relation of Ethical to Religious Education.
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(Continued from First Page.)

Facts, Ideas, Proofs.

tell when it would tip, nor how many times. "Would it tip if my hands were on it?" "Try it and see." I did so. It tipped as before. I could not see what caused it to do so. Nothing was in contact with it below, and only our hands lying palm downward, above. Electricity? But the family had no battery nor electrical machine, and my books on natural philosophy said nothing about moving objects in this way, unless they were connected with one of these, by a conductor of some kind. Though the room was as light as two common kerosene lamps could make it, I could see no conductor. I found by actual experiment (and what could be more scientific?) that somebody, or something other than myself caused the "tips." The other three sitters declared the same. I could not entertain the thought that they were deceiving me, for they certainly had no motive to do so. Besides, they were widely known in the community, as, honest, temperate people who earned their living by useful toil, and whose word was the very embodiment of candor and veracity.

What, then, moved the stand? My studies in the natural sciences gave me no clue to a solution. I plainly saw that eight, or a thousand hands lying flat on the top of a stand would not cause it to move. I could see no cause for these movings, but inwardly determined to find it, if possible. I dismissed the subject as lightly as I could, without giving the family offence, and resumed my studies.

During the winter we occasionally experimented with these "sittings" at the stand, which was of plain pine, unvarnished, and without drawers of any kind. Invariably, the "tips" occurred. What caused them? The others, being Spiritualists, had come to a conclusion. I had not. Animal magnetism? But this was jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Besides my face had scarcely yet resumed its gravity from laughing, in company with self-sufficient scientists, and infallible theologians, at the credulity of the weak-minded "mesmerists."

Ah! I have it. It must be a new discovery in electricity. The hands of the sitters form a battery and sufficient electricity is generated to move the table. "But how will you account for these intelligent answers? Electricity, of itself, can manifest no intelligence, and yet you ask questions and receive replies as though conversing with some intelligent being." I replied: "We, ourselves, unconsciously control its action, and thus unwittingly answer our own questions, as we know to be correct, or as we think they should be answered." (A noted scientist has since adopted a similar theory which he has given the high sounding name "unconscious cerebration.") We experimented. But answers were now received which were directly opposed to what we expected. This somewhat shattered my theory. However, to test it further, it was proposed that I ask mental questions. I did so. The replies were as prompt, as direct, and as truthful, as with oral questions. I was obliged to abandon my hypothesis. "But," says one, "might not the other sitters have mentally perceived your mental question and thus unconsciously controlled your self-generated electricity to reply?" This occurred to me. But as I knew nothing of their mental questions until they orally told them to me, with the reply, so I had their assurance that they knew nothing of mine till I had done the same. And, as I have before intimated, I felt them to be as honest and candid as myself. I was driven to the conclusion that some intelligent being outside our own number, and unseen by us, controlled the motions of the stand and thus gave the replies. I saw no objection to calling this person a spirit, for names are but arbitrary signs of things or ideas, after all. From replies received, I saw also that this "spirit" was either once a denizen of earth, or else a being perfectly cognizant of what had occurred and was occurring here. Itself, it claimed to be the former. I was unable to determine whether or not it was, as it claimed to be, a disembodied human being. For, there might be another order of beings, angels, guardian spirits, or devils, if you please' who have means of knowing all that a human being thinks or does from the cradle to the grave, and can thus reply as the dead human would, if still a conscious individual being. Was the intelligence with which we were conversing, something of this kind? How was I to ascertain?

I kept seeking, and, on further investigation, I found that there are many persons (clairvoyants and mediums), who claim to see these spirits, and that in every instance, they describe what they see as actual human beings who once inhabited the earth. I further found that very many of these descriptions of spirits seen, were so minute and accurate as to cause people who had known them during earth-life, to recognize them (often against their will), as intimate friends or near relatives. Coupling these facts with the invariable declaration of the spirits themselves, and the evidence seemed pretty strong that they are what they themselves declare: "Departed human beings." "They who were dead, and are alive, and shall live forevermore." Indeed the evidence was all in this direction. For I could get absolutely none in favor of the other hypothesis of "another order of beings," viz.: angels, guardian spirits, sylphs, undines, elementaries, devils, or what not.

Yet, not to adopt a hasty conclusion, though the foregoing seemed far from that, I read "Nature's Divine Revelations;" and the first three volumes of "The Great Harmonia," by A. J. Davis. The unassumed manner, clear logic, and profound thought in these works, dealing in the most abstruse questions of science and metaphysics, filled with palpable proof drawn from undeniable facts, yet all written by an uneducated, unsophisticated youth—"The Shoemaker's Son;" all this, I say, taken in connection with what I had myself determined by actual verification, was evidence conclusive to my mind, at least, that MAN HAS AN EXISTENCE BEYOND THE GRAVE. Spiritualism undeniably demonstrated this by a multitude of facts more numerous and varied than those which underlie any other science or philosophy, or any and all other religions.

Further investigations, notably the course of reasoning in "The Thinker" (fifth volume of "Great Harmonia"), have led me to conclude also: that man's conscious individual existence not only continues after death, but is eternal; in short, that man is immortal. I might mention the letters I received from that excellent psychometrist, Mrs. Mary A. B. Severance, who, though an utter stranger to me, gave a better description of my past life, than I could have done in so few words, a more perfect delineation of my then physical, spiritual, and social condition, and accurately foretold events in my future which have already occurred. I might add how, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Mott, I have seen and talked with the materialized forms of many, among them my own brother, whom I saw, felt and heard (three external senses), conversing with him upon subjects unknown to any other being in existence (internal sense), and what pleasure thrilled me at the old familiar tones of his voice, modes of expression, and gestures of his body. All this, and much more, I might tell, but to the sincere truth-seeker, the same and even better means of inquiry which I had are still open. "Seek and thou shalt find." "Knock," and the door which opens on the flower-encircled path of eternal life shall be opened unto you, disclosing its soul-enchanting vistas, life-ennobling thoughts, purifying influences, and holy aspirations. It is already ajar! Enter thou in! Truth shall be thy reward; happiness thy possession; and endless progression thy destiny!

Man, then, is immortal. This age has the indubitable evidence of this fact. The thin veil which separates the visible from the invisible has been lifted by the immortal dwellers on the further side, and they have returned to us on messages of love and instruction. He whose ear is attuned to this matchless melody may catch the sweet strains from angelic spheres, bringing healing to the wounded soul, help to the down-trodden, and hope to the whole humanity. These angelic messengers come from their supernal homes, to cheer, comfort and sustain us in the trials, sorrows and temptations of this life. They counsel us to develop the germs of our immortal nature, not by mere restraint from wrong-doing, but by active deeds of philanthropy; earnest and reverent study in nature's domain; loving and wise thought thereon, and holy aspirations after the good, the true and the beautiful of our own highest ideal.

The glimpses of our destiny as immortal beings, which we, through Spiritualism, have received, illuminate our earth with a glory and grandeur heretofore inconceivable. They render our otherwise cold and barren pathway radiant with the light of Life; fragrant with the flowers of Labor, and laden with the fruit of Progress. They light up the whole universe with a new meaning, and disclose to us some few of the matchless symphonies of the infinite harmony which is eternally more and more to unfold itself to our comprehension, as we walk the golden way of eternal life and endless progression.

Oh, this glimpse into the Great Beyond! We see the wondrous worth of life, and catch a few trembling strains of its celestial harmony; and it gives us courage to labor by wise efforts, loving deeds, and earnest culture, for the establishment of the Kingdom of Harmony within every human being:

When each, his own sovereign, upright shall stand
And the children of men together shall band
In a brotherhood all; in wisdom to grow
Till want and injustice no being shall know.
Then, the "Gardens of God," immortal and fair,
Will cover the earth, and bloom everywhere;
All her children, in joy, with the angels will join,
To thank the All-Father that all is divine.

Letter from an Eloquent Lecturer.

[The following, though a private letter, and not intended for publication, is from that earnest worker in the cause, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md. It will interest our readers, hence we publish it.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I exceedingly regret having overlooked the time which should have found prepared my annual report, or inspirational tribute to the columns of the JOURNAL; not that it needed anything more from any one's pen to make it a most beautiful and attractive Herald of Truth to all who are privileged to read it, but because since the issue of its first number, it has seemed to me a personal friend and living exponent of those eternal truths of life, to which all the best years of my mortal existence have been ceaselessly devoted. I do not by any means undervalue the noble work of our other spiritualistic publications, while the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has come to seem so much a member of my family as to be welcomed as such every time it enters our home. I think it has given to the world more light on the great Philosophy and Science of Life, temporal and eternal, within the last year, than has been reflected from even the most advanced sectarian press and pulpit in the last one hundred years. May your shadow grow no less this side the sun for a long time to come, dear friend and fellow laborer, for the faster our true and earnest servants of truth are called up higher, the more we prize and covet those of the same class who still wear the flesh.

My husband's dependent condition of mind and body has compelled me to remain much at home, and near home for the last twelve months, but I have not been a loser spiritually from such limitation placed upon my inspirational ministry, for—the real self—the eternal *I* that never dreams of the embrace of tomb or crematory, has been receiving magnificent dividends on its claim to the exhaustless treasure of divine truth, that "neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal." My purse is very light, but my head is not becoming more so, though often overtaxed to sleeplessness by the increasing weight of temporal cares and responsibilities.

Among my spiritual luxuries is a serene delight in feeling the jar constantly from the rocking of the corner-stones of the old theological temples, against which the thought batteries of modern Spiritualism, from séance, press and rostrum, have been ceaselessly thundering for the last thirty-eight years. I have known in common with all who having eyes could see the inevitable results of the massed force of the allied hosts of mundane and supermundane intelligences bearing down against their defenses, that it was but a question of time ere the despotism of priestcraft must fall and its slumbering, as well as its struggling prisoners be set free; but even my sanguinely prophetic mind did not expect so soon to hear the rolling thunders of the incoming judgment day of the old heavens and the old earth, with its crash and din of falling shrines and broken idols.

Surely the tireless, fearless evangel of divine truth, both in visible and invisible forms, may joyfully unite to-day in singing the song to which the immortal Pollock woke the soul-lyre of T. L. Harris:

"The day of freedom dawns upon the world
The liberating Eras rise and shine,
And like a millstone cast into the sea,
Oppression rolls its brazen axle down
Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again."

Though in a measure withheld at present from the rostrum, my mount of transfiguration, where it has so often been given me to stand face to face with the inspiring teachers from the higher realms of eternal life, from the almost daily reports of the secular press, which "speaks wiser than it knows," I am assured that the great work in which I have so long and so gladly shared, is "going bravely on," even far more bravely and successfully than at any former period of human history. Every time an ecclesiastical inquisition seizes upon a newly discovered "heretic," and reopens the investigation of his right to exercise the organic function of his own brain, to digest his own mental food, and appropriate its nutrition to the development of his own immortal self-hood,—reading the unmistakable sympathy of the great public mind with the defense instead of the inquisition,—I score another victory for modern Spiritualism.

From my point of view the great movement of unfolding truth, which we call our Cause, appears more vigorously active, and more powerfully influential to-day than at any time since it has demanded our attention, and while I realize this advance in the grand work to which we have so long been, and to which we are still devoting all our best energies, I have a sweet joyous, soul-inspiring conviction that with the ascending to the higher atmospheres of our loyal and truth-adoring colaborers, who with us have borne the heat and burden of the day, that Cause each time receives a renewed and most potential impetus.

Since the birth from this earth plane of our Mary Fenn and S. B. Nichols, I have felt sure in my own personal experience of an interblending at times with my own of their spiritual and intellectual aura, and thereby have been led to see still more clearly than ever before how the great tide of sympathy for mankind falling back upon our earth plane from the glowing souls and richly cultivated and endowed minds of the hosts of philosophers, scientists, philanthropists, authors and artists, who have ascended even in our day, and from our own ranks,—must have intensified the power and momentum of progressive thought. I think Edwin Arnold expresses the same sentiment very beautifully in his Light of Asia:

"But when the mild and just die, sweet airs
breathe,
The world grows richer, as if desert stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam."

Baltimore, Md. F. O. HYZER.

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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If the phenomena of Spiritualism do not prove the continuity of life, hundreds of your readers and thousands upon thousands of the human family who are anxious for the smallest ray of light as to the future, would be glad to have a more satisfactory explanation of occurrences such as, with your permission, I would be glad to relate through the columns of your widely circulated JOURNAL.

You know something of my interest for years past in occult phenomena; how I have investigated with a determination to accept or believe nothing as genuine spirit phenomena, unless fully and unmistakably proven. The accounts running all through our Bible of spirits returning to communicate and be seen of men, has been a problem past my solution, and dismissed with the idea that those occurrences were eighteen hundred years ago. When told that similar manifestations were taking place every day, I very much doubted the statement, but I determined, if the way was open, that I would prove to my own satisfaction the proposition to be true or false. The literature on the subject was very interesting, but not in itself proof, hence I have witnessed the so-called phenomena for myself in Chicago, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, St. Louis and San Francisco, with the best mediums to be found. This investigation, spreading over a number of years, has, of course, resulted in witnessing good, bad and indifferent phenomena; with a large amount of chaff I have found some wheat, and I am glad to say that in no city have I found more well rounded kernels of pure wheat than right here in Chicago; and I believe anyone so interested may have similar results. Having already taken so much of your space I content myself by condensing as much as possible the result of two sittings with one of the Bangs Sisters, 22½ Walnut street. I give simply the facts; let all who read draw their own conclusions:

Having written and carefully sealed a question before leaving my office, I received an answer on the slate, and word for word a copy of the question asked. Three other questions, written at the medium's house, but carefully folded into small pellets so they could not have been examined, were answered between double slates. Twice the medium held the slates under the table, and in another case, the question, written in a small pellet, was placed between slates, and an answer received without removing the slates from the top of the table. All of the above writing was without any pencil being placed between slates.

On another occasion I visited the same medium with a sealed question written by a friend, the wording or contents of which I did not know. Substantially the wording of the sealed question was written between the slates, but the test instead of being given, was promised at my own home.

Three questions were written as on previous occasion, and answered between slates. I then requested the medium to write a question, and without her touching the slates, I held the same under the table, and the question was promptly answered.

The medium, having heard that in Dr. Slade's presence, writing would occur with slates tied to a chandelier in the center of a room, the experiment was tried, and very successfully, as on the slates being removed from the swinging position, as tied to chandelier, without pencil, one side was completely filled with a fine, well rounded and intelligent communication. We pass without comment the materialization of hands under the table stroking my hand, touching my knees, and making themselves unmistakably felt, because for this part of the séance no test conditions were asked.

What do the above and thousands of similar occurrences happening all over the world, mean?

Chicago, Ill. SEEKER.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The meetings of the various spiritual societies in Boston are well attended. The Boston Spiritual Temple Society at Berkeley Hall has been favored with the ministrations of Mrs. R. S. Lillie; her lectures are very fine and productive of great good, and very convincing to the skeptic. She will lecture before the Society again during the months of March and May. During her absence in February Mrs. H. S. Lake and Mr. J. Frank Baxter will occupy the platform.

The Ladies' Industrial Society, connected with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, meet every two weeks on Tuesday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the ladies are engaged in charitable work. In the evening a large company assemble, and a very interesting meeting follows. Speakers from different Societies are present; also musical talent, and the interest seems to be increasing with each service. Capt. Richard Holmes, the President of the Temple Society, is presiding chairman. On alternate Tuesdays, the Society meets at the residences of members; thus the social and intellectual are blended.

We have been honored with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore. Mr. Skidmore is President of Cassadaga Lake Camp Association. Several receptions have been given them; their presence has inspired us with a desire to visit the camp next season.

Mr. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday forenoon and evening in Parker Memorial Hall; every Monday evening he holds a public reception for answering questions of general interest, and other exercises, at his Institute of Spiritual Science, 668 Tremont St. He has classes in "Metaphysical Healing" or the "Science of Health," Tuesdays and Fridays; on Wednesday the Ladies' Benevolent Union met there for charitable work.

At the First Spiritual Temple, Mrs. H. S. Lake occupied the rostrum the first three Sabbaths, afternoons and evenings, of January, and Mr. W. J. Colville the last two Sabbath afternoons. He spoke upon the subject of "Materialization, Etherealization, Personation and Transfiguration." He had a large attendance.

The Ladies' Aid Society meets in the parlors, 1031 Washington Street, every Friday afternoon and evening. Many friends are present from the different spiritual societies, and the exercises are very interesting.

The Phenomena Association meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday afternoon, and Wednesday evening at 1031 Washington Street, where the hearers are entertained with the various speakers and talent presented. The worthy President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Ricker, and other officers, are devoted and faithful in their efforts to interest and sustain the meetings.

At College Hall, meetings are held every Sabbath and Wednesday afternoon, under the efficient management of Mr. Eben Cobb and wife. There is a full attendance. Mr. Cobb opens the exercises with an invocation, and then gives one of his scholarly addresses, which is listened to with marked attention, following which many prominent mediums give proof of spirit presence and delineations of character, convincing the unbeliever; thus the leaven is leavening the whole lump.

The Eagle Hall meetings, under the management of Mr. Prescott Robinson, are thriving, and are well attended, and various talents are presented at every session.

Dr. J. C. Street is giving a course of lectures in his drawing rooms, 78 Montgomery Street, every Wednesday afternoon, to a large class of pupils upon the "Cultivation of Mediumship and the Unfoldment of Spiritual Gifts."

Mrs. Maggie F. Butler, assisted by Mrs. Lizzie C. Clapp, has commenced a series of meetings for the poor and destitute, and the Children's Lyceum No. 1. A concert was given in Parker Memorial Hall, also an entertainment in Langham Hall, the proceeds of which amounted to $160, which was given as a benefit to the Lyceum, and has encouraged and stimulated the teachers and guardians in their labor of love. These entertainments are to be given every two weeks on Thursday evening. All societies are invited, and those present not only receive a material but a spiritual and intellectual feast.

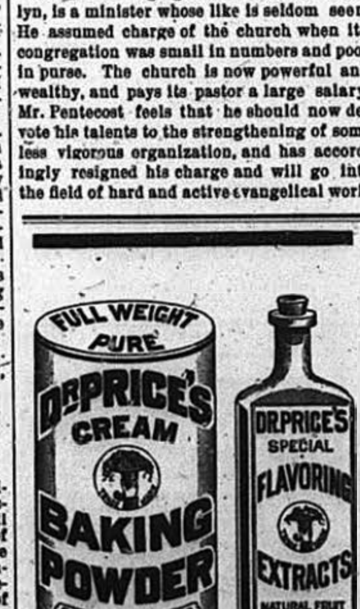
The coming thirty-ninth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism is looked forward to with great pleasure; six societies have united and engaged Tremont Temple where the services are to be held; thus the good work is going on and the truths and facts of the spiritual philosophy are daily gaining ground in this, the nineteenth century. Old superstition is fading away, and is supplanted by the new spiritual growth and thought of these modern times.

MRS. MARY F. LOVERING,
No. 439 Shawmut Ave.

Boston, Feb. 1st, 1887.

Australians receive more letters and postcards than any other people, the annual average being twenty-four to each person; Europeans come next with about fourteen each. An Asiatic gets only 40-100 of a letter or postcard, and an African only 9-100. In Europe there were mailed in 1885, 3,804,100,000 letters and 597,500,000 post-cards; in America 1,596,800,000 letters and 298,000,000 post-cards; in Asia 246,000,000 letters and 80,000,000 post-cards; in Australia 93,400,000 letters and 1,200,000 post-cards, and in Africa 18,700,000 letters and 300,000 post cards. The total number of pieces of matter mailed in Europe in 1885, was 7,249,300,000, in America 3,819,000,000, in Asia 389,600,000, in Australia 151,400,000, and in Africa 30,700,000.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, is a minister whose like is seldom seen. He assumed charge of the church when its congregation was small in numbers and poor in purse. The church is now powerful and wealthy, and pays its pastor a large salary. Mr. Pentecost feels that he should now devote his talents to the strengthening of some less vigorous organization, and has accordingly resigned his charge and will go into the field of hard and active evangelical work.



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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE SOUL'S

SUPERIORITY TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

A Sermon Delivered by Rev. Reed Stuart at Detroit, Mich., in the Unitarian Church.

Do thyself no harm.

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.

How came this creation so magically woven that nothing can do me mischief but myself?

There is a debate as old, at least, as the history of human thought between what is called fate and freedom, or necessity and liberty of the soul. In nature, the antagonism appears under the name of law, and chance or accident. Early in the history of the race it invaded religious philosophy, or man's way of thinking about right and wrong, and has not yet left it. The earliest religious books of the Hindus contain arguments on each side. The Greek tragedies revolve around the point where the human soul wages its awful battle with destiny. The same contest passed over into the new era, and appeared in the Christian religion. In the New Testament both sides of the question are stated. It became the sign of separation between the two hosts at the memorable Synod of Dort, from which issued the two great parties known as Arminians and Calvinists.

Within later years it has appeared in the field of history, and has given two methods of accounting for the actions of races, and the development of nations. One group of historians makes the history of man to be but the result of a few powerful personal wills. Moses, Mahomet, Cæsar, William the Silent, Napoleon and a few other names have channeled and shaped the banks through which the mighty stream of events has swept. The other class, passing by the personal element, refer all change to external circumstance. Of these two companies which look at human affairs from opposite sides Carlyle is, perhaps, in this century, the best exponent of one, and Buckle of the other. Carlyle makes Frederick the Great the history of Germany in the eighteenth century; the acts of Cromwell stand for Puritanism in England in the seventeenth century; the French Revolution whirls like a blazing world around the names of a few leading persons. Buckle, on the other hand, undertook a history of civilization in which climate, food, the mountains, the sea were the large factors in determining the acts of the different races. The former makes external circumstances take the rank which the will gives them; the latter makes circumstance mould the will.

Without attempting to contribute anything to either side of the discussion, or even to repeat the favorite arguments for each side, we have undertaken a much less ambitious task. Permitting the advocates of fate to pronounce their ultimate word, and along with them, finding a reason for it which, as the mood may be, fills us with dread or ecstasy, we wish to maintain the supremacy of the soul in all the affairs of life.

Each one must find his own answer to the riddle of life, and must abide by what his own private experience and observation may teach. If the case is overstated there will be a reaction, and an equal emphasis will hurry to the other side to keep the balance just....

In maintaining the autocracy of the soul nothing can be gained, except by an honest statement of the facts. It may be confessed that surroundings are not without their power in giving shape and color to life. The nearness or remoteness of one's native place to the equator may have power in determining the quality of his career. The nearness of the sea or the mountains produces a certain type of character. The temperate zone is probably best fitted to develop a life harmoniously. Latitude thus is a kind of destiny.

After physical surroundings comes heredity, or the law that like begets like. A disposition to luxury, or vice, or cruelty, perpetuates itself. The blood and the brain cells often keep an iron grasp on indolence and ignorance, even after the will has begun to enter its protest. In large part people are what their ancestors have made them. The organs of the brain, starved for a dozen generations, will not be likely to give a Newton or a Spencer. The moral nature, blunted by vice, or simply stunted by neglect, will not yield a prophet at the end of the line. Could Humboldt, could Plato, could Jesus spring from Australasian, or Hottentot, or Patagonian parentage? Or did not all of Germany, of Greece, of Palestine lodge their long gathered treasures of thought and goodness in the favored brain of these men? People are born with a predisposition or bias in certain directions. In a large population, the statisticians think they can predict how many of each kind of men and women—poets, philosophers, mechanics, astronomers, prophets, there will be at a given time.

Climate, soil, race do seem thus to tyrannize over life. The action of everything seems to be walled in. The train must keep on the track. But so must the stars keep in their orbits; they cannot depart from them without imperiling the safety of the universe..... What a thing can do is predetermined by its organization. The silk worm can make silk, but not an engine. Man can make an engine but not silk. The flower can only be a flower; the river only a river; the mountain a mountain, and the squirrel a squirrel. These are streams of tendency pouring through all things which determine what they are to be. The nature of the bird, of the deer, of the butterfly, is in its form.

The same law appears in human life. There, too, the belt of necessity is seen and felt. The band woven of the strands of ancestry, race, climate, education, work, companionship, has been wound round and round us all; and we confess to its unyielding strength and, at times, feel how useless is the struggle against it.....The color of the hair, the shape of the head, the lines of the face, the pigment of the eye, betray character and reveal the limits of performance in certain directions. The excess of the animal, the deficiency of the spiritual, the skull pressing flat upon the brain imprisoning too closely the desire to mount, the quality of blood corpuscles from good or bad food and air, help determine the acts of man.

Thus is the case stated on the side of fate. It may be stated strongly without fear; because there is a counter-statement which includes this, and is not embarrassed by it. Fate has a higher fate which commands it. Limitation has its limits. If destiny is powerful over life, life is more powerful over destiny. Man is destined to be free in his acts. We say "necessity;" but before the air has ceased to tremble we say "freedom," and send the words out in pairs.....The relation of man to all these giant forces which, at times, seem to beleaguer him and hinder him—sea, river, steam, electricity, gravitation, is not that of slave, but of master. Not to come before them, but to command them, is his attitude. Who thinks is free; and he has power to annul the decrees of fate. Amid whatever surroundings the impulse to choose, to act, to struggle, to conquer, forever wells up in the human spirit. The true epic of man is the sovereignty of the soul.....

Not in poetry, but in plain prose and fact of history, see how the soul has manifested itself and risen superior to circumstance. When it is considered what it had to overcome, and how all odds seemed against it, and then how complete the victory, there is room for unstinted wonder. Here, truly, is the never ceasing miracle of the ages, before which many of the reported miracles grow pale.....The victory over nature was not at the first assault. After it was seen that fire is good, how long must it have been before it could become the trained servant of man? How long was the race learning that friction if kept up long enough would produce it? Who first learned to strike it from a flint? The ancient myth of Prometheus has an experience of ages lying back of it. How the sea must have beaten back and defied all attempts of the race to migrate from its early home! Long must the will of man have cringed before that roaring immensity before he dared to defy it, and set sail upon it and make it his highway. Fate decreed that the race should expand as far as the seashore, but there the irresistible barrier was placed. The will of man coming thither decreed otherwise. It said, this roaring giant which lies in my path to hinder me shall be my servant. It shall not only cleanse the earth, and temper its climate, but it shall give me pearls and food, and I will make it my broad backed slave to carry my burdens. From the time that it was discovered that the sea would float a stick of wood, if it were large enough and hollowed out with the added weight of a man, until at last some olden Columbus went out of sight of his native shore and finally the Cooks, and Magellans, and Drakes, and many another came and sailed wherever water could be found to float their ships, marks many centuries; but every step of the way is triumph of will over circumstance. What a difference in command over nature between that far off savage, who first timorously trusted himself upon his hollow log, and the captains of these floating palaces, steered by compass and chart, driven by steam amid wild sea mountains and abysses, and with the swiftness and precision of shuttles threading their way through light, through darkness, weaving the web of commerce, and pleasure, and friendship of two vast worlds! The lightning darting through the sky, or coming to earth would rive tree and rock, must have awakened different feelings in the mind of the early races from that which it now awakens.

There came one Thales, who discovered, that, if amber were rubbed it would attract light and dry particles. Then came Wehler, who discovered that electricity liked to follow one kind of substance, but was averse to following other kinds, and found that he could transmit a current of it from place to place. Then Mouschenbrœk, with his Leyden jar, found he could produce a miniature thunder storm. Then came one Franklin who showed that lightning and electricity are identical, and that he could coax the lightning down his kite string if only the right inducement were offered. Then came Morse, with the discovery that if he would furnish the right kind of a path, and keep up the right kind of a supply of food at each end of the journey, the lightning would run upon his errands for him outdistancing all competitors. Still others came, and discovered that, if the right kind of lamp were furnished, the lightning, which had been in the habit of coming only with a flash and then leaving a deeper darkness, would come and stay and banish the night. Another found that it had the secret of Narcissus who pined away until nothing was left but his voice;—that, without form, it could talk, babble the news of a great city and give a kind of omnipresence to each person. What the coming Franklin, and Morse, and Edison may do one cannot predict; but this all pervading force which is as plenty as air and light, and which through all the ages has had its own way, is fast being subdued and trained to the service of man. Every step of the long path from the amber of Thales to the electric railway and the telephone has been an ascending series marking the victory of mind. The soul has gradually risen above its surroundings.

Marvelous is the power, resident in every mortal, to choose his way. The manner of life is not thrust upon us from the outside; it is a growth from within. Every mortal elects his own destiny. Fate is controlled by choice. If the warp of life is found in nature, in temperament, in lineage, then the woof is found in the soul. The web is shaped and colored as the will decides. Circumstance is the instrument; the soul can play upon it to accord with its mood, whether it be Miserere or Te Deum, wail or jubilee. Chemistry is great, and physiology is great; and climate is great; but they are not as great as thought.

....Nature is not maleficent. She is only just. She would have us all learn the wise lesson of life,—that the mind was put here to reign over all things. She comes and gives gentle taps upon the hard chrysalis of sense and ignorance, trying to awaken the slumbering spirit; and, if we do not heed, then come harder strokes and still harder,—war, pestilence, revolution, famine, raging men, and moaning women. Whence come these things, from some malign satan, from an ill-starred fate, from the judgment of an angry God? No; but from the failure of man to master affairs as he might, to guide the forces of nature for his highest welfare. That which is called a mysterious dispensation of divine Providence, is better named a plain result of human improvidence. A man's foes are they of his own household. When shall we look for the advent of some powerful savior, who will cast out of the soul imprudence, ignorance, apathy,—the devils which still lurk within, and more than they of Gadara torment the human race?

Whoever wills to conquer will conquer.... The mind will convert battle fields into waving harvests; chaos into beauty; and the furies into ministering spirits. Regular as the tide, persistent as a climate, strong as a trade wind, through this universe forever sweeps a current of will. It is that which made the worlds and sowed them in the sky; which made man; which makes history; and which is rolling all the vast affairs of earth toward the fulfillment of high purpose. Chant the sovereignty of soul, O bard! creator of worlds and of man; former of nations and laws; giver of letters and music; builder and carver of temples and statues; discoverer of continents and seas, and the hidden secrets of earth and sky; wrester of power from the elements; conqueror of spectres and dragons, and ready to sound a hymn of triumph over death and the grave......Temperament, bad inheritance, poverty, pinched up brain cells, the immoral flow of the blood may be so many bars across the way of human progress; but they can all be broken down, or leaped over. They can be, because they have been. The Alps did not hinder Alaric and his Goths when he wanted Rome; nor could the Chinese wall shut out the nimble Tartar hordes. Neither can any Alps or wall of poverty or temperament daunt the determined soul. The soul is master. It was placed here, as in the story the man and woman were placed in the garden of Eden, to take control and subdue all things to its use.

Dare we, at this date of the world, chatter about the impossible, and begin to retreat because circumstances are adverse? Look at what was, and then at what is. From Egypt to America, from star-dust to Emerson, is a long, difficult path; but the race has traveled over it......To the resolute there is no such thing as the impossible, and like Mirabeau he calls it a "blockhead of a word," and wishes to be spared hearing it pronounced. The twelve labors of the giant Hercules symbolize what man can do; while he is determined nothing can withstand him. Sampson, in the Hebrew myth, could not be conquered;—the ropes and the withes he easily broke until he told the secret of his strength in return for pleasure. Every year the Minotaur claimed its tribute of young men and maidens from Greece, until Theseus boldly entered the den of the monster and killed it. To the resolute soul every monster is vulnerable at last....

The stars in their course are in league with him who is fully committed to duty; the cherubim are his allies; the angels have been commissioned to bear him on his way, and the pestilence flees at his approach. His body may be conquered; but him nothing can hurt. Did harm come to Socrates in his cell, or Savanarola in the flames, or Jesus on the cross? That was their hour of triumph.

There have been souls, sent hither to teach the meaning of conscience and the moral law. Scarcely were they incarnated until they took a straight line for the stake, or the gibbet. But, as they went, they taught their countrymen the meaning of life,—that there is somewhat in man that is superior to all circumstances. Having gone to death, after generations gather around their lonely pathway and reverence it as if it had been pressed by the feet of a God. Dragged to the scaffold one said, "a thousand deaths rather than defile my conscience." Nothing external could hurt him so long as his soul was unsullied. "Do you not know that we have power to hang you?" some captors said to their prisoners, and received for answer, "Do you not know that we have power to be hanged and scorn you?" Threatened with excommunication, John Wyclif said, "The Church of Rome has not power to excommunicate a man unless he first excommunicate himself." Read in this light the significance of the sentence from the New Testament, "fear not them which kill the body, but fear them who would cast soul and body into hell." A dead body was a trifle compared with the calamity which befalls a soul which has been false to truth.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed in these days of conformity to the outside, and worship of public opinion to the original law which the soul enacts. If a life will not harm itself, then nothing in the Universe can harm it. If it persistently harm itself, if it gives consent to all the brood of bad passions which lie in wait for it, if it permits the stream of the moral sentiment to stagnate, if it form a covenant with uncleanness or deceit, then whither shall we look for the remedy? No scheme of redemption has been yet devised which is able instantly to change the leopard spots of a life. There is no spiritual chemistry equal to taking the blackness away from pitch, or changing vitriol into a life giving elixir. The vice that damns, the virtue that saves, are both from within.....Life will take the shape of the soul, as the sea shell conforms to the shape of the creature that builds it. Our surroundings will take the rank which we give them. No temptation can harm us unless with our consent. If we are pure, no report to the contrary can affect us. If not, though the vice were committed in a desert, we are damaged already more than we can repair. If we have spoken our convictions, why be in haste to defend them against him who maligns or ridicules them? His hate or laugh cannot reach us. If we have not uttered our convictions, though crowds should applaud, and all the newspapers praise the false sentiment, we are wounded and stifled by it.....

It is not money, nor position, nor power, nor praise, nor the rise of prices that can bring us peace and happiness. Nothing can bring us peace and happiness but ourselves. A man is strong only when he puts off all outside support and dares to stand alone. He must learn that genuine power is inborn and does not depend upon public opinion, nor the will of majorities. He must throw himself unhesitatingly on his own private thought if he would succeed. He will then be superior to all mutations; he will be in league with the law by which the world was made and is upheld.....To this wise and puissant Soul erect an altar. Confide in its decree, and thou shalt become guides and benefactors to earth; thou shalt advance with conquering step toward every task; thou shalt leave order and beauty in thy path; and every day thou shalt be drawn toward the All-Perfect.

Spirtualism and Religion.

To recognize the religious aspect of Spiritualism is at once our duty and difficulty. Our duty—because, without it, there is no spiritual progress or movement possible. It is all but a "tinkling cymbal"—a sound without sense. Our difficulty—because, in entry upon it, unending conflict and confusion of reasonable diversities of opinion and planes of spiritual revealment, and unreasonable concurrences of prejudice and intolerance, have to be encountered at every turn.

But this duty we must fulfil, this difficulty we must seek to deal with. In doing so from time to time, as occasion serves or necessity enforces, we must claim from those to whom we address ourselves the same effort to divest the mind of individual prejudice, the same freedom for the expression of individual judgment, the same liberality and candor of spirit, which, with due regard to the necessities of occasion, on which we must claim to exercise our own discretion, we shall seek ever to apply to the honest and reasonable opinions and feelings of others.—*Light.*

EDDIFYING EXPOSITION OF EDDYISM.

How an Ex-Methodist Minister and Well-Known Philosophical Writer Scaled the Olympian Summit only to Discover it had a Secret Tunnel to Tartarus. Though "So Young" he was the Joshua Ordained to Succeed the Female Moses. The "Christian Science" Sisters are Graces in the Morning and Satyrs at Night. The Minister is now no Joshua, but a Wise Man who has the Moral Courage to Give his Experience that Others may Profit by it.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE EDDY CAMP OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

BY REV. WM. I. GILL, A. M.

In May, 1886, some two months after I had graduated from Mrs. Eddy's primary class, I received an invitation to preach for two months for "the Church of Christ (Adventist)," Boston, on condition that I would not preach anywhere else. I replied that I had already put myself under a moral obligation to a new congregation in Lawrence, that I could not abandon it, and that therefore, if they chose, they could take off ten dollars per week from the stipend they had offered me, and this they did, though at that time I did not receive ten dollars per week from Lawrence.

During the month of August the Church in Boston closed for summer rest, while I continued to preach in Lawrence. In the meanwhile I received from the same church in Boston a call to preach for them one year on condition that I remove to Boston to live, and cease to preach in Lawrence. I accepted, with the proviso that I should be expected to secure a successor for Lawrence before I abandoned it, knowing that otherwise the young church (which had become Scientist) would utterly perish. I removed to Boston, but after preaching there on Sunday I went to Lawrence and preached in the evening.

My first impressions concerning the Christian Scientists were exceedingly favorable, from the sacred chief down to the humblest member. Mrs. Eddy, though somewhere past seventy, often appears a very charming and even fascinating woman. When it is her wish so to appear she never fails, unless the temptation to the opposite happens to be too strong. For several months my intercourse with her was as happy as it was frequent; I for the most part seeking to elicit fresh and fuller expressions of her views, and watching for an opportunity to suffuse them in spots with a larger and higher meaning, to be recognized and accepted by her as her own. She has a logical turn of mind, but often wastes its power on words to the exclusion of thought. That is the great defect of her entire work, whether in print or in oral exposition. She is exceedingly tenacious and persistent in maintaining a seeming verbal consistency and consecutiveness, even where the only allowable meanings of her words are in irreconcilable conflict. She is often expert in evading and seeming to answer objections; and not unfrequently she assumes an oracular air and style, which precludes all further question; as it is then made manifest that it would betoken gross stupidity or irreverence to feel any need or prompting in the direction of further doubt or question.

Her look and her conversation are calculated to foster courage, energy and hopefulness. They make light of all earthly evils; so light, indeed, as to make them nothing. They are not conceived as of divine origin or authority, or as inevitable, or as of irresistible force; and they are not even the expression of inflexible law, but really the opposite, the anomia, the violation of law, or rather only the semblance of it. We may, therefore, conquer it and ought to do it; and for this we have the assurance of infinite aid.

Hence her disciples feel it their duty to conceal whatever ailments may afflict them, or, at least, to give them very faint expression, according as it may sometimes be necessary to do that much; and it is a part of their creed to affirm that they are perfectly well, though suffering the extremest agony, or lying in the lowest stage of organic vitality.

They are thus shut out from one universally popular topic of conversation—physical ailments. It is a relief to a man of sense to be in the company of men and women, especially the latter, when of mature age, and hear no stories of aches, pains and rheumatisms, nor even an allusion to dyspepsia, liver complaint or heart disease. When these familiar topics of talk are tabooed, better ones must be sought, as you cannot find worse for decent society. They, therefore, often turn to metaphysics as the science of the power of mind, the various facts known to them which are supposed to confirm or elucidate their theory; and then at long intervals one of wider thought would discuss the relation of Christian Science to the ideas and action of the outside world. They were nearly always cheery and confident, and they made all things they contemplated sparkle and glow with the radiance of their own assurance in the verity and omnipotence of their fresh discovery and conscious spiritual development. On the whole during the first three or four months of my acquaintance with them, they appeared to be the most agreeable body of people I had ever met, and in this light I freely described them in writing to my friends.

But gradually I began to discover an un-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PASSION, VENERATION AND REASON,

—OR—

The Youth, the Man and the Spirit.

BY THOS. HARDING.

"If this is madness, there's method in it."—*Shakespeare.*

The night was cold. I seated myself before the fire, and soon a warm glow permeated the physical man, and I felt on good terms with myself; that is to say, comfortable, and my mind became busy with speculations as to the probable effects on the spirit, of life experiences. Surely I thought that life would be a failure were it all sunshine, but for our growth in knowledge and for our clearer perception the dark days come and, figuratively, we descend into hell. Then we forget much of what our past experiences had taught us of the brightness of our future prospects; the heavens seem as brass above our heads and there seems to be no heart in all the universe to feel in sympathy with us. Then how terrible our short-comings appear, and the picture of our self-love is humiliating.

It is true that this depression may be but the counteraction following some previous elevation, but from whatever cause it is a painful experience. Then it may be that some so-called "providential" circumstance happens, and things are changed; those which appeared dreadful, now seem but dark shadows; nor can we trace the cause which produced them as though they were but shadows of shadows. Now, those whom we had deemed our foes, appear in the light of friends, and our self-love seems but the natural and lawful effect of peculiarities of organization, producing personal character, given to us by Mother Nature for diciplinary purposes and to be controlled or modified by our higher and inner self. Thus in the light of hope our sufferings seem to have been but imaginary, and we wonder at our weakness which permitted us to succumb so easily.

Then once more the angels minister unto us; they seem more real than ever; the clouds which obscured our mental vision are dispersed and the sun of inspiration shines for us once again. Then we discover that through those exercises we have been enabled to ascend a step higher toward the essence of things, and that while we were suffering unspeakable depression we were being lifted up near to that love and wisdom which dwells in the heart and head of the Infinite. And behold! all things are very good.

After a while I began to speculate as to what a different life I might have led had my early years been differently occupied from what they had been, and the following "conceit" came unbidden; it may illustrate some of those contentions which occur within us at times, when we seek to analyze our character and gain a truer knowledge of ourselves; for no man can obtain that knowledge until he scrutinizes his character from the spiritual as well as the material standpoint. The dogmatic and one-sided man cannot be a perfect or complete character, however unexceptional his deportment and blameless his morality. Neither can he be truly happy; if religious he must be willing to give due weight to intellectual knowledge, and if scientifically wise he must recognize spiritual influences, or his soul must be the battle-field of contending forces and his life be characterized by turmoil and unrest. The true keystone of character as well as of peace is the scientific knowledge of spirit-life. This is a wisdom which imparts stability and it furnishes those reasonable, although high aspirations, which enable mankind to bear the ills of life with a noble equanimity. The former is the ballast which holds the ship steady in the midst of the waves, and the latter places hope at the helm. To be unfortunate in life without a knowledge of immortality, is sad indeed; but with such knowledge, based on absolute demonstration, the utmost ills of life are bearable.

Though the way-worn traveler be lost and benighted,
  When a gleam from his own cottage window is seen,
He may foretaste the welcome of loved ones, delighted,
  Nor care for the dark, rugged pathway between.

But to my story: As I before intimated I was in a contemplative mood; my thoughts ran back to my early days, and many incidents long forgotten arose in my memory. Turning my head I perceived a youth of about twenty-two standing by me. He was dressed in the style of forty years ago: the tight fitting pants, the dress-coat, commonly called a swallow tail, the silk hat and walking cane, besides the single frameless eye-glass worn in the right eye and held in its place by cuticle wrinkles. It was my young self, and none other, as I was forty years ago.

"You are thinking about me," said this young fellow, "and I have come to interview you."

"Yes," said I, "I have been thinking how very culpably you often acted and how much better it would have been if you were more steady—thought less of yourself and were more concerned about duties and obligations. You said and did many things which I must confess I am ashamed of, and possibly some of the wrinkles on my brow and many of my gray hairs are of your making."

"You judge me too harshly," said my young self. "Nature gave me strong passions and I had little experience, but I never did anything unbecoming a fellow of our set, and you know you cannot 'put an old head on young shoulders.'"

"You may have had strong passions," I replied, "but you also had the counter-influence of veneration and the religious element in your character should have been permitted to rule."

"Enjoyment is the aim of all," said the youth, "and I might leave it to yourself to say whether my passional pleasure was not more intense than your religious enjoyment."

"Suppose I were to admit that," said I, "yet you are aware that after-thought has much to do with the enjoyment of life, and certainly your retrospect cannot be as pleasing as mine."

"You take too much for granted," he replied. "The fact was that I gave very little heed to the matter, but," he continued, "the religious faculty you speak of manifested its presence in my life also,—praying and singing psalms are not the only expressions of veneration; you must acknowledge that I loved sincerely."

"Ah! yes," said I, "but what was your love but another feature of your selfishness? You loved her for yourself, not for herself; you wished her to become you wife, not for the good it would bring to her, but to yourself. Now here is the difference between passional love and religious love. The former seeks to please self, the latter denies self."

"Stop there, if you please," said the young fellow. "There was no sacrifice which I would not have made for her sake; no danger I would not have braved at her bidding, and if I ever brought a tear to her eye through my impulsiveness, I humbly sued for pardon. Your religion is but occult selfishness—perhaps more so than my love, and the element of vanity enters into it to that degree that you imagine yourself better than other people, and such a special favorite with Deity that you can turn him from his purpose by prayer. My boyhood affection and my many generous impulses were expressions of veneration as well as your religious exercises; so come down from your high stilts if you please; of the two, I am inclined to think that my love included more holiness than your religion."

I got quite angry at the absurd position the boy had taken; indeed, I always do get "mad" when my religion is impugned, and I replied quite warmly.

"Now see here, young fellow, you don't seem capable of distinguishing between the different degrees, kinds, source and motives of what is called love; let me inform you that the love which gives all and asks for no return, such for instance as the love of God, is far above any love we can experience for his creatures; such affection as you speak of demands a return; so does all passional and what I shall call intellectual love—even the love of science demands knowledge, and that of philosophy wisdom; while love for God seeks no return. It is its own reward."

"What, no return!" exclaimed the boy. "No expectation of a return! This is the most absurd claim you have yet made; just look at it. You spend a few years in this life in the 'service of God,' or your own vanity, and in consequence thereof you expect an eternity of unutterable enjoyment in heaven, with a crown on your head, a harp in your hand and golden paving stones under your feet, beside escaping the damnation which you claim your natural 'total depravity' called for; and all this for yourself alone. I tell you there is not a speculator on Wall St. who expects such large returns for so small an investment. My love was a chivalrous sentiment, noble in comparison, so don't stick out your quills at me, my venerable porcupine, for that is a game two can play at."

At this juncture my zeal in the service of my divine master awakened a pious anger within me, and I denounced the audacious young coxcomb.

"You are an imp of darkness and I disown you," said I. "You are worse than Alexander, the coppersmith, and I pray God to reward you according to your works," and I mentally handed him over to satan to buffet him. The young fellow got angry in his turn:

"Don't dare to compare my unselfish devotion to a pure and noble woman to that pious fraud which you designate religion," he shouted, shaking his hand in my very face. "My love," he continued, "sought not a selfish advantage; my highest prospect of bliss included her; nothing in earth or heaven could afford me happiness which she did not share, and she was welcome to any sacrifice, on my part, which could insure her peace. Away with your selfish religion! Away with your self-laudation! Away with the whining falsehood, which begins with the deception of self and continues in the vain attempt to deceive the world. Don't dare to catechise me," he went on, "until you have reformed yourself, you supercilious old curmudgeon!"

I now thought it high time to fall back upon my dignity, so placing my thumbs in the arm holes of my vest, I simply said, "I decline farther conversation with you, you incorrigible, you don't possess intelligence sufficient to perceive that my love for God is God's love in me, for God is love."

"I question the truth of your last statement," said a calm voice near me, and turning to the other side I beheld my spirit or immortal self; he was almost a *fac simile* of myself, but his countenance wore a clearer expression, and he seemed more healthy looking.

"I am surprised to hear you say that," said I. "You live nearer to the center than I do, and I had supposed that you knew better than to question my statement that God is love."

"It would be more correct to say that he is wisdom than that he is love," he replied. "If he made this, and all the other worlds, as it is claimed, he did so through the exercise of his wisdom; all the love he could muster wouldn't make a pebble." I was perfectly shocked at such language coming from such a source.

"Can it be possible," said I, "that you reason in this cool manner about sacred subjects?" He did not seem to mind the interruption, but proceeded.

"If a creator of this universe exists, he is a geometrician, and plans the work as well as superintends the execution. I agree with you, that true religion is superior to passion, but wisdom is still higher above religion. The gratification of our desires, passional or emotional, cannot elevate to a condition of independence (love is dependent upon its object); it is wisdom that must do that. In proportion as we arise in the scale of being we become more nearly independent, and consequently more like our conception of supreme Deity; he is supposed to stand alone; it is his possession of knowledge which enables him so to do."

"That seems reasonable," said I, "but with the increase of wisdom and knowledge comes the increase of devotion; do you forget the line—

'An undevout astronomer is mad.'"

"That," said my spirit, "was the exclamation of a poet, but remember he was only a poet, the madness was in himself. It is only the astronomer in embryo who is devout, and for him and his poet a little learning is a dangerous thing. To illustrate: A young man looks up into the heavens—his awe and reverence are awakened, and he exclaims, 'Oh! God, how wonderful are thy works!' but as he gains a scientific insight into astronomy through study and calculation, he ceases to adore, and desires and seeks more knowledge of nature and her laws. The Holy Ghost of knowledge, which research (including study, concentration and inspiration) sends unto his disciples, reproves the world of 'sin,' error and ignorance, and reveals much which in the primitive condition had been hidden from mankind."

"Ah! but religion is quite a different matter," I suggested. "Your reasoning applies in physical science and mundane things, but not in questions which relate to the soul or spiritual part, which is ever reaching out after its father and creator; it is composed of the same kind of stuff as God himself, and its methods are those of God; remember it was by his word or inspiration that all things came into being; law, geometry, order, system—everything—came after his inspiration had gone forth. The will is primary, and the magnetism proceeding from the will inspires and produces effects. Now religion or veneration is the first and highest attribute of man; it marks him as a member of the family of God the father; but study and calculation are merely intellectual exercises, and you know how common it is for human judgment to err."

"Has not reason and understanding to do with the soul as well as the affections and aspirations?"

The spirit replied, "That religion which is not subject to the circumspection of reason, which imparts good judgment and correct taste, soon degenerates to a disgusting and dangerous superstition. Please don't lose sight of the fact that 'God' is in the head as well as in the heart, which means the seat and center of the judgment and affections."

"The only judgment competent to regulate religion," I replied, "must be religious judgment. The intellect, through which you must admit, we commit many and great mistakes, is entirely inadequate to form a correct judgment on questions outside its province."

"May not the intellect be inspired," said the spirit, "vivified and clarified sufficiently to meet any emergency? Please don't lose sight of the fact that, though the head and the heart make up the complete man, he is after all but a part of the whole, and being a legitimate part, he has a claim on the All for such acquisitions as he may need. A junior partner in the firm, it is true, but a partner nevertheless, and the firm is pledged to meet any obligations which he may incur."

"God," I said, "owns both the firm and its possessions, and is entitled to all the taxes which he may think proper to impose."

"You mistake," replied the spirit. "God is the firm," and he added, "every individual and every nation abides in one or other of the three conditions which we have been discussing; that is to say, national legislation and individual character are subject to the predomination of either passion, veneration or reason, and it is only when they have outgrown the two former that they are capable of self-government. Reason alone is self-poised; but reason is not confined to the material intellect. Higher conditions of life possess a higher reason, which is capable of ruling or, at least, influencing those below; and often you will find that when you err in judgment a higher wisdom than your own is at the helm. The world greatly erred in hugging to its bosom a senseless theology, but the 'terror of the law' was a necessary step which helped the world to the next great advance, which was a reasoning skepticism, and this, in its turn, created a demand for proof of immortality, which demand constituted one of the primary conditions which rendered the transmission of proof possible. '*A place for everything and everything in its place,*' is the maxim of the universe."

Right here I heard a voice calling, "Tom! Tom, are you asleep?"

"Oh! no," said I, "but I became absent minded, and had what is called a waking dream."

Sturgis, Mich.

A RUSSIAN GHOST STORY.

The Apparition which Appeared to the Empress Elizabeth.

Translated from the German for the San Francisco *Call:* It is a well-known fact that St. Petersburg owes several of its most magnificent edifices to the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine the First. She prevailed upon Count Rastrelli, the first architect of the eighteenth century, to come to St. Petersburg, and under his direction the Winter Palace, the Escurial of the North, was built. About the same time Rastrelli also built the Pagencops, formerly the Palace Gernitscheff, a superb edifice, the imposing Palace Stroganoff, and the Church of the Smo'lna Monastur, constructed in a style as noble as it is beautiful. The Palace Beloselski-Beloserski, now called Kotschubeil, also owes its origin to Rastrelli. It was restored and ornamented with balconies of beautiful design by the Russian architect Stackenschmidt, who had also erected numerous palaces.

While the Winter Palace was in process of construction Elizabeth occupied a small palace—Bolschol-Merskol—situated in the broad avenue bordering on the sea. The building exists no longer. It once stood on the identical spot—a fact which is not known even to all Petersburgians—where the Frenchman Jacot has now built his immense house.

When the Winter Palace was finished the Empress appointed a day for taking possession of it; and the élite of the Guards, a corps which was composed entirely of noblemen, mounted guard in the new castle. A long, dark corridor leads to the middle door of the white or throne room. In the corridor two young noblemen were posted. It was approaching 10 o'clock and the arrival of the Empress was momentarily expected. Suddenly the attention of the young men was attracted by a bright streak of light which seemed to glide between them in the dark passage. Their eyes followed the light, and they saw that it streamed through the keyhole of the throne room. Who could have any business at such an unusual hour in a room which was designed only for the reception of foreign ambassadors? One of the young men considered it his duty to investigate the matter, and approached the door for that purpose, but as soon as he had glanced through the keyhole he called to his comrade in a whisper to come nearer.

"The Empress has already arrived," whispered he; "she is seated on the throne, directly opposite to the door."

The other also looked through the aperture and soon verified this to be a fact. The Empress was seated in tranquil dignity on an elevated golden stool under the red velvet canopy, richly adorned with the imperial arms of Russia, the double eagle. The room was brilliantly lighted; but it was impossible to ascertain if any other persons were present, as the thickness of the door lock allowed no side view of the apartment. The young men returned to their posts and waited. Not long after one of the higher officers appeared and said:

"You can all now retire; the Empress will not come to-night."

"But Her Majesty is already here."

"What? Who?"

"Her Majesty is in the throne-room."

"Impossible!"

"You can see for yourself."

The officer looked, immediately recognized the Empress, and said wonderingly:

"I cannot understand what the Marshal means. He has just arrived, and ordered that all the guards be withdrawn; the Empress has changed her mind, and will not arrive to-night. Nevertheless, I see that she is here. Could she have come secretly? At all events I will ascertain what new orders the Marshal has issued. Meanwhile do you remain here, as the Empress may pass this way." The Marshal, Prince Kuratin, was fortunately still in the palace, and as soon as he heard of the mysterious report hastened to the corridor, and peeped in his turn through the keyhole.

"My God! It is the Empress! Her Majesty herself! What can it mean?" exclaimed he. "How can this be possible, when I have just left her presence? She was dressed in her usual every-day attire, and now I see her arrayed in all her royal robes and jewels. There must be some mystery behind this. Let all the entrances to the throne room be guarded! Let no one be allowed to go in or out! I will hasten to report." The distance between the two houses being quite short, the Marshal soon reached the small palace, temporarily occupied by the Empress.

"Where is the Empress?"

"In her sleeping apartment."

The Prince looked at the lady of honor with suspicion, and said sharply:

"Are you sure that the Empress is here?"

"Of course; she is preparing to retire."

"Inform her instantly that I am here."

"In a few minutes Prince Kuratin, much excited, was conducted into the Empress's chamber. The Empress stood before him in night negligee.

Kuratin turned pale.

"Well," said the Empress, "you look as if you had seen a ghost. What in heaven's name is the matter with you? Is there any news from the army?"

Kuratin hurriedly stated what he had seen.

"It is a knavish trick," cried Elizabeth. "We will take a nearer look at these comedians. I will go in your sleigh, Kuratin; you can mount behind. Hurry!"

Arrived at the Winter Palace, the castellan was ordered to bring the keys of the throne room; six grenadiers were commanded to load their guns, and led by the Empress the little troop betook themselves to the corridor.

The light shown as before through a keyhole. The door was cautiously opened and a flood of light filled the corridor. The Empress stepped within the room, followed by her guides, who placed themselves around her. The room was brilliantly illuminated, but empty. On the throne was seated a shape, the countepart of Elizabeth, arrayed in purple and ermine, covered with diamonds, and crowned with the royal diadem. One instant Elizabeth gazed steadfastly at her double, then moved forward a few steps. Simultaneously the apparition stood up, stepped down from the throne, and then remained standing as immovably still as the Empress.

It was a thrilling moment!

"Fire!" cried the Empress.

The guards raised their guns and all six aimed directly at the ghostly visitant. The triggers snapped. At the same instant the figure clapped its hands together, and the room was suddenly plunged into intense darkness. Then followed a great commotion and confusion, when the Empress called:

"Bring lights!"

Lights were speedily produced, and each corner was thoroughly searched, but absolutely nothing could be found to elucidate the mystery. Every door was locked and guarded. The guards had seen no one leave the place. The Empress ordered a more thorough search to be made, but in vain were all efforts made to discover the perpetrator of the trick, if trick it were.

The occurrence made a deeper impresion upon Elizabeth than she would admit. Eight weeks afterward she died.

HYPNOTISM.

Evil Spirits—Obsession.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I often meet people who seem to be suffering because of the influence of what they conceive to be evil spirits, and then apply to me to help them to get rid of such unpleasant companions. There are so many of these persons who claim to be thus afflicted that something ought to be done or said to relieve them and prevent others from falling under the influence of such ideas. My large experience in the study of mental phenomena I believe has fitted me to give some valuable advice that, if heeded, will be likely to prove a prevention, if not a cure of what is known as obsession.

All mental phases of mediumship seem to be completely analogous to the phenomena which the mind manifests in the hypnotic state, and undoubtedly the same condition of mind which makes persons susceptible to the influence of an embodied intelligence, makes them responsive to the influence of disembodied intelligences. We find that the entering of the hypnotic state, which can be better understood by calling it the negative, receptive and responsive state, is always within the will of the sensitive or subject. What the operator really does is to get in rapport with the sensitive after he has placed himself in a condition to be controlled, and then suggest the impressions which he desires shall control the sensitive's mind. Thus it will be seen that in order to make experiments, it is first necessary to get the consent of the subject to prepare himself for the receptance of the operator's impressions. The mental attitude of a psychic subject in relation to the operator is the same that exists between the medium and spirit controlling. This being true, it naturally follows that what is possible for the mundane operator in controlling his subject's mind, is also possible for the spirit in influencing his medium, and *vice versa.* It is always within the power of the sensitive to say whether he will or not yield to the operator's control, and thus he has the power of selecting the one to whom he will yield himself. If he knows that a certain man is a good, well disposed person, and would under no circumstances take advantage of the fact that he consents to be his subject, he gives himself into his hands and the experiments become a success. But if, on the other hand, he has reason to know that some other person will be likely to injure him, he remains positive and renders himself inaccessible to the obnoxious party's influence, and is safe.

But this is not all; we find in our experiments that it is impossible to overcome a previous *fixed* impression, even in the most responsive subject's mind. For instance, I have a subject that has become thoroughly responsive; if, before he enters the hypnotic condition, he happens to remember that his shirt sleeves are rolled, and he does not want to take off his coat before the audience, and says to himself that he will not do it, I would find it impossible to overcome that idea, because he has fixed it in his mind beforehand; but I could make him take his shoes off, or any other garment that he had not fixed his mind upon. Any impression that the subject has firmly fixed in his mind previous to entering the responsive or hypnotic state, *cannot* be broken. This is true in practical psychology, and I believe that the same is true in mediumship.

I believe, therefore, that it is possible for a medium to select the spirit to whom he yields, or at least have the choice of good or evil controls, and can insist on the exercise of that choice, as we can select our company in this world. Further, if he has objections to being used for certain phases of manifestations, he can avoid them by fixing his mind against those manifestations previous to yielding himself to spirit control. For myself I do not believe that it is best for any one to yield himself indiscriminately to the control of any mind without reserve. I think that the psychic subject or mediumistic sensitive should always retain the right of saying who should control him, and to what extent and in what way he shall be used. My experience has taught me that a deeply and firmly fixed conviction of right cannot be overcome in any condition of responsiveness the subject may enter; nor can a profound and important secret be wrenched from the mind in that condition.

I notice that the experiments in hypnotism that have occurred in France have given rise to the conclusion that the responsibility of the individual may be entirely lost in the hypnotized subject, as he is compelled to execute the operator's will without reserve, and thus a person in that state could be made to commit murder even, in obedience to the will of another. I do not think that this could be done unless the subject was predisposed to kill, or had naturally a murderous disposition. Fixed ideas of virtue cannot be disturbed in the mind of the hypnotized subject; unless the person is predisposed to do the evil which he is willed to do, he will rebel, and the operator will lose his power over him, or her, as the case may be.

Now, let us apply this to mediumship, and we see that mediums become responsible for the character of the communications that are given through them, in a large degree; or at least, they can exercise a certain amount of control over them by selecting their guides and determining the character of impressions or manifestations that they will submit to. Before the mediums put themselves in the passive and receptive state, inviting spirit control, let them, firmly fix in their own minds, that they *will not* be used by bad influences for bad purposes and in my opinion they will be entirely safe. This idea that has obtained among some Spiritualists that their own will should be held entirely in abeyance in being controlled by spirits is an error, it seems to me, and has led to much suffering in some cases. Again there is no telling how much of this evil control is a *product* of the imagination, stimulated to believe in the presence and power of such influences.

The passive and receptive state of mind necessary to mediumship, makes the individuals possessing it peculiarly susceptible to the suggestions of other minds around them. The spiritual circle, whose members constantly talk about and believe in the presence of evil spirits, will be the greatest sufferers from such influences. "Talk of the devil and he will appear to you," is an old and true adage.

Fifty years ago when the literal idea of a personal devil was a necessary part of the true Christian's belief, it was a common thing for people to see his satanic majesty; but since he has ceased to play a conspicuous part in modified modern theology, he seldom appears. Evil spirits who are undoubtedly children of the old orthodox devil, will vanish like their father when you cease to talk about and notice them. In our efforts to commune with the Spirit-world, let our aspirations be only after the good, the true, the beautiful, and try to keep ourselves in such conditions as to be fitting companions for pure and noble souls, and the evil spirits will not trouble us but pass on to more congenial society.

Boston, Mass. A. E. CARPENTER.

Remarkable Facts of Spirit-Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I spent Sunday, January 30th, at the home of S. B. Clark, Port Huron, Michigan, and from him and his intelligent wife gained these remarkable facts from their personal experience. They are persons well known, and of good standing and intelligence.

Twenty years ago,—when living on their farm in the Connecticut River Valley, just north of Brattleboro, on the east, or New Hampshire, side of the river—they were talking of their valued friend, Achsa Sprague, and both wished for her picture. She had often been with them when on her journeys as a spiritual speaker, and had won their loving respect, as she did that of many others. Mrs. Clark was then a good medium. In the midst of their conversation she became entranced, and Achsa Sprague spoke through her, saying in substance: "Wait a little; you will soon go to Boston, and then you must go to a picture shop (of which the name, street and number, all unheard of before and unknown to them, were given), and you will find one." Soon after Mr. Clark was there, and stopped, as he usually did, at the home of his friend, William White, of the *Banner of Light.* In the morning he went direct to the shop named through Mrs. Clark at their house, found a young woman in attendance, asked for a portrait of Achsa Sprague, and a large photograph was taken out of a drawer with the remark, "Here is one, and the only one that we have." It was bought, and I saw it framed and in the room at Port Huron when all this was told me.

About twenty one years ago, Mr. Clark was in Port Huron on business, and visited Dr. S. D. Pace, who was then, and is now, a clairvoyant and a physician or healer. Dr. Hawkins, a controlling guide, purported to speak through Dr. Pace. Mr. Clark felt a wish to know how the family were at the New Hampshire farm house, and said: "Dr. Hawkins, will you go and rap at my door on the farm, and go in and see how my wife is"? The reply was that he would. After waiting quietly a short time, Dr. Pace spoke, or rather Hawkins through him, and told how he rapped loud at the door; how a girl came, looked out in surprise at not finding any one; went down the plank walk to the front gate and then back and down another plank walk to the shed, and then went in and told how strange it was that no one could be found. The invisible person, Dr. Hawkins, said he went in, saw Mrs. Clark in her rocking chair in the dining room; that her son was outside the house, and that they were all well.

This was on Tuesday, and the hour was noted down. The next day he started east, and reached his house on Friday. Not telling of what had occurred he learned from his wife that on Tuesday, at the same hour with his experience seven hundred miles west, they heard loud raps at the door; the girl went out, went down the walk to the gate, and then to the shed, looked all about and came in greatly surprised not to see anybody. Mrs. Clark said she was sitting in her rocking chair in the dining room; the boy was outside, and all her statement agreed with that made at Port Huron in the manner described. Mrs. Clark said that when her son soon came in they charged him with making the raps for sport, and then hiding, and that he denied it with a surprise that showed his ignorance of the whole affair.

It needs more than clairvoyance, mind-reading and unconscious cerebration to solve this matter, for here is power, intelligently exercised in a far distance, as well as sight, and both in a place, and for persons, of whom Dr. Pace knew nothing.

It really seems that Dr. Hawkins did, and saw, and told all this. How he could speak by control of Dr. Pace is a mystery we fail to solve. But can we quite solve the familiar fact of daily speech? How can, or how does, Dr. Pace, the invisible mental purpose and power, control his vocal organs? How you, good reader, or I, can speak is a mystery; but it is a natural fact, as is the speech of spirits in this or in any way.

Detroit, Mich. G. B. STEBBINS.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer, men record,
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word,
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled,
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled,
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind,
Yet, it may be more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight or cheered through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded; could he live
Alone to suffer and alone to strive?

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

PERSONALS—FROM MANY SOURCES.

Miss Frances E. Willard's "How to Win," a book for girls, is in its second edition. A high authority in London prophesies that it will create a revolution in girl literature as well as in many a girl's life.

9,000 meals and 6,000 nights' lodgings were given in December last by the Bethesda Mission Inn and restaurant connected by the W. C. T. U. of Chicago. The good produced by this mission in the "black hole" of Chicago, is pronounced wonderful. The day nursery cares for over five hundred children of working women each month, and its kindergarten gathers in and teaches about eighty little waifs daily.

Miss Elma Folger, who was Charles O'Conor's amanuensis at Nantucket, to whom he bequeathed ten thousand dollars, is now teaching school in that town.

Miss Youngblood of Columbus, Miss., has been elected to the chair of modern languages at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va.

Mrs. Conseno, a South American lady, is said to be the richest woman in the world. Mrs. Conseno enjoys the privilege of being empress over a tract of territory called Bota, which lies some two hundred or three hundred miles to the south of Valparaiso, and embraces thousands of square miles.

Mrs. Elizabeth Merriam Putnam, who celebrated her one hundred and second anniversary at her home near Danvers, a few weeks ago, lives still in the house to which she came as a bride eighty-two years ago. Mrs. Putnam is believed to be the oldest living teacher. She taught school for two summers, in 1803 and 1804.

Mrs. Sarah Sampson, formerly of Bath, Me., has been appointed by the President notary public for the District of Columbia. This appointment was made in recognition of her faithful services as clerk in the pension office as well as for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers during the late war. Mrs. Sampson has lately received her second promotion since she entered the pension office as a clerk three years ago. Her present salary is fourteen hundred dollars.

Sister Baptista of St. Joseph's Hospital, in Philadelphia, has charge of the ward devoted to the treatment of drunkards, and her success with that class of patients is said to be remarkable. She has effected some notable cures through study of the disease.

The New York *Tribune* says the clever Queen of Rumania is making herself more useful than the modern Queen is generally apt to be. She has been accustomed for some time past to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Rumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that the demands for admission to them grew inconvenient, so that the Queen thought of delivering her lectures in the high school to all pupils who cared to attend. Before her Majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination to which the Queen submitted, and, the diploma having now been won, not granted by favor, her Majesty will begin her lectures early in the new year at the high school for girls at Bucharest.

Mrs. Gladstone is as remarkable in her way as her distinguished husband. Born in 1812, the daughter of Sir Richard Glynne, from her infancy she showed capacities for leadership, tempered with kindness and unselfishness. It is related of her that during the Lancashire cotton famine she worked night and day to alleviate the misery which prevailed, and to this end brought fifty men up to make new paths and roads for Harwarden, her home, advancing their pay to support their families left behind. An industrial school for boys and an orphans' home at Clapham, which has now become a home for incurables, are among the charitable institutions founded by Mrs. Gladstone. She is a tall, distinguished looking woman, following her husband "in the silvered gray of years," but at his side always, either in literal truth or in the closest sympathy. He himself acknowledges that much of his success is due to her sympathy and help. She always goes with him when he speaks and follows his address with close attention. When Mr. Gladstone has finished, Mrs. Gladstone is at hand with a muffler and coat to shield him from the after effects of speaking, and leads him at once away from admiring friends. So well has she done her part that at the age of seventy-six, the husband she has taken care of so assiduously was able to speak four consecutive hours upon Home Rule, and prove his title of grand old man.

ABBY KELLY FOSTER.

This noted and noble woman passed to the higher life from Worcester, Mass., late in January, at the age of seventy-seven. The present generation knows this remarkable woman only by the report of others. It seems that she was a teacher, when at the age of twenty-six, she felt constrained to leave her calling to work for the emancipation of the slave. During thirty years thereafter, for the sake of that duty, she underwent almost impossible torture with the most unflinching courage. To use the language of a friend: "Verily, she is without a peer. Over the highway she helped to build, the slaves walked to freedom, and over the highway whose foundation stones she laid with bleeding hands, women are marching to their equal rights." Rev. Samuel May testified in regard to Mrs. Foster at the funeral services:

"But few are living now who can remember her at that youthful period. The vision is a sweet and winning one. It is of a face beautiful in feature, in the intellectual and moral expression; of a voice clear, full, musical, penetrating; of a slender, graceful figure, simply arrayed. Her hearers saw and felt at once that she was charged with a momentous message, and they soon passed beyond wondering at her courage—or audacity, as some would say—to weigh the stirring words and portentous truth she spoke.

"At that time ecclesiastical power dominated the people even more than now. Often, let us even say generally, exercised for good ends, within the limits, as announced by themselves, 'of what the brotherhood would allow and protect.' But sometimes that church power was used selfishly. Upon the subject of slavery, with few exceptions, it was used basely and wickedly.

"What a flood of light was let into such minds by the example, the speech, the very sight of this fearless young woman, who told them the vital truths that pulpit and press had so long suppressed, and who brought the sin to their own doors.

"In human history there is no record like that which Mrs. Foster has left. The world of women owe her a debt which they can never pay. The movement for the equal rights of women began directly and emphatically with her. Other women, mostly in the Quaker church, had spoken in public. The sisters Grimké had taken a noble part, but circumstances soon withdrew them from the public field, and it was left for Abby Kelly to take on her young shoulders and to bear for years a double burden, for the slave's freedom, and for equal rights for women. She who fought this dreadful battle, and held on the even tenor of her way, is now at rest. No words can picture that conflict, and our poor tribute falls far short. She had no peer, and leaves no successor."

William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., added his testimony to that of Mr. May, in quoting from his father:

"Of all the women who have appeared upon the historic stage," wrote Mr. Garrison to her in 1859, "I have always regarded you as peerless—the moral Joan of Arc of the world. My admiration of your character and moral heroism, of your self-sacrificing spirit and exhaustless philanthropy, has been limited by nothing but the power of speech to express it. Our friendship has been intimate and unbroken for more than a quarter of a century; and no one out of my family has been nearer or dearer to me than yourself. My heart has grown liquid with emotion as I have seen your self-denial, courage, perseverance, ending in making yourself a living sacrifice upon the altar of bleeding humanity."

"And James Russell Lowell wrote of her in her youth:

"No nobler gift of heart or brain,
No life more white from spot or stain,
Was e'er on Freedom's altar laid
Than hers—the simple Quaker maid."

"Even before the great iniquity of slavery was overthrown, the scabbard of her body was almost outworn, inadequate for the keen and active blade that filled it. The mental and physical strain had been too great for the frail body to recuperate from. The weakening voice admonished her that her public speaking was at an end, and a growing feebleness thereafter kept her in retirement, with mind unweakened, with interest in humanity unabated, with the old pioneer spirit burning brightly, and yet doomed to watch the battle of reform without the power to be at her accustomed post in the van. Only the flesh was weak.

"But the glory of emancipated millions, whose fetters she had done so much to loosen, added a radiance to the sunset of her life. The great advance of woman towards her equal rights and duties cheered her declining days, and the blessed privilege which reformers and idealists are permitted, of seeing the world steadily gravitating to a realization of their dreams was hers unceasingly."

Late Magazines for February.

THE FORUM. (New York.) Contents: Outgrown City Government; The Use and Abuse of Wealth; How I was Educated; The Needs of New York Harbor; Faith and Physical Science; The Future of the Minority; Religious Exercises in State Schools; The Reproach of Mourning; Why we have no Great Novelists; The Crusade Against the Saloon; Evils of Indirect Taxation.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) The Christmas tale of Why the Doll's Name was never changed and another beautiful Chapter of the Longfellow literature is given in the February WIDE AWAKE. Mrs. Fremont Concludes her bewitching Taffy and Buster Chronicles. The serials are peculiarly engaging and the poems, Short Stories and illustration make up a most entertaining number.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) Contents: Michael Munckacsy; John A. Logan; Familiar Talk with our young readers; "Our Corner Man;" A Divided Republic; Flowers of old English Poetry; A Look to the future; Notes in Science and Industry; Editorial Notes, Etc.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) An illustrated article on Robert Burns by James Sime opens this month's contents and is followed by the following: Jacquetta; An Unknown Country; A Description of a Morning in London; A Ballad of Bath and A Secret Inheritance.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Editorial; The Name Unitarian; Jones Very; St. Paul's Doctrine of the Resurrection; Blake's Poems and Essays; The Negro's need in Education; Training of the American Citizen; Editor's Note-Book; Literary Criticisms.

THE CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICIAN. (Chicago.) Number one volume one of this quarterly is out. It is a guide to health and happiness published by the Illinois Metaphysical College. Price yearly, 50 cents; single copies, 15 cents.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. (Boston.) An illustrated monthly devoted to the History, Biography, Literature, and to the Educational, Social, and material interests of New England, and presents a timely and suggestive table of contents.

THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN. (New York City.) Child Culture is the speciality to which this magazine is devoted, and no questions relating to this most important phase of life will escape consideration.

BABYHOOD. (New York City.) Contents: Measles and its Complications; Step-Mothers; Scrofulous tendencies; Nursery Problems; The Kindergarden at home; Notes and Comments.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading, consisting of stories, poems and notes, fill the pages of this monthly.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Orange, N. J.) Contents: A View of Dante; Conversation; An Additional Word; The American Akademe.

THE PATH. (New York City.) A Monthly devoted to the study of Occult Science, Philosophy, and Aryan literature and Theosophy in America.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER. (Northfield Minn.) An interesting table of contents is to be found in this issue.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (New York City.) The usual amount of good reading fills the pages of this Sterling Monthly for February.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (London.) To those interested in Phrenology and kindred subjects this monthly will be welcome.

CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (Boston.) The contents are adapted to Reading Clubs, schools and homes.

BABYLAND. (Boston.) The little ones will welcome this monthly.

New Books Received

IDEOLOGY. Vol. III. By Dr. La Roy Sunderland Boston: J. P. Mendum.

The following from Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:

THE MONARCH OF DREAMS. By Thomas W. Higginson. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

FOES OF HER HOUSEHOLD. By Amanda M. Douglas. Price, $1.50.

HOW SHALL MY CHILD BE TAUGHT? By Louisa P. Hopkins. Price, $1.50.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By George M. Towle. Price, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

WEDLOCK; Its Hopes and Hypocrisies. By a Married Man. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

HOW HE LOST HER. By Jonathan Barrett, C. E.

A CHAPTER ON WALL STREET. In four parts and a Moral. By R. S. H. Price, 10 cents.

THE NATION IN A NUTSHELL. By George M. Towle. Price cloth, 50 cents.

New Music Received.

BONNYBELL or Cinderella's Cousin. A Juvenile Operetta by Emma C. Vogelgesang.

Received from C. P. Longley, author and publisher, Boston, the following music:

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Spiritualism at Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have many inquiries as to how Grand Rapids is prospering spiritually. As far as my knowledge extends we are growing. Since the New Occult Society started we have two places of meeting. We have some excellent manifestations. One night the independent voice of a spirit was heard by many, giving its name. One man who has been a Methodist, has been influenced to give some fine speeches. Last week he gave what we thought a good test of spirit power. Mr. Turner, the medium, went to bed Sunday night, and felt some one moving the bedclothes, tucking them up. He asked, "Who is this?" The reply was, "I am Shaw, of Saranac." Mr. Turner is a stranger here and was not acquainted with Mr. Shaw. In the morning he was entranced and said to Mr. Johnson, "Tell the medium not to feel bad about what he has told, for I am Shaw of Saranac." Monday night at the hall he came again, saying: "I have heard of your meeting: often wanted to come here, and can come now. I am still interested in Nemoka camp meeting. I shall be there." Now, no one had heard of Mr. Shaw's death in Grand Rapids, at that time, although he had passed to spirit-life. The mediums are doing good here. I hope the good will ever come uppermost, and justice be done.

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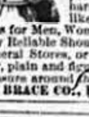

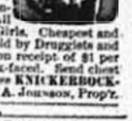

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 19, 1887.

Philosopher and Seer.

There are a few books to be read in rare moments, in seasons of exaltation, in hours when their possessor respires great thoughts and rises into regions of impersonal being. No indifferent friend or garrulous acquaintance is invited to a careless perusal of them; only the choice and spiritual minded few seem worthy to turn those pages which have become as dear as a beloved face.

Such are portions of "Amiel's Journal," a voluminous work of five hundred pages, lately translated from the French and published in England. Henri Frederic Amiel, a scholar, a man of letters and a Professor in the College of Geneva, spent his life in that city which though small, occupies so large and brilliant a space in history. With enormous faculties for accumulation and reflection, Amiel was correspondingly deficient in the powers of action and concentration. Like a bee, the shy student sipped from this flower and that, everywhere finding undreamed of sweetness, but gave forth little to the world about him. Reserve, sensibility, hesitation to accept the responsibilities of family life, an increasing repugnance to business,—these all served to fix the Professor in his early habits, and even his best friends were ignorant of the wondrous stores of richness revealed at his death, which occurred in 1881.

"Practical life makes me afraid," Amiel confided to his "Journal," and so the ideal life received all his devotion. It is as a prose-poet, a philosopher and above all, as a Spiritualist, taking the word in its largest and broadest sense, that the name of Amiel will go down to other generations. His biographer rightly declares that "what others have done for the spiritual life of other generations, he has done for the spiritual life of this." Endowed with remarkable power of expression, imaginative, refined and lucid, Amiel's distinguishing attributes lie in his faculty of psychological analysis and profound religious feeling. As a representation of private human experience the "Journal" has hardly an equal, even in the pages of Rousseau. Our relations with the infinite first, with the finite afterward,—that is the order in which he places man in regard to spirit and substance. And that is why his work is so full of significance to students of spiritual science, especially to those in whom the religious instinct is strong and tenacious.

The book is made up of a series of reflections responsive to the great moving forces of this age. It is eminently religious in the true sense of the word. Amiel declares that religion can never be displaced by philosophy or science. This is his conception of materialism:

> Every despotism has a specially keen and hostile instinct for whatever keeps up human dignity and independence. And it is curious to see scientific and realist teaching, used everywhere as a means of stifling all freedom of investigations as addressed to moral questions, under a dead weight of facts. Materialism is the auxiliary doctrine of every tyranny, whether of one or of the masses. To crush what is spiritual, moral, human,—so to speak,—in man, by specializing him; to form mere wheels of the great social machine instead of perfect individuals; to make society and not conscience the center of life, to enslave the soul of things,—this is the dominant drift of our epoch. Everywhere you may see a tendency to substitute the laws of dead matter for the laws of the moral nature....Liberty means action guided by an inner law and curbed by a moral authority....There is an eternal antagonism between letter and spirit, form and matter, between the outward and the inward, appearance and reality, which is always present in every conception and in all ideas.
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> Materialism coarsens and petrifies everything; makes everything vulgar and every truth false.... To defend the soul, its interests, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty for whoever sees the danger....Woe to the society where negation rules, for life is an affirmation. To act, we must believe, to believe we must make up our minds, affirm and decide. He who will only act upon a full scientific certitude is unfit for practical life.

Seers, prophets and poets are such as he,—the lonely, silent, seemingly cold but really impassioned Geneva student. A flower, a beautiful face, a sunset, a snow-storm, was only a differing expression and type of the spirit which dwelt within. In everything he sought the marrow and essence of being and found a moral purpose forever working at the heart of things. On one occasion he writes: "Goodness consists in the conquest "of the blind ferocities and untamed appetites of the human animal....Greed and "gluttony are the starting-point, intelligence and generosity the goal."....."Religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher "and supernatural life, mystical in its root "and practical in its fruits, a communion "with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a "love which radiates, a force which acts, a "happiness which overflows. Religion, in "short, is a state of the soul."

That Amiel had the mediumistic temperament is perfectly evident. Sensitive, impressionable, an absorbent of pleasant or troublous influences, he perceives in himself that tendency which he resists either through prudence or indifference. To use his own language, "If I had but desired it ever so "little, I should have had the magical clairvoyance of the somnambulist, and could "have reproduced in myself a number of "strange phenomena." As it was, his masterly self-analysis throws light on the mysterious recesses of mind. He declares there are ten men in him, each appearing according to place, time and condition. Yet did he not make the mistake of supposing that the material envelope contains a re-embodied or re-incarnated spirit, in which was opposing inheritances and tendencies. Rather he regarded them states of "universal sympathy," in which he was, by turns, "mathematician, "musician, savant, monk, child and mother. "Every characteristic individuality shapes "itself ideally in me, or, rather, moulds me "for the moment to its own image. I have "even seemed to myself sometimes, to enter "into the condition of the animal, the plant, "even of an individual animal, of a given "plant." Is not this fluidity of nature at the bottom of much which the unphilosophic call re-incarnation?

Our seer found his best life in what is known as the receptive condition. "The divine state," he says, "is that of silence and "repose, because all speech and all action "are in themselves limited and fugitive. "Passionate people are impressed by acts "and effects, by noise and effort. They have "no sense of the pure cause, the final source "of all movement, the principle of all effects, "the center of all light." Again, "The man "who has no inner life is the slave of his "surroundings, as the barometer is the obedient servant of the air at rest and the "weathercock the humble servant of the air "in motion."

One other extract and this notice of a singularly spiritually developed man must close. In speaking of social life Amiel says: "The "modern separation of enlightenment and "virtue, of thought and conscience, of the "intellectual aristocracy from the honest "and vulgar crowd, is the greatest danger "that can threaten liberty....The history of "man is essentially zoological; it becomes "human late in the day, and then only in "the beautiful souls; the souls alive to justice, goodness, enthusiasm and devotion. "The angel shows itself rarely and with difficulty through the highly organized brute. "The divine aureole plays only with a dim "and fugitive light around the world's governing race."

The Recalcitrant Dr. McGlynn.

The case of Dr. McGlynn in New York City, the eminent Catholic divine, continues to excite a great deal of interest. His views on the land-question and property rights of wealthy citizens, as published in the New York *Tribune*, antagonizes the rules adopted by his superiors in church matters, hence a great storm of indignation has risen against him in some quarters. The doctrines stigmatized and emphatically condemned as subversive of the policy of the Catholic Church, and taught by Dr. McGlynn, are as follows: "All men are equally entitled to the use of "the general bounties of nature, including "land, as well as sunlight, air and water, "and that human laws ought to be so changed as to conform to this dictate of natural "justice." He affirms that while acknowledging the right of exclusive ownership in all that is produced by human industry, he would at the same time compel those who enjoy exclusively a larger or choicer portion of the bounties of nature, to pay to the community an equivalent in the way of taxation, to the full amount of the rental value.

Of course such an affirmation on the part of Dr. McGlynn could not fail to seriously injure him in the estimation of his superiors. He was requested in plain but polite language to not attend the league meeting—the one at Cooper Institute, where Alexander Sullivan, the newly elected president of the league, was to speak.

It has been also claimed by Archbishop Corrigan, that Dr. McGlynn is not careful enough in reference to his associates. He had made an engagement to speak from the same platform with Henry Ward Beecher, and that of course could not be tolerated. The Archbishop addressed him the following:

> I am forced to say that I would feel humiliated to find a priest of the archdiocese openly associating with a man of such unhappy reputation as Mr. Beecher, and even Howard Crosby, who only last year insulted us all by saying that our country would rise in its might against Romanists and crush them into dust because we simply asked that our poor children be permitted, according to the Constitution, to worship God with liberty of conscience.

Dr. McGlynn, in his own defense, speaks as follows:

> In becoming a priest I did not evade the duties nor surrender the rights of a man and a citizen. I deny the right of Bishop, Propaganda or Pope, to punish me for my actions as a man and a citizen in the late municipal canvass, or in other political movements. I deny their right to censure me, or to punish me for my opinions in political economy, unless they can show that these opinions are clearly contrary to the teachings of the Christian religion. This they have not shown, and I know that they cannot show it. I have not appealed to Rome from the judgments of the Archbishop, and I have no desire to do so. I deny the right of Bishop, Propaganda or Pope to order me to Rome. The "vow of obedience" of the priest, of which so many absurd things have been said within the last few weeks, is simply a promise to obey the Church authorities in matters concerning the priest's duties of religion. It were monstrous to imagine that this promise had not clear and well-defined limitations. My obligation, taken as a student of the Propaganda, was not, as some seem to imagine, to go wherever and to do whatever that institution should see fit to command, but simply to return to my native place and there devote myself to the ministry of religion.
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> In an interview published in the *World* during the late municipal canvass I took occasion, from Monsignor Preston's political letter, to admonish him and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of the grave danger of repeating the folly and the shame of condemning scientific truth as religious heresy—a shame and a folly of which their predecessors had been guilty in the condemnation of Galileo and Copernicus. It seems that they are fated to repeat this crime and blunder, and to add another to the many reasons that have made men look upon ecclesiastical authority as one of the greatest foes of scientific progress, of national development, and of rational liberty, and in large part a hindrance, rather than a help, in the way of bringing to the whole world the light, the purity and the comfort that come from the teachings and the ministrations of Christ.

Heber Newton.

The liberal, humanitarian teachings of R. Heber Newton delivered with eloquence and pathos each Sunday and reported for the JOURNAL, have endeared him to the hearts of our readers. Inquiries daily come in as to why we have discontinued reporting his splendid utterances. The reason is a sorrowful one, the gifted man is broken in health and forced to rest from his labors. In the prime of his years he is called upon to pay the penalty for over application; and possibly, too, the nervous strain one must ever bear who keeps just in advance of his constituency has much to do with his exhaustion. Mr. Newton has a deeply spiritual nature, keen insight, prophetic vision, the courage of his convictions and the ability to use his equipment most effectively. Such a man must in the nature of things be overwrought. The world has too few of these characters to make it easy for them. Mr. Newton has not hesitated to grapple with the pressing demands of the age, both spiritual and material. Devoting to them his whole soul and well trained mind, he has grown more rapidly than have the merchants, traders, manufacturers, lawyers and doctors who make up his constituency. That this should create some friction is not strange. That some should feel disgruntled at his championing the interests of wage-workers was inevitable, but the stories afloat of serious disaffection in his congregation are untrue to the best of our knowledge. His people respect and love him and are ready to grant him a long respite from labor, that he may regain his old-time vigor and return to them.

In a private letter Mr. Newton tells us he may possibly go abroad after he is a bit recruited, and seek in Italy the restoration of his health. We can assure him that wherever he may go he will ever have with him the good will of the JOURNAL'S readers, and that they will welcome his return to public work with an enthusiasm second only to that of his immediate congregation.

Swing on "Christian Science."

A two-month's-old Christian Science brother recently took his life in his hands, girded up his loins and started out among the unregenerate to do missionary work. Early in his exploiting he fired a double dose of the feminine "science" at Prof. David Swing, wrapping it in the columns of the *Evening Journal*. Brother Swing is steel-plated, bomb and brimstone-proof, and the missile only made a little rattle, just enough to evoke a passing shot from one of the Professor's light guns. Hear its echo:

> Your letter was written with so much good will that it demands an acknowledgment, even if it must be brief. By founding your Christian science upon miracle you take it a little beyond the healing art alluded to in my essay of recent date. If you and your pupils can cure ailments by miraculous forces, then, of course, you are out of the reach of any of the processes of reason. But your general premise, that man is a part of God, does not imply the need of any new practice of medicine, at least does not ask for a spiritual method; for if man is a part of God he is a part which may get a leg broken, or may need to have a ruptured artery tied; a part of God which may have one leg an inch too short, thus demanding an extra heel upon one shoe, or a part of God which may have had a piece of the skull beaten down upon the brain. You will thus perceive, dear sir, that man as God needs as much natural law as he needs as man. A God with one short leg should accept of a high heeled shoe for that one limb; a lame God should use a crutch; a hungry God should eat. Your theory thus still leaves the rational means in full demand. With great respect.

The Christian Science Balloon.

In another column will be found what we believe to be a truthful, unvarnished story concerning Mrs. Eddy's plan of salvation. Though incomplete, the account lays a foundation on which it is easy for the reader to build a superstructure. Those familiar with the history of a certain spiritualistic pythoness will at once note the striking similarity of intellectual habits and methods as portrayed by Mr. Gill. It is clearly the same old story, repeated hundreds of times since the world began, and to be continued so long as human nature blindly clutches the magic staff of the visionary for help in its struggle onward and upward toward health and happiness.

Exposure of Mrs. Wells, its Lessons.

The complete and overwhelming exposure of the premeditated deception of Mrs. Wells at the residence of those earnest untiring workers in the cause of spiritual truth, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton, must be in some respects the saddest blow to many excellent people that has ever come to them in their long experience. Profound sorrow and depressing bewilderment overpower indignation; and the sense of deep personal injury on the part of those who have been systematically deceived, is forgotten for the time in their heart-breaking agony over the disgrace to a cause dearer than life to many of them. At least so it seems to us this must be. O how long must Spiritualists suffer from their own imperfect methods! When will they learn to deal with these physical phenomena and those claiming to be mediums therefor in a strictly scientific spirit, in which sentiment has no part! If this terrible lesson, coming so quickly upon the heels of the Boston exposure, shall but awaken Spiritualists to a realizing sense of the condition of things and stimulate them to calm, rational, methodical co-operation in the study of spirit phenomena and psychical force, it will do a work than which nothing is more needed, and fully compensate for the mortification and chagrin it brings to noble people.

In this hour of sore tribulation, let Spiritualists realize that they are largely responsible for the long continued and daring deceptions practiced by mediums and pseudo mediums. Ignorant, illy bred men and women with little moral sense and surrounded by poverty find themselves endowed with strange powers which excite the attention of a constantly widening circle. Soon they are thronged by those with heart hunger, and others who are only marvel seekers; by both classes they are crowded and urged to give still greater exhibitions of the mysterious power; until gradually they fall into deception, and at last, growing cold-blooded and hardened, thrive by simulating spirits.

The rule seems to be to take these claimants to mediumship at their own statements, establish cordial social relations with them, endorse them as entitled to social and professional consideration; and then, after having established conditions rendering scientific experimentation nearly impossible by unfitting investigators to deal with their friends as mediums, to proceed to hold "test séances." In all other vocations, professions and walks of life, one is expected to first prove his claim to consideration before being credited in business circles or accepted as a social equal or trusted in professional matters; and this often takes from ten to twenty or more years. In a matter of such transcendent importance as proving the continuity of life beyond the grave, holding sweet communion with dear ones who have gone out from the home and whom it were the height of happiness once more to communicate with, in such a matter, should not there be observed at least as much care as in the petty, fleeting affairs of every day life?

In the case under consideration the medium, though comparatively unknown as such, and of whose life and character still less was known, suddenly found herself the object of exalted praise and the recipient of profuse attention. In November last, before her claim as a materialization medium had been tested by any method worthy of scientific consideration, she was honored by a "Presentation Social," at which some of the best known New York Spiritualists were present and took part; and she was presented with valuable tokens of regard, and eulogized in a way that only long years of well tried and honorable public service would seem to warrant. All this was done by people who with scarcely an exception knew her only in a professional way, and only to a limited extent in that. Extravagant reports of the marvels occurring at her séances were written by people wholly incompetent to correctly observe or report, but whose desires lent wings to their imagination, and these reports were published in such guise as to impress the public and inflate the medium. Is it any wonder her head was turned and that temptations, too great for her weak moral sense to resist, sprang into existence? Not at all! Let it be clearly understood that we do not discourage kindness and fair treatment, but in such matters, let there be the usual conventional discretion and common sense. The results in the end will justify and prove such a course to have been infinitely more kind and just to the medium than any other; and what is of vastly more importance, the public will be benefited and the cause of truth advanced. Truth and especially spiritual truth is of vastly more importance than any ism or individual.

Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Newton display the characteristic kindness of their hearts when they ask their "friends to kindly withhold severe criticism until the medium shall have an opportunity to throw "light, if possible, upon what is now a very "dark and painful condition of things." The bald truth as it is portrayed by the letter following that of Mr. and Mrs. Newton takes the place of criticism, after that nothing can be more severe. There is no reasonable explanation possible other than a frank confession and a solemn promise to reform. Let her not attempt the customary subterfuge of declaring she was "unconscious, the victim of mischievious spirits." She is to be pitied, but her crime, for it is one morally if not legally, should not be covered by a haze of sophistical speculation. Let us turn from the weak, erring woman and study the conditions which develop such characters and lead to such appalling evidences of depravity; along this line can Spiritualists profitably spend their time and energies.

The Ross Riddle.

As was to be expected the principals in the Ross materialization fraud deny the allegations of the exposers. These denials are supported by the opinions of people who were not present, including that aberrated attenuation, John Wetherbee. After having full and unbroken possession of the premises for some days, Ross (a carpenter by trade) and his wife permit friends to enter and view the suspected remains and take measurements. The result of this inspection is a diagram and statement published by our esteemed Boston contemporary which, on its face, disproves the magic mopboard theory. The greatest efforts are making to befog the real issue and to prove that some of the statements made by the exposers are false. By proving the incorrectness of a secondary portion of the evidence it is hoped that sufficient doubt will be thrown over the entire claim of exposure to make it abort, in so far as the business of the Ross family is concerned.

While it would gratify curiosity to know exactly how the confederates were introduced, this is not the main point. Some twenty witnesses, whose veracity has not yet been impeached, declare that one of their number seized a "spirit" by the hand and jerked him into the middle of the room; that the "Indian" was found to be a young man of about twenty years, and that on raising the black cloth covering the wall at the back of the cabinet they found two boys and a poor little trembling girl not over eight years old. (While these discoveries were making Mrs. Ross was held, and her war-like husband restrained from using his gun.) This is the vital part of the case now, as it was when the blizzard struck the séance. That this working force of four boys and a little girl were not "materialized spirits," but mortals full of vitality, is the claim of the exposers. Had these forms been spirits temporarily clothed with matter, would not the first zephyr of the coming storm have wafted them back to their invisible forms; or, in other words, would not the disturbed conditions have rendered it impossible as well as injudicious to persist longer in alliance with materiality? Will any one question the desire of these unfortunate ones to become invisible? Hardly. Will any Spiritualist declare it probable that even one materialized spirit form would have remained intact under the circumstances? True, our esteemed contemporary seems to hint at the possibility of final though indiscreetly delayed dematerialization, when it says: "Neither is it shown....in what manner or in what direction they escaped." But this is one of the venerable Digby's fine strokes that may or may not mean what one thinks it does.

It must be borne in mind that these amateur experimenters were working blindfolded, so to speak. They were pitting their adroitness and courage against that of trained experts perfectly familiar with the game and the ground on which it was being played. That in the supreme moment confusion should result was certain; and out of this confusion differences of statement must follow. All this without invalidating the evidence as to the main allegation that Mrs. Ross was conducting a séance with the help of unknown confederates.

Had it been stated by our esteemed contemporary that Mrs. Ross was ill after the affair, we should not have doubted the statement, considering it highly probable that she would be. But when "Dr." R. C. Flower appends his name to a certificate of her illness and states therein that she is "not well enough to leave her room or even her bed," and that he has "forbidden her seeing company, or to do anything until such time when I consider her out of all danger;" such certificate is sufficient ground for doubt. We would not believe R. C. Flower's unsupported statement, and we are not alone in our opinion of this charlatan and adventurer. His certificate has neither legal nor moral weight, and was an unfortunate stroke of caution on the part of those conducting the Ross defense.

A good character is an excellent thing for one to have in an emergency. Some years ago Mr. J. Frank Baxter was surrounded by a chain of circumstantial evidence that would have condemned him to lasting infamy but for his exemplary habits and previous good character. The evidence of premeditated fraud was overwhelmingly strong, but the JOURNAL in common with the great body of Spiritualists accepted Mr. Baxter's explanations and exonerated him.

It may not be amiss to refer briefly to the reputation and history of Hannah V., whose third husband is Charles R. Ross. The Providence *Journal* of March 1, 1884, contains an extended sketch of Mrs. Ross; the headlines will give an idea of the biography; they are as follows: "A great show exposed." "The bogus materializations of Mrs. Hannah V. Ross." "A domestic quarrel leads to unpleasant developments." "The police being summoned, mother and daughter denounce each other as public frauds." The account explains the several methods by which confederates were introduced into the cabinet and details the writer's interview with Mrs. Ross's mother-in-law, Mrs. Daniel V. Ross, who is spoken of as "a very respectable woman." After telling the interviewer that she had been a Spiritualist over thirty years and claiming that for years the secret of her daughter-in-law's deception was kept from her she is reported as saying:

> It so happened that one night this winter, one of the confederates failed to appear, and Hannah asked me to assist her in the cabinet. I never was more surprised in my life and I indignantly refused to play upon the feelings of any one.

The account continues:

> Mrs. Ross, Sr., also informed the writer that Hannah "fooled" her husband for two years after she married him, and that when he learned of the deception he was

greatly exercised in mind and informed her (his mother) of it. Hannah had also boasted to one of Ross's relatives "that if she could eat, drink and sleep with Charles (her husband) and fool him she could fool anybody."

Then follows an account of a domestic row between Charles and Hannah, in which she seems to have got the best of the fight. "She attacked him," it is alleged, "and tore his clothes, scratched his face, and closed and blackened one of his eyes." After this fight Mrs. Hannah bundled up some clothes and went off with her milkman. Returning some weeks later, she found her husband gone and that she had no home. "On learning the condition of affairs," continues the *Journal* account, "she was like an infuriated tigress let loose. She attacked Mrs. Ross, Sr., it is alleged, knocked her down, blacked her eyes and bruised her face and body." Details of broken china, hot water, etc., follow but need not be repeated. The affair culminated in police interference. In the presence of the policeman criminations and recriminations were thrown about freely,—Mrs. Ross, Sr., saying: "You are a fraud and earned the money by deceiving the public." "I know I did," quickly retorted the wonderful materializing medium, "but didn't you and your son help me to do it? You are just as much in the mud as I am in the mire." Mrs. Ross, Sr., denied that she had any hand in the "base deception," as she termed it.

This is enough to show the character of Mrs. Hannah V. Ross, but it may be well enough to say that she was detected at Lake Pleasant camp in 1883, an account of which by Mr. Thomas S. Tice, was published in the Providence *Journal* subsequent to the appearance of the biographical sketch hereinbefore mentioned. We have no desire to parade the dark side of human nature in the JOURNAL, but we were recreant to our duty did we not put this matter before the public at this time.

ANOTHER

MATERIALIZING MEDIUM DETECTED.

Mrs. E. A. Wells of New York Exposed at the Residence of Mr. Henry J. Newton.

Letter from Mr. and Mrs. Newton Briefly and Sadly Announcing the Fact.—A Full but Hurriedly Written Exposition of the Affair by an Expert Experimenter.

The cabinet used in these séances was constructed as follows: Frame work and ends of wood, back open, front covered with curtains, interior divided into two compartments by using a fish net for a partition. Thus constructed and the back placed against a wall or book case with the medium in one compartment, the test was in having forms come forth from the other compartment.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is well known to yourself and many of the readers of the JOURNAL, that for several weeks past a series of séances has been conducted at our house under what were believed to be strictly test conditions, Mrs. E. A. Wells being the medium. We deeply regret the necessity of informing you that at the séance last evening, seventeen persons being present, six of whom had been appointed a committee to make careful investigations and report accordingly, she was detected by Mr. Wm. R. Tice, one of the committee, while personating the spirit of his deceased wife, in what at present seems unmistakable fraud. She lies to-day in a very critical condition physically; at least this is the decision of an eminent physician of our city.

We ask the friends to kindly withhold severe criticism until the medium shall have an opportunity to throw light, if possible, upon what is now a very dark and painful condition of things.

HENRY J. NEWTON.
MARY A. NEWTON.
128 W. 43rd St., New York City, Feb. 12, '87.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I regret to inform you that Mrs. Wells of 6th Ave., N. Y., was exposed on Friday evening, Feb. 11, 1887, at a test séance held at an uptown residence in New York, to which several gentlemen were invited, so that they could testify in writing as to the genuineness of her mediumship and the thorough test conditions under which the (expected) materialization occurred.

A written form was prepared in advance of the séance, describing the cabinet's construction in detail, and which was stated to be absolutely fraud proof, so that what might occur would be genuine beyond a doubt. There was space left on the document to describe the occurrences. It so happened that the character of the manifestations became self-evident when one of the parties stepped into one side of the cabinet where the medium was supposed to be, and found an empty chair with the medium's dress, shoes, etc., but no medium. A light was obtained and Mrs. Wells was revealed to all present with her under clothing only, and a white gauze veil drawn tightly over her face and body. She had just before appeared as the spirit wife of one of the sitters. She threw herself out of the cabinet on the floor, and when the gas was lighted, she gathered herself up and sat on some of her toggery, and would not budge from that position, which was in the back part of the cabinet. Finally it was proposed that the gentlemen should all retire into the front parlor, and let the ladies thoroughly search her, and allow her to re-dress herself. Although the lady of the house and others were asked to be very particular in their search, no search whatever was made. The lady of the house and others sympathized with her, shielding her, so they said, from the light, and finally allowing her to go up-stairs through a hall door and leave the house, taking all her paraphernalia with her.

During the preliminaries of the séance, after the light was turned down, singing and a music box playing alternately, there was heard by all present a frequent snapping sound, which to my mind was the pulling of the tacks, by which the fish net was fastened, and which formed the division of the two compartments. After considerable time had elapsed, the usual short form of what was termed Eunice, the cabinet spirit, drew the curtains aside and revealed herself, but did not then, or ever in my presence, come out of the cabinet.

Soon after another form in white appeared and saluted a gentleman present; and again another dressed in white, which purported to be for an elderly gentleman who said she had passed over in Paris a few years since. The usual sailor boy came. The next form purported to be the wife of a gentleman present. After being saluted with a kiss, the party instead of returning to his seat, entered the cabinet on the opposite side with the results before stated. This ended the test séance.

There was much dispute pro and con as to whether it was spirit power or not, and was the medium responsible? It was said the net was intact and not broken, which made it impossible for fraud on her part. At this time the ladies were supposed to be searching the medium. I told them the proof of that question would be on a critical examination of the netting, which was soon afforded. A candle having been brought, it was found that the indentations of the tacks where they had formerly been, were visible, and the tacks were put in other places; those that had been pulled out were put in only by the pressure of the thumb—not driven in near as deep as those that were undisturbed and which had been driven in with a hammer. There were enough that were projecting to cover sufficient space to allow a person of the medium's size to crawl through easily when the loosened part (corner) of the netting was opened out. A disposition was shown by some parties to disbelieve the evidence of their own eyes in the matter.

On a previous evening, the movement of the cabinet out from the back so as to give space for the medium to pass behind it into the other compartment, was noticed by a gentleman then present, who also saw it move back to its former position. There was no back to the cabinet and it was not even fastened to the floor. He sat on one side so that the line of his sight took in the corner of the cabinet (which was covered with dark material) against the light-colored paint beyond it. He said he saw the light-colored paint lessen in width until it reached a dark curtain that was hung over the sash in a door leading into the hall, and again saw it suddenly go back, which left the colored paint again visible as before, and which was enough to allow the medium to pass behind it; of that he is positive, and is willing to take his oath to that effect. It was usual for the forms to come out of the part of the cabinet where the medium was not supposed to be, and when near the end of the séance a form would pass into the compartment where the medium first entered, and after which no more forms came out of that vacated side of the cabinet; such has been the experience of the writer who has attended six or seven of her séances. The gentleman who was positive that he saw the cabinet move, was disputed; but he said he was sure. I thought, in order to put the matter to a test, I would prepare two strips of black japanned tin, about three inches wide and ten inches long, the ends turned up about three-fourths of an inch, and cut several V shaped holes in them, and bend the points out a little so that if the cabinet moved outward, it would take the tins with it; but when the cabinet moved back, the tins would not go back, the prongs pricking in the carpet would prevent. I put one of these under each corner of the cabinet. I applied this device on Friday evening, Jan. 28th, with the result that the tins were displaced, which proved conclusively to my mind, that the cabinet had been moved outward.

I remained after the séance and told Mr. —— of the test I had applied, and that I was sure the cabinet had been moved. I asked him at the next séance to screw the cabinet firmly to the floor, which he said he would do.

On the following Friday, Feb. 4th, 1887, I called at the house in the afternoon, but the inmates were out. I wanted the privilege of seeing how secure he had made the cabinet. I found he had put one screw in the front part, which would prevent the cabinet being moved out bodily, but that it could be tipped forward; so I took the liberty of inserting a screw eye in the bottom cross-piece of the division, about the centre, and inserted a screw through the eye into the floor, which had the effect of keeping the cabinet firmly down to the floor, and no tipping could be done. When I went up there in the evening to attend the séance, I supposed Mr. —— would have seen and spoken to me about the screws I had put in, but he evidently had not observed them.

The séance was commenced as usual, singing (no music box) for a considerable time, when finally it was suggested that it might be too light, so the gas was turned down quite low, making it unusually dark. Soon a form, showing some white, passed from one side of the cabinet to the other (that is from the side where the medium first entered to the other), covering itself up as much as possible with the side curtains while passing. After a while, several forms having appeared, as on former occasion, one of them passed into the compartment where the medium first entered. It will be observed that no forms had appeared at the empty side until the form that was seen had passed into it from the side where the medium first entered.

After the séance a gentleman present criticised the cabinet; said it was not a test cabinet; also said he saw the form pass as before described. He seemed to give considerable offence to parties present. He said he would give $1,000 to see a genuine materialization under strict test conditions. He did not consider the flimsy contrivance (the cabinet) as such. He reiterated that he was sure the medium had passed from one side to the other, and was surprised others did not sustain him in that assertion. At a proper opportunity I told Mr. —— that the gentleman was right; I, too, saw a form pass before any form had appeared from the supposed vacant side. I recommended him to put a strip of wood down on the front edge of the division in the cabinet, of a light color, so that no hand could be passed between the tacks usually put in in the strip of cloth composing the centre curtain, which the gentleman supposed was pushed out, and the form passed behind, covering itself up all it could. Mr. —— said he would do so for the next séance. I told him to have it of as light color as possible, so that if any forms passed before it, the hiding of the light colored stick would make it evident, even if they did not have light colored clothes as before. Friday evening, Feb. 11th, I arrived at the house early and put the screw eye and screw in as before, making the cabinet firm; the screw had been put in as before.

The séance commenced as usual, with singing, but the form did not pass before the stick or behind the curtain, as was supposed on the previous occasion, but resorted to taking the tacks out in sufficient number to allow her to creep through to the other side, after divesting herself of her outer garments, and then put the tacks back with her thumb; it being dark she could not replace the tacks in their old holes, so had to put them in the best she could, but which showed there had been sufficient taken out to pass through as before described.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.
New York, Feb. 12th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A subscriber from Algona sends remittance but fails to sign name. Will credit when we ascertain.

Mr. Dwight Cutler and family, of Grand Haven, Mich., left for California on the Ennis excursion, Feb. 8th.

Col. Lounsberry of the Duluth *Daily News* has been recruiting his health in Washington.

S. D. Greene, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "We have been delighted here with the ministrations of J. J. Morse, whose eloquent control has truthfully, plainly and pointedly set forth the claims of a true Spiritualism."

J. Clegg Wright, writing from Newton, Kansas, says: "We are having very stirring times here. The Christians have taken the hall I lectured in away from us. The friends have raised $4,000 towards a new hall."

Samuel Freeman, an old subscriber to the JOURNAL, and a prominent Spiritualist, passed to spirit-life a few days ago at his home, Abingdon, Ill. W. T. Wallace, at the request of the deceased, made a few remarks at the funeral.

A. W. Hill, of Summit, Miss., makes us happy by sending us a box of peach blossoms. Our California letters come laden with the sweet odor of violets, while we are enjoying zero weather; but next July, friends, we will waft you one of our delightful lake breezes.

Mr. E. Terry, one of the Lake Pleasant camp directors, a resident of Los Angeles, California, for a year or more, is spending the winter in Florida. Mrs. Terry is with him, and they expect to be in New York City about the middle of March.

In January Georgiana B. Kirby passed to spirit life from her home at Santa Cruz, California. On the following Sunday in compliance with her last request, a memorial service was held and her favorite speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, delivered an eloquent and soul-stirring address on Immortality.

On another page will be found copious extracts from a valuable sermon by Reed Stuart, the new minister of the Unitarian church in Detroit. We take the report of the Battle Creek *Daily Moon*, an enterprising journal which publishes it for the benefit of Mr. Stuart's former hearers in that city.

Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortlandt St., New York City, have issued their Catalogue for 1887, which contains "everything for the Garden," and is a fine specimen of workmanship. It is sent to any address by the seedsmen on receipt of 10 cents, and this amount can, however, be deducted from the customer's first order.

We have received the first number of Prof. Buchanan's *Journal of Man*. The contents are: Introduction; Salutatory; The Phrenological doctrines of Gall, their past and present status; The Great Land Question; The Sinaloa Colony; Health and Longevity; Remarkable Fasting; Cerebral Psychology; Music; Insanity; Miscellany. Terms, one dollar per year; single number ten cents. For sale at this office.

The Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, of New York, Sheppard Homans, President and Actuary, is meeting with phenomenal success in its plan of pure life insurance, as distinguished from the level premium plan, which last is a compulsory combination of insurance and investment. Among all life insurance companies the Provident Savings ranks first in the smallest ratio of expenses and death claims to amounts insured; smallest rate of premiums (only about one-third the level premium rates) and the largest ratio of assets and surplus to liabilities. It is claimed that life insurance in the Provident Savings is the cheapest, the safest, and the fairest attainable. The average cost to insure ten thousand dollars has been about one hundred and twenty dollars annually only, as compared with about three hundred and sixty dollars in the level premium companies. Over fifty millions insurance has been written by this Society in the past four years. General agents: W. H. Browning, 115 Dearborn street, Chicago; Ludlow & Marsh, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Louisville; I. Clay Wilson 623½ Olive street, St. Louis; B. V. Hubbard, 1106 Main street, Kansas City.

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Mental Science Healing Test.

Prof. Swarts, and wife, of the Mental Science University, assisted by another able Mind-Healer, have set apart 30 days for the joint treatment of distant patients; any disease whatever. Full particulars and conditions for their under-taking are given in the February number of the *Mental Science Magazine*, published at 161 LaSalle St., Chicago. Price 10 c. in stamps.

Hundreds will be cured.

All the *Mental Science or Mind-Healing*, works are on sale at above office. A price list will be sent to any one for a 2 c. stamp also a pamphlet free—"Human Rights Imperilled"—by A. J. Swarts.

"Gardening is an employment for which no man is too high or too low". This is the quaint but apt quotation, on the beautiful illuminated cover of Vaughn's New Seed Catalogue for 1887. It is one of the richest and most elegant of the season, avoiding entirely the "flashiness" so common in many of these publications. Address with two stamps, J. C. Vaughn, 42 LaSalle St., Chicago.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attentions —*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1885.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Minnie Hauk Buys a Knabe Piano.

Messrs. William Knabe & Co. are in receipt of the following substantial tribute to the merits of their instruments from the celebrated prima donna:

NEW YORK, December 20, 1886.

"*Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.:*

"*Gentlemen*—The grand piano you furnished me for my concert tour, just ended, has still further convinced me of the superiority of your pianos. They are, indeed, unequaled, and I have determined, therefore, to purchase the above "Grand" for my London residence, and have directed my agent to make the necessary pecuniary arrangements with you. Please make shipment by early steamer to my address, London, England, care of Messrs. Metzler & Co., and believe me,

"Your sincere friend,
"MINNIE HAUK."

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CATARRH
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

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Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma. Use PARKER'S TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases, and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. Often saves life. Cures when all else fails. $1. at Druggists

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a book for every woman, has reached its sixtieth edition, and no wonder when it teaches that maternity need not be attended by serious suffering.

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Mrs. K. writes: "Send me an outfit for Tokology. My aunt in Dakota says, 'If you must sell books, sell Tokology, as it is next to the Bible, the best book I ever read.'"

Price cloth $2.00, morocco $2.75, for free sample pages, and "how to get a Tokology free," write to

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PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE
Watseka Wonder!
A NARRATIVE OF STARTLING PHENOMENA OCCURRING IN THE CASE OF
MARY LURANCY VENNUM.
—BY—
Dr. E. W. Stevens.

This well attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

To those familiar with the marvellous story, it is

NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House,

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated beyond all cavil or possibility of doubt, it would be considered by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

MISSIONARY DOCUMENT

for general distribution, IT IS UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently, far and near.

The present issue is *a superior edition from new stereotype plates*, printed on a fine quality of toned paper and protected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of this necessity for new plates, and, with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May 1860, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS,
A CASE OF
Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

SIXTY PAGE PAMPHLET.

Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the Spiritual Philosophy. He was a noble man and the world is better for his life in it. He passed to spirit-life in 1885, leaving a devoted wife and family in a cramped financial condition. Mrs. Stevens was a faithful, untiring assistant to her husband and now in her old age is cheerful, self reliant, and happy in her knowledge of her husband's good work and of the certainty that she will again join him. She is entitled to the cordial sympathy of all who love good deeds and are interested in Spiritualism.

Without consultation with her, the publisher feels that the present should be considered a

MEMORIAL EDITION.

and that she should receive from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good will of the public toward one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the Spirit-world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

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from the sale of this pamphlet for the next three months. Here is the golden opportunity to give practical evidence of your good will to Dr Stevens's family and at the same time to do effective missionary work.

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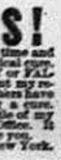

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As many of our readers doubtless want to take a good, clean, weekly agricultural paper, we recommend the FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN, Chicago, Ill., which, under the editorial management of GEN. C. H. HOWARD, is second to none of its class in the country. It is a live 16-page weekly, ably edited, neatly printed, and compactly filled with valuable information for any one who has a farm or garden or keeps a cow or horse. Price $1.50 a year, including

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Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Shadow Land.

BY BELLE BUSH.

[Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living. "No, but I am almost there."]

Oh! well may we say, as we pass along
Through the world of joy and sorrow,
That the land of the living, the land of song,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond
And this is the Land of Shadows!

It may not be in our joyous youth
When our hearts beat time to pleasure,
That our souls will wake to the solemn truth
Or thrill to its sadder measure;
For bright are the shores of time,
When our life is in its prime,
And gayly we welcome each thought of the morrow,
And never dream
That its sunset beam
May fade in a cloud of Sorrow.

Oh, no, not thus do we learn the truth
By the lips of age outspoken,
That the land of the living, the land of Youth,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

They rise before us so fair and bright,
And they seem to us so real,
That we follow them on, and forget their light
Flows most from the realms ideal.
They come and they pass away
Like the clouds of a summer day,
And other phantoms of hope are nigh,
Whose fire-fly lamp
Through the earthly damp
Seems hung in a cloudless sky!

Oh! fondly we cherish our dream's ideal,
Unheeding the solemn lesson
That the land of the living, the only real,
In its fadeless beauty lies far beyond
And this is the Land of Shadows!

First Pleasure comes with her siren spells,
And striking her harp of gladness,
We list till we learn from the answering s wells,
That its rhythmic song is sadness.
Alas! what fears arise
As the cheating phantom flies!
And oh! how the heart with its solemn lore,
Spurning the earth
With its hollow mirth,
Yearns for the "Better Shore!"

But, oh! not yet do we leave our toys,
Or feel in our inmost being
That the land of living, immortal joys,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond
And this is the Land of Shadows!

For Wealth and Fame with a showy train,
A splendid crown may weave us;
And caught by the glare, we are charmed again,
Till we find they, too, betray us;
And then as we see them pass
We murmur, Alas! alas!
And a voice that wakes in our mournful breast,
Sings, "What is fame
But an empty name
Won by the soul's unrest.

But manhood, flushed by the wine of health,
Still turns from the needed lesson;
Nor learns that the land of unfading wealth,
In its radiant glory, lies far beyond
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Next Love with her wooing and winsome smiles
And shapes of ravishing beauty,
With glorious visions our heart beguiles
Till we shrink from the path of duty;
And, led by her radiant star,
That glows in the zenith afar,
We follow the phantom that flits before
Till down the stream
Of our golden dream
She glides and is seen no more.

But, oh! not yet do we look above
Or learn life's beautiful lesson,
That the land of the living, the Land of Love
In its radiant glory lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows.

Not till our eyes grow dim with years,
And we stand at the gloomy portal,
Where the soul is free from its earthly fears
And the human becomes immortal,
Not till we hear the roar
Of the waves upon the shore
Whose throbbings tell of the infinite sea,
While angels come
From their radiant home,
To teach us the truths of eternity!

Oh! not till then will our souls be blest,
Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson
That the land of living, the Land of Rest,
In its fadeless glory lies far beyond
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Edwards and Emerson.

Of Jonathan Edwards' famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," Rev. Roneu Thomas in an excellent and very interesting biographical sketch in the *Christian Union*, says:

"The most wonderful effect was produced on the audience during its delivery. It is stated that the hearers groaned and shrieked convulsively, and their outcries of distress once drowned the preacher's voice, and compelled him to make a long pause. Some of the audience seized fast hold upon the pillars and braces of the meeting-house, as if that very moment their sliding feet were precipitating them into the gulf of perdition; and a fellow-clergyman sitting at the time in the pulpit cried out, 'Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards! is not God merciful, too?' Whether in these days we are better or worse than were the men and women of those times I am not competent to affirm, but I feel confident that no congregation in the vicinity of Boston would now sit and listen to a sermon so terrific in its logical might as that most celebrated of all sermons of the great Northampton divine."

Mr. Thomas gives us these contrasting, free-hand pictures of two of New England's great leaders in religious thought:

"In one sense Emerson may be viewed as the natural reaction from Jonathan Edwards. He of Concord collected together any quantity of material out of which to build a house for the soul; he quarried stone; he cut down timber of the very best; he brought into a heap all precious things—gems of rare quality and color—threw them at your feet, and said, 'There, build your own house, if you can; and if you can't live out in the cold—it is all you are good for.' Edwards laid a foundation, and laboriously built a house—a big, square, roomy, old-fashioned New England mansion, and said, 'There, go in and live in it—or stay out and be damned!' You might object that all the windows looked toward the north, that there was next to no sun in the house, and very little warmth; that it was damp and chill, and must be, from the way in which the house was built; but that, he would say, was no fault of his. God made the material, and it was a house adapted to human nature in its present condition."

Slate Writing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have seen several slate writing mediums, but none to my mind who gave me such entire satisfaction as Mrs. Kate Blade, 49 Ann street, Chicago. I called upon that lady a short time since, and although I was in her parlor barely half an hour, yet within that time, I must have received over a dozen, different messages, purporting to have been written by about the same number of relatives. Although they were extremely interesting to the writer, I will not take up your valuable space in relating any, with the exception of the first:

"It is true we can return and hold communications with our relatives if they will only give us an opportunity. Mother Gerald and Rose."

But what struck me most was the satisfactory manner in which answers were given so rapidly to the questions asked by the sitter. Mrs. Blade really has a very wonderful gift, and it only remains with those interested in the phenomena to satisfy themselves.

St. Joseph, Mo. A. HERVEY.

The Wonderful Potency of Electricity and Magnetism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

C. H. M. contributes an article in your issue of the 22nd inst., under the title of "Magnetism," so full of incorrect statements, and so fully misleading in its whole scope, that I am impelled to make a protest. I am unable to understand the reasons for his article unless he is in some way suffering competition from parties who are making a success in the use of electricity in the treatment of diseases. He says: "It is hardly to be supposed that many people will understand much about electricity and magnetism." I grant the correctness of this statement, and I could point to no better illustration than the article he has written as a warning to "gullible people." He says again that it is unfortunate that the term magnetism has been applied to that peculiar soul-force that is associated with will power." This is wholly opposed to the most clearly demonstrated facts coming within the knowledge of thoughtful Spiritualists, and made clear in the practice of scientific electricians. The brain is the great central battery of the nerve system, and the various nerve trunks going out from it are the conductors over which or by means of which electricity reaches every part of the body.

C. H. M. seems to be confused with the common belief that "magnetism" is something very different from "electricity." The facts are that whatever may be the form in which it appears, it is all the same—electricity. Magnetism is electricity forced into a substance able to hold it in store. Magnetic iron is known as the natural magnet, and is nothing but iron ore filled with common electricity. Electricity has three general forms of manifestations: (1) Magnetism; (2) Statical or frictional or Franklinic electricity, and (3) galvanism, or as it is sometimes called voltaic or dynamical electricity. When the common galvanic electricity is passed through a coil of wire and is cut up into very short interruption by machinery made for this purpose, it is called Faradism, and is almost wholly mechanical in its effect in the treatment of diseases. It has a frictional effect upon the tissues, and by this means is the most perfect sedative known in its control over pain. No drug known to medical science is worthy of comparison with this agent in its power over pain from any cause. It knows no rival in the cure of any form of paralysis or general or local inertia of any human organ. The faradic current has very slight chemical reaction, and hence has neither positive nor negative pole. But when we pass into the domain of pure galvanism we have reached the highest order of chemical therapeutics. No tissue can withstand its power. I have seen fibroid tumors melt before the negative electrode of a galvanic current like a block of ice before a red hot iron. Before the positive pole of this same current I have seen six applications cause new life and healthy granulations to spring to the surface of an indolent ulcer, that had defied the ordinary medical treatment for months.

The most unfortunate thing about the use of electricity is the prejudice and unreasonable opposition of those who know little or nothing about it. Not five physicians in a hundred all over the land know the difference between faradic and galvanic current, and their effect upon diseased or healthy tissue. This does not come of their lack of ability to comprehend the subject but from their inexperience with it. The very least that could be expected of them would be to refrain from opposing what they are ignorant of.

It is not desired that your paper will assume the role of a medical journal, but its columns having been opened to the publication of an article assailing a therapeutic agent known to be without a rival in the cure of a very large number of diseases, it is proper that some one should enter a protest. The medical and surgical uses of the various forms of electricity are almost numberless. Five minutes application of the descending galvanic current with the positive pole on the nape of the neck and the negative pole on the right lobe of the liver is worth more in the arrest and cure of malaria fever than all the quinine in the drug shops. The pathology of the case, is engorgement of the liver with hydrocarbon, and the negative pole having a strong alkaline reaction will set the hydrogen free and thus relieve the engorgement. And more than this, every nerve and gland through which this current passes from pole to pole, is thereby put into increased functional activity and thus hastens the expulsion of diseased conditions.

C. H. M. knows an intelligent engineer who lived nearly two years in a room pervaded by magnetism thrown off by eight or ten dynamo machines, with no effect upon him. Now, let this engineer put on a pair of glass shoes and suddenly come into contact with a good conductor that freely communicates with the earth, and then report his sensations. When his ordinary shoes are in contact with the board or ground floor of the building, the electricity passes off with little or no effect upon his body. But when he is insulated by the glass shoes he is in effect a leyden jar or a reservoir for electricity. If this electricity is now discharged through a diseased part it becomes a most efficient curative agent. The static machine connected with an insulated chair in which the patient sits, will saturate the sitter in one minute so perfectly that a touch of a finger to his clothing will discharge a fiery current of electricity. And I will say for the benefit of C. H. M. and his "gullible people," that I have seen a diseased and atrophied muscle come into new life under the influence of this static current in a very few séances. Of course the "nails in the window casings will become so magnetic" that any metallic substance will "adhere to them." They become electro-magnets on a small scale. They attract to themselves and do not give off electricity. This suggests the reason why "Sir William Thompson could place his head between the poles of the strongest electric magnet in Europe" without sensation or harm. A magnet does not send off electricity from itself but simply draws to itself other substances easily affected, which are almost always metallic in character.

I wish now to say that it is no superstition to assume that a person who naturally becomes filled with electricity of the positive element can sensibly affect or give off electricity to another person of the negative type. And I must demand of C. H. M. a reason for his denial that "Soul-force" or "will power" may attend the transmission of this electricity. It seems to me that the statement of this proposition is its own sufficient argument to show the fallacy of his claims. The human body is not a fixed magnet, and it may freely give off any electricity it may contain when brought into contact with another body of the opposite element under the direction of "Soul-force or will power."

Kansas City, Mo. S. D. BOWKER.

Slate Writing—Blue Lights.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am highly pleased with the JOURNAL, and feel that I could not afford to have it stopped. I highly approve of your manner of going after the frauds, for if I cannot have the truth, I want nothing. I feel sometimes so vindictive towards them, that I would like to brand them on the forehead with a large F, and that pretty deep.

While investigating Spiritualism I went to Mrs. Francis, a slate writing medium in San Francisco, some eight years ago. She handed me the slate to examine; it was perfectly clean. She then put a small piece of pencil on it, and placed it upon her right hand and put it under the table, I holding her hand with the slate with my left hand, and with my right holding her left hand upon the top of the table. In a few seconds I heard a scratching upon the slate and I could distinctly feel the vibration of the pencil passing from one side to the other. It signalled with a tap that the message was given. It purported to come from my father, but whether it did or not I could not say; the writing was there, and the medium could not have produced it. It must have been done by a third party unseen. The intelligence advised me to buy more of a certain stock that I held, giving its name, and I lost $147 in consequence. I went away perfectly satisfied, and the next day I accompanied a lady friend to the same medium. My friend and the medium sat near the window, at a small table, with the open end toward me, or the end that the cloth did not cover. I was sitting about 20 feet from them. I saw upon the slate, traveling back and forth, a small blue light; it appeared like the light of a candle just before it gave out. The spirit then said to the medium, that nothing more could be done till I left the room, which I thought strange until I read the explanation in the JOURNAL.

Juneau City, Alask. C. J. PAINE.

Ex-Gov. Alger of Michigan, having achieved a reputation for generosity, is now paying the penalty. He receives daily about fifty begging letters, and is about to flee from his home to secure relief from these applications.

Superstitious Fables.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

When we hear a person relating a story which carries with it an air of the marvelous, something inconceivable under known laws, we usually relegate it to the sphere of improbabilities, and consider it (in vulgar parlance) rather fishy. Thousands of these superstitious fables have come down to us from way back in the misty past, where they originated in ignorance, and are considered as nursery tales—the last place they should have been introduced to impregnate the plastic minds of infancy where they stamp an indelible impression.

We find Jewish history surfeited with the most improbable and impossible tales; in fact, the old bible is literally made up of a recital of the most unnatural stories connected with the wars and beliefs of the people who lived 2,000 years before Jesus made his advent, notably the one relating to "Jonah" and the "whale." That account is given literally, with the assumption that succeeding generations would believe it without a question as to the veracity or knowledge of the inventor, and the solemn but lamentable fact is that millions of superstitious and clouded minds do believe at the present time. That story was concocted about 862 years before Christ, and attributed to the Creator for the purpose of giving to it a divine origin.

The intelligence given man conveys without a doubt the fact that God operates by and through law; that animal life cannot be sustained without air that is in a proper condition to assimilate with the organs of his system; that suffocation and cessation of animal life is the result when the supply of air is cut off. The rule with the people of that and previous periods of time, was to talk in parables and enshroud in mystery everything pertaining to life. Unable to comprehend an unseen and Supreme Creator, having an inborn natural instinct of reverence and awe, they sought for a guide, a ruler, one whom their eyes could perceive and their senses comprehend, consequently they builded for themselves crude images, and multiplied their gods to correspond with their desires. It is a well known historical fact that an image of a fish was called "Nebo," the "Fish God" of "Assyria."

The religion of the Ninevites was different from that of the Hebrew, wherein "Jonah" was educated; but "Jonah" being of an inquisitive disposition, he traveled for information, and was converted to the belief of the Ninevites, experienced religion, after their method he was absorbed—swallowed up in the belly of the great fish religion, which, after he renounced and had been gathered back into the fold of father Abraham, he called the belly of hell. During his stay in "Tarsish," he naturally introduced some ideas of the rites of the "Jewish religion." The fear of contaminating the subjects of his empire, it is natural to suppose the king issued a proclamation to eject Jonah from his dominion. Consequently he was vomited out of that land where the fish god held the supremacy, and went to Nineveh to stir up strife and dissension, and to preach destruction, claiming he was ordered to do so by his God. The people in their ignorance ready to believe in the marvelous, humbled themselves, fasted and prayed, and were saved from a fulfillment of Jonah's threats.

Nebo was the special deity of Borsippa, under whose protection all individuals were placed. Nebuchadnezzar honored him with the name of "Abed-Nebo," and called the young Jewish princes whom he was educating, "servants of Nebo." The Jews considered the heathen gods in a spirit of scorn, hence the condemnation of Jonah, who had dared to adopt their religion.

Language being deficient, education among the lower classes almost entirely withheld, the rulers and the priesthood held a domineering sway over the serfs, who readily responded to the teaching and commands of their superiors. In war or in peace they bowed to the dictates of the ruling party without an effort or thought of their own power or divine rights. Thus the superstitions and dictations of the men in power in the days when Moses lived, came down the centuries of time, until the man of Nazareth was born, his surroundings and environments being tinctured heathenish ideas. While he endeavored to teach a pure and more spiritualistic belief, he did not abandon the old form of expressing ideas in an allegorical formulæ; he did not rise above the heathen parable, leaving untutored minds to form their own impressions regarding the esoteric meaning of his teaching; hence arose the diverse opinions which have caused so much distress and bloodshed. Freedom of thought and liberty of speech conferred on man, is a blessing of late date in the world's history. America is the initial country where spiritual power has planted the tree of progress, whose branches are to shield humanity from the enervating sun of ignorance, and lift man into the pure atmosphere of knowledge.

W. H. MACK.

"H.H." and Spiritualism.

"I am very sorry I cannot finish 'Zeph.' Perhaps it is not worth publishing in its unfinished state, as the chief lesson for which I wrote it was to be forcibly told at the end. You must be judge about this. I suppose there will be some interest in it as the last thing I wrote. I will make a short outline of the plot of the close of this story........Good-by. Many thanks for all your good-will and kindness. I shall look in on your new rooms some day, be sure,—but you won't see me. Good-by.

"Affectionately forever, H. J."

If "I shall look in on your new rooms some day be sure—but you won't see me," had been left out of this last letter of Helen Hunt Jackson to her publisher, how different would have been its bearing on Spiritualism.

It was a delightful surprise to me, for I had read that she was averse to a belief in any connecting link between that bourne from whence we are told no traveler returns, and this world of ours. Soon after she laid down her pen forever. I noticed among the many short sketches referring to her one in which this point was brought up. It was to the effect that when her only son was dying she exacted from him a promise that were there a hereafter, and if possible for him to in any way manifest himself to her, he would surely do so. As no manifestation of his love was ever made to her in the long years that followed, she had grown to look aversely and doubtfully on this consoling form of belief.

But this: "I shall look in on your new rooms some day, be sure,—but you won't see me,"—looks as if some convincing, if not the much desired manifestation, had been given. Possibly one reason why I found "Zeph" so intensely interesting, was its vivid delineation of Colorado life as I saw it. Again and again as I read, I closed the book to contrast scenes in it with memories of my short sojourn there.

To the ambitious, whether young or old, the beyond may seem a bugbear of huge dimensions, to be thought or spoken of only when we must. But we are not all so ambitious; perhaps many of us have been; have had fond hopes realized to find them "Dead sea apples." Others of us have fond hopes that can never be realized here, and so with dead hearts in living bodies patiently await the end.

To look upon this end as but the preface of an explanation of life's blunders that would surely follow, would be, indeed to disarm this end of its terrors.

"Shall we meet again?" an interrogation I don't remember ever seeing in a cemetery until I saw it in the bleak resting place of the dead in the mining camp of Leadville, Colorado; and there it was repeated with startling frequency. Indeed, it seemed to me that nearly every other stone at which I stopped met me with this, to me most unquieting of all queries, "Shall we meet again?"

It is foolish to dwell on this interrogation; it would be much more sensible to dwell on the "output" of some of these world-famed mines, so near, you think. Thank you, my world-wise friend, for your practical suggestion; perhaps it would, perhaps you are right, but I do not think so.

If a convincing affirmative to this question would be more preferable to me than all the wealth of the West or the world, why should I not say so?

Surely we shall meet again and then and there,—

"It will be made plain
Why some lives are all pleasure
And others all pain,"—

if this were the truth "H. H." wrote her publisher in her last letter: "I shall look in on your new rooms some day, be sure,—but you won't see me."

Bangor, Me. GERTRUDE W.

"It will be a surprise to some to learn that there are within the United States as many as sixty-six tribes of Indians, embracing over 68,000 persons, who are still without a Christian missionary," says an exchange. The "surprise" ought to strike the contributors to foreign missions with peculiar force.

Experience in Investigating Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been very much interested of late in the spiritual experiences of G. B. Stebbins, Thomas Harding, Milton Allen, and others, as narrated in the JOURNAL, and having been a Methodist for twenty years of my life, it is but natural that I, too, would like to give my experience. [illegible] many other church people that know nothing [illegible] Spiritualism, I was very much prejudiced, [illegible] asked myself, if these things are so, why didn't the people find it out long ago? and there certainly can be nothing good in it, or the church would not be so opposed to it. About the year 1875, a friend sent me a copy of Rev. Samuel Watson's *Magazine*, in which it will be remembered he endeavored to prove Spiritualism by the Bible and the Bible by Spiritualism. This had a tendency to make me more charitable towards Spiritualism, and being naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, and having become somewhat skeptical in regard to immortality, I ventured to suggest to my wife that if this spiritual phenomena occurred at other places, why not in Kansas? We accordingly formed a circle, consisting of my wife, my sister and her husband, and myself—all good Methodists! I will add here that the three parties above referred to, had never attended a séance; neither had they ever known a person that claimed to be a medium. I had attended one séance. Our first few sittings were void of results; then we began to doubt; but the next *Magazine* we would get, would contain accounts of strange phenomena occurring in different parts of the country, so we would be encouraged to try again; finally we were rewarded by my wife and sister being developed as table-tipping mediums. At first the movements of the table were weak, and the communications unreliable; but they gradually improved until they became very satisfactory, and we received many messages from loved ones gone before.

Of course it soon became noised about that we were holding circles at our house, and many expressed a desire to witness this, to them, strange phenomenon, "table talking," as they called it. We readily yielded consent. Since that time hundreds have come to witness the phenomenon, and scores have been convinced that if a man die he shall live again.

Everything moved along nicely until we began to make converts among the different churches; then what a storm of persecution followed. Of course, the very first to call upon us, to warn us to flee from the wrath to come, was our pastor, the Rev. Cushner. In a very gentlemanly manner, he told us that he did not doubt the phenomena, but it was the work of the devil. I cordially invited him to attend our séances, but he didn't feel disposed to do so. I then gave him one of Bro. Watson's *Magazines* to take home with him.

I thought then that I could be a Spiritualist and remain in the church; but in a short time our clerical friend called again and gave me to understand that unless we put a stop to holding circles in our house, that he would be under the necessity of discontinuing preaching at our place. I told him that I was nearly forty years old, and I thought I was abundantly able to walk alone. There has never been a paid preacher here since. The preachers and church members have been our most bitter enemies since, even carrying their prejudice so far as to refuse us the use of the church for the purpose of preaching a funeral sermon, giving as an excuse that the church was dedicated to the service of God and the promulgation of gospel truths, and the Spiritualists didn't believe in either.

Inasmuch as the ministers nearly all say that spiritual manifestations are of the devil, I will give the four first communications we received on Sunday afternoon, through table tipping. The first was signed by a sister; the second by my mother, and the other two by my wife's father:

1. You must pray with your family.
2. Keep the law of God, and you shall see His face.
3. Love is the law of God.
4. Be true to your convictions. Trust the Lord.

If the above sounds like the devil, I have a much better opinion of him than when I was a Christian.

My wife and I were sitting alone on one occasion when we received a communication from one Relda Willits, whom my wife recognized as an old schoolmate she knew in a distant State thirty-five years ago. She said she married a preacher by the name of Winterware; that she had one child; that she had been in spirit-life about four years. Within two years every word of that communication was confirmed.

EZRA A. CARPENTER.

Meeting of Mothers and Teachers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the usual meeting of Mothers and Teachers the subject, "School Education," was taken up. Those who were present agreed that children are too much confined to desks; too many studies are insisted on. Gymnasiums should be established in connection with our public and other schools, under the direction of competent teachers. For myself, I think Manual Training Schools will meet this want. By the way, an excellent and amusing lecture was given by Judge McArthur in the lecture room of All Souls (Unitarian) church, upon Industrial Schools, which this gentleman has taken for his pet hobby. Everybody has a hobby in Washington; it is the fashion. The Judge quoted from his own book, "because," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "it is the only book to obtain reliable information from." But to return to the ladies. Mrs. Dr. Bliss Hindes urged that the nervous systems of children responded to any exciting cause much sooner than adults, and insisted that the period of change from childhood to adult life, is a time full of peril under our present management; the danger being over-stimulation. She gave the case of a couple of girls who were put to school at the ages of eleven and twelve. They had been trained in bodily exercise at home. The class they were in graduated at sixteen, and these girls were fully up to the mark. They have a lovely home; their father is one of the most noted newspaper correspondents in the world; their mother a bright woman in society, and they meet in their beautiful home on the Hudson, men and women from all over the world—an education in itself. Mrs. Hindes is the apostle of "Child Growth and its Literature" in this country, and in active correspondence with Dr. Francis Galton, London, and others who have this subject at heart.

Mrs. Magee, a well known teacher for young ladies, and who taught Miss Irish, the only lady who ever received the degree of LL. D., had something to say. The general health of the child would be her criterion, and she would abolish the marking system as unfair. Some minds maturing faster than others, much unnecessary pain is given by the marking plan now in use. For my own part I cannot say, as I was not brought up, but grew; don't think I could ever have attained high marks, so I am in favor of none as being more flattering to my vanity. I love to imagine that I belong to the "plodding ones." This lady's idea that three hours a day is long enough time for beginners to devote to real study, is a good one.

The ladies present thought the Kindergarten system as at present taught was too forcing. Nervous children should not go to school. Now just think! Last summer, Mrs. Lucy Peckham of New York, delivered a lecture upon "Nerves" before the learned body composing the "Social Science" Association. She thought that nerves were much too often talked about. She said: "If we would insist that nervousness is either a phantom or the result of a broken law, and, therefor, sin, we should not hear so much about fashionable nervousness." Every one has heard how doctors disagree. A teacher in one of the public schools here mentioned the surprising fact that they [the School Board I suppose] are trying to introduce manners into the schools. I am so glad to hear it. A most excellent idea! The how of it is this: The teachers are instructed to give little lectures upon politeness in general; politeness in particular cases; care of the body; salutations to teachers and superiors; how to keep well and cheerful, etc. She said that stress should be laid first, upon obedience; second, upon courtesy; next upon the duty of restraining the tongue from evil speaking, cultivating a habit of mentioning those in official position with respect. Our boys and girls say "Cleveland," "Manning," and even "Old Cleveland." Now the office is to be respected, if not the man; and we Americans need a change in this regard. The Chinese require great respect paid to the aged—a good example. It seems to me that nature is a pretty good guide, and freedom is better than too much restraint; love is a law that is easy to obey, and nothing can take its place. Charity covereth a number of mistakes which poor human nature is sure to make, and deliver me from what are called model children. If children are not allowed to express their thoughts, how are we to guide and direct them?

One lady present said: "I was brought up a Quakeress, and do not believe children should be allowed to express their opinion upon the conduct of even public men and women." Said another: "The Quakers have never been a progressive people; probably that is the reason." The Bible rule, "Thou shalt not run up and down, talking about thy neighbor," is sound doctrine, but then criticism is not fault-finding. A sly way of getting around a snag put by one, was in this shape: "Our children can be taught to be historians, but not critics."

Haldee's father is thus described by Byron:

"The mildest mannered man, that ever scuttled
ship or cut a throat—
With such true breeding of a gentleman;
You never could divine his real thought."

Talleyrand said: "Language was invented to conceal thought."

Washington, D. C. ELIZABETH.

Onset (Mass.) Camp-Meeting.

A meeting of the Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, held at the Crawford house, Boston, Mass., Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, 1887, it was voted to hold a camp meeting at Onset the coming season, commencing Sunday, July 10th, and closing Sunday Aug. 28th.

The following are special camp meeting committees, to whom communications should be addressed for their separate departments:

Committee on Speakers.—Wm. D. Crockett and E. Y. Johnson, 50 Dale Street, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.

Committee on Music.—George Hosmer, 183 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Committee on Cottages and Tents,—W. W. Currier, P. O. Box 267, Haverhill, Mass.

Committee on Business Privileges,—E. Y. Johnson, Warren, R. I.

Haverhill, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The church property of New York is valued at $38,443,000.

William D. Howells' wife says that her husband writes as a man saws wood.

Mrs. Cleveland is developing a remarkable memory for names and faces.

Lucy Stone predicts that a woman will be President of the United States in the year 2,000.

Judge Miracle is a candidate for the Supreme Bench in Iowa, and is said to be a very able and upright Judge.

The Protestants have three hundred churches in Italy, and the converts from Romanism are estimated to be ten thousand.

Frank W. Sherman, the young Brooklyn Catholic priest whose marriage to Tillie McCoy created a sensation recently, has been received in the Centennial Baptist Church, by baptism.

The Charlestown churches of all denominations have received large additions to their membership since the earthquakes, the Presbyterians alone having over one thousand new members.

Judge Sprain was appointed Postmaster at Big Springs, Ill., by President Jackson in 1834. He resigned the other day, and received a check for $170 for his fifty-three years of service.

"The Mercer Memorial Home for Disabled Clergymen of the Presbyterian Faith," without wives, and who do not use tobacco in any shape, at Ambler, Pa., is now ready for use. The property consists of several fine houses and 250 acres of farming land, besides horses, cattle, and farming utensils.

The committee of the "Official Year Book" of the Church of England states that the amount contributed for 1885 exceeds by about $2,000,000 the sum raised for church purposes in the preceding year. Over $8,000,000 have been voluntarily contributed in twelve months for the building or restoration of churches and parsonages and the endowment of benefices.

The Rev. E. F. Pember, Universalist, and the Rev. William Howe, modern evangelist, have arranged for a set-to at an early day. One is to prove in public debate that the entire human family will go to heaven, and the other that a portion of mankind is doomed to endless punishment. The fracas is to occur at a little village near Cincinnati, will be kept up four days, and the time will be divided into rounds of two hours each.

A new Jewish sect, calling themselves the New and Latter House of Israel, recently established their headquarters at Cheatham Hill, London, where they are building an immense temple which is to cost $250,000. The object is to provide a place where "the remnant" of the people of Israel—the 144,000 spoken of in the Book of Revelation—may gather together. About $80,000 has been expended in building operations, and the expenditure is at the rate of $50,000 or $70,000 a year.

Our preachers frequently throw away much time, thinks Sam Jones, on creed and doctrine and views. He is an Episcopal preacher; the effort of his life is to establish apostolic succession. Here is a good Presbyterian preacher; he is ringing the changes on final perseverance Sabbath after Sabbath, and perhaps more than half his crowd have never had anything to persevere on. Here is a Baptist preacher, ringing the changes on water, much water, and perhaps a large proportion of his crowd are going where they won't get a drop to cool their parched lips. And here is a Methodist preacher, ringing the changes on infant baptism. Brethren, baptize all the infants, and all the little infants in town asleep, and half the grown people going to hell.

In his account of a visit made to the holy land a year ago Canon Bell gives the following description of the garden of Gethsemene: "Its present condition," he says, "kills all sentiment and disappoints imagination. The garden across the brook Kedron has been inclosed by high walls, erected by the Franciscan monks, and has been planted with beds of marigolds and gillyflowers and margueritas, quite out of keeping with the solemnity of the place. On the inside walls, are painted the seven stations of the cross. Nor are you left alone to your own thoughts and meditations—a gardener follows you about, fearful lest you should pluck a leaf from the old trees. He was willing enough, however, to give us a few leaves for the usual 'backsheesh.' There are same venerable trees which are said to date from the time of Christ, and under one, so the gardener told us, our Lord agonized, and under another the disciple slept; a third was shown as the tree where Judas kissed him; and the fourth where Simon cut off the ear of the high priest's servant.

The Boston *Evening Gazette* talks plainly about the Rev. Samuel Jones. It says: "He is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones's motives and the reality of his religious fervor, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest, religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place, to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive."

One of the best signs of a truly enlightened conscience is to be found in our carefully guarding the reputation of others. Growth in grace is shown by saying little of their supposed faults, and by mentioning, as far as is consistent with truth, their commendable qualities. The good to be derived from a proper cultivation of charity toward all men is threefold—it benefits the erring person, giving him to see that there are those who have his welfare in view; it is also a benediction upon those who observe our charitable spirit, prompting them likewise to words and works of charity; and it always blesses the individual himself, leading him to practice self-control and self-renunciation in behalf of others. Christian forbearance is a wonderful educator. The Epistles are full of earnest teaching upon this subject. There is a divine reaction upon the soul that habitually cherishes this spirit. The only wonder is that it is not more generally practiced for its own sake. The sacred writings, however, do not urge this upon us as a mere sentiment; rather we are taught that charity is the genuine fruit of ripened Christian experience, and that it is always consistent with justice and truth.

A MONSTER APPARITION.

A Figure Resembling Stonewall Jackson Creates a Commotion in Lexington.

Much excitement exists at the Virginia Military Institute and throughout Lexington, Va., over an inexplicable phenomenon. The night of January 28th, shortly after 12 o'clock, as the sentinel was walking his beat, his attention was attracted through the sallyport to the front of the barracks by a slight sound resembling the rustling of leaves. Instantly between the two large forty-six -pound field pieces there appeared a soldier dressed in a Confederate uniform and mounted on a large gray horse. His sword was drawn, his horse tightly reined up, and two white plumes floated above his head. The sentinel, at first almost paralyzed with terror, had gazed upon the object but an instant, when the horse was started through the sallyport into the court-yard at a round trot, crossing the sentinel's beat, making no audible sound, although he was passing over a solid brick pavement. The sentinel challenged with a loud voice:

"Who goes there?"

The rider did not heed the challenge, but passed on at the same pace until, arriving at an abrupt, dangerous, and impassable precipice in the rear of the barracks, he vanished. The sentinel promptly called his corporal, who informed the Lieutenant of the Guard and Officer of the Day. The guard was immediately turned out, and, though a close and minute search was instituted, no trace of horse or rider could be found.

The next night a similar phenomenon was witnessed by a party of cadets and citizens. This time the sentinel was stationed in the centre of the sallyport to await the appearance of the horse and rider. At the same time as the night before, preceded by the same sound, the horse and rider appeared, and started through the sallyport at a great pace. The sentinel commanded:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The horse approached nearer and nearer to the sentinel until within two feet of the point of the bayonet and vanished, only to reappear just in the rear of the sentinel. Then he passed on in the direction he had taken the preceding night, again disappearing at the edge of the precipice. An old veteran present recognized the form of the rider to be none other than that of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. So far no explanation can be given.

A Remarkable Presentiment.

Miss Minnie Atkinson, sister of young Arthur A. Atkinson, who died near Jackson last Saturday night, has been an inmate and student at Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn., for two terms past, and only arrived home last night, upon receiving a telegram of the serious illness of her brother. She relates a most singular circumstance connected with the death of her brother as follows:

She was very much devoted to her brother Arthur, and had his picture with her, which she showed to her associates in college, and often spoke of the good qualities of her brother. One of the young ladies seemed smitten with the picture and asked to see it often. On last Friday this young lady was in company with Miss Minnie, and asked to see the picture. It was given her to look at, and after gazing at it intently a few minutes, she said:

"Isn't your brother dead?"

Of course the suggestion startled Miss Minnie, but she replied:

"No, he is not dead."

The young lady, still gazing at the picture, said:

"Minnie, your brother is dead."

Miss Minnie immediately went to the president and told him what had occurred, and begged him to let her go home at once. The president said it was a mere idle fancy of the young lady, and she ought not to let it trouble her mind, but to return to her room and think no more of it. She returned to her room, but could not shake off the impressions made by the predictions of the young lady, for she had a presentiment that it was true, and that she would receive a telegram confirming it. On Sunday morning she went to the president and told him that he ought to have let her go home yesterday, for she would receive a telegram to-day announcing her brother's serious illness. The president hooted at the idea, and again sent her back to her room. Soon after leaving the president on Sunday she received the telegram and at once made preparations for her journey home. Taking the south-bound train, the president and physician of the college accompanied her a portion of the way when Miss Minnie was intercepted by telegram from Winchester, Tenn., stating that the young lady who had foretold the death of Mr. Arthur Atkinson, in Jackson, was dead! The president and physician returned to Winchester, and Miss Minnie came on to Jackson, to find her adored brother a corpse. Taking the circumstances all together they form a mysterious and remarkable combination of facts.—*Jackson (Ga.) News.*

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For Sick Headache.

Dr. N. S. Read, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

A contemporary relates a pretty story about children. It was in a Sunday-school, and the rector had dropped in to ask the children some questions. Among others was the question: "Who fasted forty days?" to which the school shouted the correct answer. "But who else fasted forty days?" asked the rector, meaning Elijah, the prophet. At first there was a painful pause, and then one little shaver triumphantly replied, "Dr. Tanner." The answer broke the school up.

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A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, etc."—Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

The pastor of a Presbyterian church not far from New York the other Sunday asked a prospective teacher of his Sunday-school to give some texts from the Bible in favor of infant baptism. The young man replied that he did know of such texts, and went on to say that there was no more biblical authority for infant baptism than for the salvation of women. But he magnanimously added: "Both doctrines may be believed, however."

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night:"

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An aged and devoted minister of the Baptist denomination in a town in Lincoln county, Maine, was very much tried in his mind by the persistent use of tobacco by a brother in the church. So at last he said to the brother, calling him by name: "How would it look, my brother, if you was in heaven for the Lord to send an angel around after you with a mop to clean up the floor?" The good brother has never "chewed" since.

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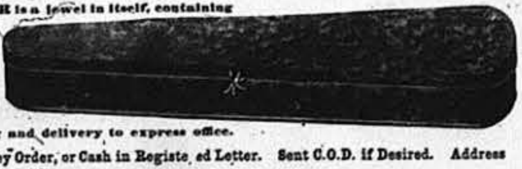

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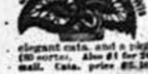
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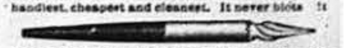

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dertone of imperfection as if the Olympian summit had an interior connection direct with Tartarus. Their whole theory and alleged aim and spirit were supramundane. But, as in some other bodies, I saw that this is the ideal which is at an infinite elevation above them. In the upper circle I discovered counter schemings for the prophet's mantle, and the prophet's seat of authority, and that this was a fertile source of mutual jealousy, suspicion, misrepresentation and of positive slander.

I began to see that the flame of their zeal for a spiritual creed, church and work, was fed by very material fuel; and that the natural emulation was just as active here as elsewhere, and with the same expression and result.

I found that the church here above all other churches had a material basis, prompter and inspiration. In other churches spiritual attainments are not supposed to have any necessary connection with any physical advantage. Rich men will there as everywhere, be flattered and honored; but that is not a part of the church creed, but rather against it, as indicated by James; and it is not considered that in joining the church anyone is to expect anything but spiritual benefits. It is otherwise in this new church. Its distinguishing feature is that it brings bodily (as well as spiritual) benefactions. For these, therefore, alone there will be a temptation to seek it, and some will hang around it, like mill-stones, with this end in view. Then, of course, as physical healing is a sign of being sound and spiritual, those who do most of it will get the most money, power and esteem over all others, whatever their genuine comparative moral and spiritual worth; and that, too, not against the creed from the infirmity of human nature, but by the help of the creed. Of all this striking and painful evidences have been already furnished. It will require great and wise fidelity and zeal on the part of the pastor and his coadjutors in the church to guard against this powerful and dangerous tendency. Its creed, indeed, contains an affirmation of requisite power to meet and supply all needs. This is the supreme comfort and hope of its adherents, and on this we must rely.

A friend of Mrs. Eddy, within a year of my acquaintance with her, inquired concerning the prospects after she should be gone. She replied, that was her only trouble. If she had but one competent man to whom she could commit the cause, she would be content, she said. For that one man she and all her most intimate and zealous disciples were anxiously looking and searching. Many good ministers had been invited into her class in the hope that they would turn out to be the divinely anointed ones for the office. But the true apostle had not yet appeared. Good men and able drew near, and smiled politely and then withdrew. For some reason, if desired by the work, they were not sufficiently attracted.

The great want was growing ever more urgent. This was the situation when I entered the new sphere. I was told that the opening and the prospect for me was very great, to be the second as founder of a new and great church, which would bring me great and immortal fame. I could write the memoirs of Mrs. Eddy and have the profits of them. Her book, she confidentially told me, was now yielding a net income of twelve thousand ($12,000) a year, and all would be mine as head of the great cause. Then there was the college; that, too, would devolve on me if I only should become thoroughly imbued with the spirit and letter of Christian Science. "And, then, you are so young," she coaxingly, flatteringly and tenderly added. (I was turned fifty.) There is no doubt that had I absolutely surrendered myself to her as the infallible and impeccable, I should have had a fat larder. All my temptations ran naturally in that direction. I was treated with much kindness and consideration so long as they could hope that I would be the Joshua to succeed the female Moses.

But for this very reason I had to be the more carefully watched and most faithfully tested and proved. Therefore, all the faithful must act the part of spies and inquisitors (without the thumb screw). Brave scouts were scattered and dispersed in every direction and every guise; and their reports of fact or fiction were regularly carried into "the college." Hence I had frequently to be subject to inquiry and correction that I might be made perfect. Certainly, if well borne, it was a sanctifying process. Still it was in the earlier period always performed with much consideration for me, and I was sincerely desirous to thoroughly understand them.

In the beginning I was also treated tenderly and delicately, as infants are fed with milk and not with solid food. The easier and more popular and palatable elements of the metaphysical theory were made conspicuous, while the less inviting features were scarcely exhibited; and at that period they were never uttered with the unequivocal and horrid emphasis which was subsequently given to them, and some of them were never clearly uttered at all. In the primary class when the book was as yet floating harmlessly at a distance from me, and nicely covered up, I was allowed to say with applause a good many things which afterwards were sinful. Now the entire system and dominant spirit began to take on a new aspect. The graces which sang and danced in the morning turned to horrid satyrs as the day wore on.

Up to this time I had perfect confidence in Mrs. Eddy. Many things conspired to justify this credence, while I was entirely ignorant of rebutting facts. As editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, I was her formal public champion, and I put some things at her dictation into print which I cannot now recall without shame, because they were cruel and slanderous, as I have since found, though at the time I imagined I was veraciously serving the cause of truth and righteousness, while she knew just what she was doing.

What first and all along disturbed me was the fanaticism of her disciples. They gradually began to insinuate that I did not sufficiently preach Mrs. Eddy. I went to her, and she soothed me, telling me not to mind such narrow incompetents. She was training and leading me on. She wanted to impress me at present that she was far above such fulsome requirements. I soon began to discover that they were only expressing her secret instigations; and even falling far short of her desires and demands. Many have hence naturally inferred that she is more reasonable than her followers. This is her designed public impression. I found that this was false, that she has always fostered secretly the extremest utterance and action. She has quarreled with every one of the very many editors she has had, because they were not willing to comply with her demands in constant flattery or devout homage of her, and in a corresponding virulent abuse of others; and her most intimate thrall and echo now has often had unpleasant scenes with her, because she could not go far enough in these lines. Mrs. Eddy has had to change her editors every few months. No one can long stoop sufficiently low.

Among the things which first struck me with foreboding and suspicion were the signs of a blind and malicious bigotry. I preached liberality from the first, as I could not do otherwise; the scientists held in as long as they could, till they thought I had advanced too far to retreat. Then their systematic depreciation of everything in God's universe before their time and outside of their circle began to be more freely ventilated. At length I felt called upon in open meeting to rebuke it. I told them God would not account it any honor to him to have it taught that he never did any good till they came on the stage.

My book of "Philosophical Realism" brought debate to a focus between me and the prophet herself. To me she was silent at first, and I heard only her echoes, not sure whence they came, till I went to her with them. Then she enjoined upon me to suppress the book. But on a subsequent interview she generously gave me liberty to sell it and to advertise it in the *Journal*, on which I proceeded to act.

But as ill luck would have it, an indiscretion speedily spoiled the prospective harmony. I received a letter from an esteemed correspondent, in which the writer said that "Philosophical Realism" would be of great benefit to Christian science and that he "had received from a two weeks' study of it more benefit than from eighteen months' study of Mrs. Eddy's book." A devoted disciple of Eddy's came in my study when I was reading the letter, and I injudiciously read it to him, as he was my colleague on the *Journal*. He went straight to Mrs. Eddy and told her of it. Now the fat was in the fire, and great was the crackling and the flame. That was the end of all amicable and hopeful intercourse. She wanted to know the author of the letter, but did not learn from me. Now advertisement in the *Journal* must be stopped. I must suppress the book ("which is full of error"), and at every cost. She offered me three thousand dollars to do it, and then withdrew the offer. She next said in general terms she'd make it good to me, and then withdrew that on the score that she would not offer me a bribe. I explained that my book was written for philosophers, not for her disciples and such as they, and could do them no harm.

She was inexorable. The book is all the more deadly for the truth it contains. It teaches the error that the ego is man instead of God; that belief is one of the forms of experience, in opposition to the truth that belief is nothing at all; that there is evil as well as good in man, who is God's perfect and immutable idea; and it teaches that evil is a subjective reality known to man, against the true doctrine that truth and good cannot know error or evil, and that to God and his perfect idea and reflection, man, evil must be unknown, as if non-existent, as it is. I told her that I differed with her on all those points, because they were neither science nor Christian. She then coaxed me with all a cunning woman's charm (of her years) to give up the book and all these errors for "my sake." "If you don't see it, just take my word for it and then you will see it." I replied that I would never surrender the keeping of my intellect and conscience to another; that "I had left the old orthodoxies for a larger freedom; and you would bind on my neck a yoke more galling than any of them; but I will not wear it."

It was after this she wrote me, as a reason for absolute submission of my intellect and conscience to her, a letter containing the following: "Yours is *human* philosophy. Mine is divine philosophy, *without a human* taint, that *cannot be misguided*." This was the knell of all confidence and hope. The writer of that I could never more respect or trust. Neither intelligence nor moral sense could co-exist with that in these days.

INDEPENDENT CRAYON PICTURES.

A New and Beautiful Manifestation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Six months ago, I gave your readers an account of independent slate writing through Dr. Henry Rogers of New York, making particular mention of one experiment that resulted in my obtaining writing upon slates which I had securely tide up in brown paper before bringing them to the medium, and which were not opened until after a message had been written upon one of them.

Under almost as crucial test conditions, I have recently received, through the same medium, a crayon picture, independently executed, of great artistic beauty and excellence. In the interest of truth I desire to make public the fact of this remarkable manifestation, together with the circumstances attending it.

The room in which the picture was produced was a small one at the end of a hall, having one door opening into the hall and another into a larger room. When the time appointed by Dr. Roger's guide for giving the picture had arrived, the door leading to the hall was locked, and I took possession of the key. I further fastened the door to the casing with large strips of sticking plaster, and wrote my name with pencil across these strips. I then thoroughly searched the room and found it contained nothing, but an empty secretary and an easel, the latter having upon it a large piece of white drawing paper tacked upon heavy card board. As this was the paper upon which the picture was to be produced, I examined it with critical care.

A corner was turned far down by the medium, and it was held up to the light, showing clearly that there was nothing concealed under the card board, or between the latter and the blank paper upon it. I also noted any slight peculiarity of the edges of the paper, and the exact position of the tacks, which were differently located on the two sides. A saucer, containing a small quantity of pulverized soft crayon was placed upon the floor under the easel.

Having expressed myself as satisfied with the arrangements, and every thing being in readiness, the light was extinguished in the small room, and we retired into the larger department, which was well lighted, drawing the plush portier or curtain across the doorway between the two rooms. Dr. Rogers, his wife and I, the only persons present, then seated ourselves quite near the curtain. The Doctor was immediately entranced by his guide Esmun, and, after a few words of greeting, arose and threw aside the curtain, thus revealing the easel and the drawing paper upon it, just as we had left it. He went to the easel, tore off a small piece from one corner of the paper and handed it to me. I distinctly saw the blank paper on the easel *with the corner off*. The entranced medium then took his chair into the small room, closed the curtain and remained inside. Mrs. Rogers and I reseated ourselves in the larger room. After sitting about half an hour, the medium, still entranced, drew the curtain aside for a few moments only, letting in but a ray of light, yet enough to enable us to see that there was a picture on the easel. Very gradually the light was thus admitted, it being explained that this was necessary to insure the permanency of the work. It was perhaps fifteen minutes before the curtain was fully withdrawn, permitting us to get a steady view of the picture. The medium then, with closed eyes, came into the room where we were, seated himself in a chair, and after a series of upward passes made by Mrs. Rogers, accompanied by vigorous shaking and slapping came out from the trance condition. I immediately entered the smaller room, took from my pocket the corner of the paper that had been torn off, as above stated, and found that its edges exactly matched those of the corner of the picture. This, with other marks of identification, made it certain to my mind that the picture before me was indeed on the identical paper that I had seen in a blank state at the beginning of the séance. I found the hall door fastened and sealed, just as I had left it. About two-thirds of the crayon in the saucer on the floor had disappeared.

The picture created in this marvelous manner is a large landscape (17 in. x 27 in.), very beautiful and of superior artistic quality. A river is represented, with hills upon either side. There are trees, rocks, bushes and grass, all beautifully executed. Upon a high bank or bluff at the left is seen a white mansion of curious but beautiful design, and bathed in soft light. Perhaps the most remarkable feature is the sky, so full of light, with delicate floating clouds, through some of which the light is just breaking with exquisite effect. The gentle movement of the water, with the reflections of tree, cloud and bank are very fine. The whole picture is very luminous, yet so soft and exquisitely modulated that the effect is very restful and pleasing. It has that subtle, ideal, spiritual quality only found in the best works of art. I have from my youth up lived in an art atmosphere, and have seen most of the best pictures by foreign masters that have been brought into this country. I feel, therefore, that I can confidently say that the work I have thus imperfectly described is one of very great artistic merit. I do not believe that any better work in black and white has been done in this country. I esteem it as an important and valuable addition to my collection.

The technique of the work is very interesting, and affords strong corroborative evidence of the genuineness of the manifestation. There is not a pencil mark in the picture, nor any indication of the use of hard crayon. Persons familiar with such work, and practiced in it, have told me that it would not be possible to secure such fineness of work with a stump and soft crayon. In fact, it would probably be impossible for an artist, however skillful, to make a copy of the picture and produce the same effect.

It is said by the guides of the medium that these pictures are made in spirit life, that the work of transferring them to the paper is almost instantaneous, and that by far the larger portion of the time taken at the séance is consumed in preparing and dissolving the necessary magnetic conditions.

Through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers, a number of crayon portraits of persons in spirit life have been made, under conditions similar to those herein described. These all have been recognized as likenesses by the persons for whom they came. In one instance, at least, there was no picture in existence of the subject when in earth-life. All exhibit great artistic skill and delicacy of execution.

Taking it for all in all, this is the most wonderful spiritual manifestation within my personal knowledge. Portraits, like those of Anderson, have been made before, but these were done through control of the medium's hand. Never before, I think, were pictures created of such large size and fine execution, without the touch of any human hand.

Dr. Rogers is about to take up his residence in Boston for a season, where it is to be hoped he will be as successful as in New York in giving these beautiful and comforting manifestations of spirit power.

New York. A. A. HEALY

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM. 181 Pearl Street, New York.

On Sunday, Feb. 20th, a collection will be taken up in all the Catholic churches in the United States for the benefit of all the colored and Indian missions under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

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UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.
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BOTTLES OF

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold, to Dec. 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been **REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.**

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure" and we can produce **100,000 TESTIMONIALS** to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales books will prove.

Boston, - - 1,149,122.

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Insp. Buffalo, N. Y.), in 1885 was suffering with a **skin humor like leprosy.** Could not sleep; was in great **agony.** For two years tried everything, without benefit. Was pronounced **incurable.** "Twenty bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure **completely cured me,** and to-day I am strong and well." (Feb. 5, 1885.)

Providence, - - 171,929.

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.), in 1884 began **running down with General Debility,** accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the body, with a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole organism. Was in **serious condition,** confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he says: "**I am completely restored to health** by its means."

Portland, Me., - - 441,105.

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Mo.), in 1871 was afflicted with **lame back, Rheumatism and Kidney trouble.** Consulted the very best physicians in San Francisco, and visited all the mineral springs there. Took a health trip to the New England States, but for a ten years **suffered constantly** from his malady, which had resulted in **Bright's disease.** After using a couple dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and two of SAFE *Pills*, he wrote: "My back and Kidneys are **without pain,** and, thank God, I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Remedies."

Bal. of New Eng., - 441,753.

MRS. J. T. RITCHEY (562 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) was a confirmed **invalid for eleven years,** just living, and hourly **expecting death.** Was confined to bed ten months each year. Was attended by the **best physicians** Her left side was **paralyzed.** Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with **female complaints;** but she was satisfied her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a **large stone** or calculus, and in Nov., 1885, reported, "**Am to-day as well as when a girl.**"

New York State, - 3,870,773.

Pennsylvania, - 1,821,218,

F. MAYER (1020 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.) afflicted with **tired feelings,** dizziness and pain across the back, and lost appetite. Was sallow and care-worn all the time. The doctors failing he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and reports, "**I feel like a fighting cock.**"

Chicago, - - 2,808,693.

MR. R. BROWN, (2221 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) injured his back from a **fall.** Was confined to his bed six weeks. The fall injured his **kidneys,** producing intense suffering Warner's SAFE Cure **restored his kidneys** to their natural condition, and he writes "I am now eighty years of age, **smart and active.**"

Detroit, - - 846,946.

MRS. THOS. SCHMIDT (Wife of the Vice Consul of Denmark, 69 Wall St., New York) reported that her little son, after an attack of **Diphtheritic Sore Throat** eight years ago, was afflicted with Bright's Disease in advanced form; by the advice of Gen'l Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co. Bankers, New York, she prescribed Warner's SAFE Cure, with the consent of the physicians, and reports, "the physicians say that he will be **perfectly well.**"

Milwaukee, - - 458,894.

MISS Z. L. BOARDMAN (Quechee, Vt.), in May, 1882, began to **bloat,** thence came **stomach trouble,** terrible **headaches,** and finally the doctor's opinion that it was **Bright's disease,** and **incurable.** Eventually she became nearly **blind,** pronounced by the doctors to be the **last stage** of Bright's disease. After having been under treatment by Warner's SAFE Cure for **one year,** she reported. "**I am as well as any one.**"

Minnesota, - - 648,017.

HON. N. A. PLYMPTON (Worcester, Mass.), in May, 1880, was prostrated by **Gravel.** Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure alone he **passed a large stone,** and subsequently wrote, "I have had **no recurrence** of my trouble since Warner's SAFE Cure **cured me.**"

Bal. N. W. States, - 1,767,149.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT
WARNER'S SAFE CURE.
The Most Popular Remedy Ever Discovered.

Cleveland, - - 682,632.

EX-GOV. B. T. JACOB (Westport, Ky.) was prostrated with severe **Kidney trouble** and lost 40 pounds of flesh. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he reports. "I have **never enjoyed better health.**"

Cincinnati, - - 873,667.

GEN. H. D. WALLEN (144 Madison Avenue, New York), **scarcely able to walk** two blocks without exhaustion, and, having lost flesh heavily, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure and says: "**I was much benefited by it.**"

Bal. Ohio, (State,) - 633,158.

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated; had **palpitation of the heart, intense pain in the head,** nervous disorder and **catarrh of the bladder.** She lost fifty five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, SAFE *Pills* and SAFE *Nervine,* and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight and was **restored to good health.** That was three years ago, and she is still in as good health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of **Chronic Diarrhea** of eighteen years standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Southern States, - 3,534,017.

C. H. ALLEN (Leavenworth, Kan.), son Edwin, two years of age, afflicted with **extreme case of Bright's disease,** and the doctors **gave him up.** By the advice of the doctor's wife, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and after taking seven bottles he is **perfectly well** and has had no relapse.

Canada, - - 1,467,824.

St. Louis, - - 1,530,527.

CAPT. GEO. B. WILTBANK (919 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.), prostrated in Central America, with Malarial Fever, caused by congestion of Kidneys and Liver. **Delirious** part of the time **Liver enlarged** one-third. Stomach badly affected. Could **hold no food;** even water was ejected. Using less than a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure he writes, "**I was completely cured.**"

Kansas City, - - 717,860.

MRS. (PROF.) E. J. WOLF (Gettysburg, Pa., Wife of the Ed. of the Lutheran *Quarterly*), began to decline with Pulmonary Consumption. (Over 50 per cent. of all cases of Consumption are caused by diseased kidneys.) **Despaired of living.** After a thorough course of treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure, she writes, "**I am perfectly well.**"

Bal. S. W. States, - 746,789.

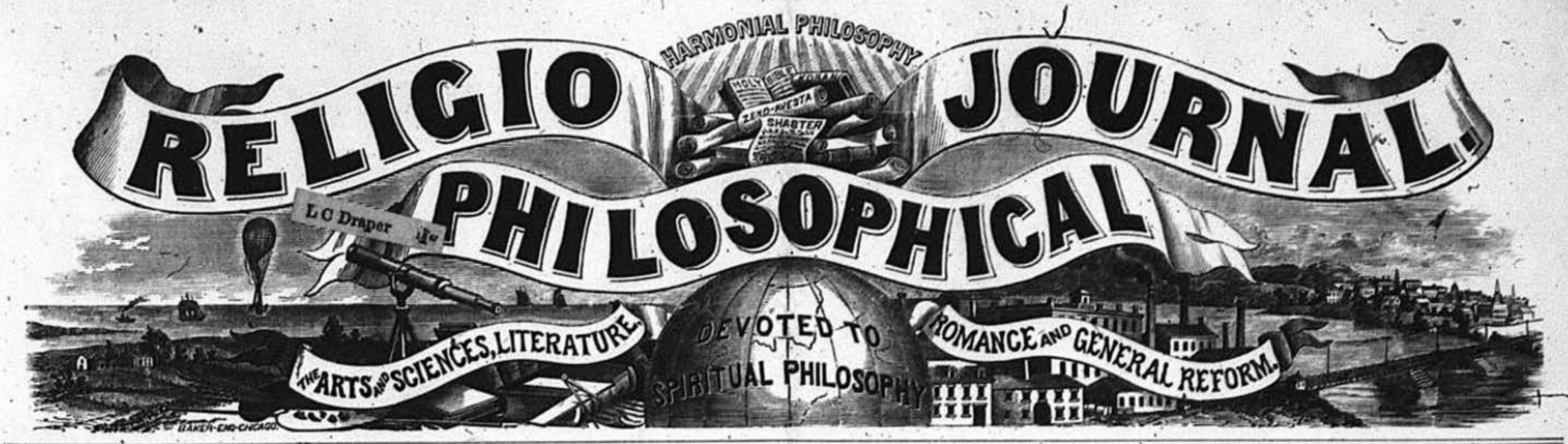
EX-SENATOR B. K. BRUCE (South Carolina), after doctoring for years for what he supposed was **Malaria,** discovered he was afflicted with **Sugar Diabetes,** and having obtained no relief whatever from his physicians, he began the use of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure, and he says: "My friends are astonished at my improvement."

San Francisco, - 1,242,946.

J. Q. ELKINS (Elkinsville, N. C.) suffered for ten years from **Gravel,** which attacked him **every 6 months.** He lost 45 pounds in three months, and his strength was **nearly gone.** After a thorough use of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure he reports, "**I am as well as I ever was,** after using fourteen bottles."

Bal. Pacific Coast, - 732,316.

☞ **Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, enclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourselves.**



RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1887. No. 1

L C Draper

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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"CAN SPIRITUALISM SPIRITUALIZE?"

REPLY OF MRS. E. L. WATSON,

—AT—

Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco,

TO A PAPER BY

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Lately Published in the Inter Ocean and Other Dailies,

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by G. H. Hawes.)

To every thinking mind it is patent that we are approaching a crisis in the history of religious beliefs. All along the path of man's intellectual development are strewn the broken idols of decaying faiths; but the seal of creative power is set upon the chaos of disintegrating creeds, and we can already see that the foundation stones are being laid for a new superstructure of spiritual hope and knowledge in the world. And it appears to me that Spiritualism has played a very important part in the revolution that has been going on in religious ideas. Scientific discovery within the last thirty years has no more than kept pace with the growing necessities of the intellectual man; and spiritual insight, complemented by psychical phenomena, has been marching side by side with discoveries in the realm of physics; and in consequence of scientific discoveries, the old faiths, founded not upon our knowledge of the natural world, but upon faint glimpses which men had of the facts of being, have felt the mighty shock of advancing thought.

You are all more or less acquainted with the history of the conflict between science and so-called religion, and know full well that wherever these two opposing forces, scientific discovery and ecclesiasticism, have met upon the battle field of human thought, nature, has triumphed, truth has won the victory, and error has been compelled to beat an ignominious retreat.

Spiritualism is now on trial before the world; but what we call Spiritualism is not just born. Since the first man died there has been a perturbation in the spiritual realm of thought, which signified the presence of some power, the nature of which remained undetermined until the last half century. Spiritualism has its origin in the nature of man, is based upon the facts of human nature, and is predicated upon the law which unites the visible and invisible worlds of intelligence.

I have said that Spiritualism is on trial before the world. The time has come when our religious beliefs must either be based on facts or they must go with the rest of that mass of errors which has laid like a horrible nightmare upon the hearts of men. Spiritualism either comes bearing the torch of truth which is to restore man's primal faith in God and prove that man's religious hope is founded in fact, or it is an *ignis fatuus* that has been misleading the millions for these past few years, and must be quenched in the common sense of humanity.

I believe the spiritual phenomena to be the alphabet of a new vocabulary of human hope; the revival of religious aspiration! so true, so natural, so sufficing in its revelations that it can successfully stem the icy tide of materialism, which has threatened to engulf in eternal darkness the dearest treasures of the human heart.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in a lengthy article published in the *Inter Ocean*, asks Spiritualists, "What is it that you offer us?" She, the brilliant authoress of "Gates Ajar," answers: "Simply the most stupendous thing in life; the grandest hope, the deepest faith, the dearest expectations, the firmest support." . . . "Who of us would not forego every lighter faith to believe that death has invented a vocabulary for the broken heart? "Which of us would not lay down life itself to know that we had yesterday spoken with the darlings of our souls, dead years ago?"

Oh! to be able to solve this mystery which weaves its jetty network about us and drags from our embrace the dearest treasures of the human heart! This "last great enemy of man," which frowns on the cradle where sleeps the rosy infant, stands threateningly in the path of aspiring youth, lays its heavy hand upon maturity, and plunges into the voiceless tomb the venerable forms of age. "What is it," asks Miss Phelps, "that you Spiritualists offer to the world as proof of the stupendous truths you claim to command?" And we are straightway introduced, in rather a flippant style, to what one is led to infer is the ordinary séance room where we claim to establish communication between the living and the so-called dead. She says: "You invite into some dingy or tawdry district of the nearest town, up flights of dubious stairs at the foot of which a guest sensitive to the conveniences of life may well pause and ponder on the reputability of his errand to the séance rooms of your celebrated medium. The environment to begin with is barely respectable; every detail in the rooms indicates the absence of refinement or of education; the appearance of the medium does not help the matter any. She receives us in a darkened room, and proceeds immediately to fall into what seem to be the premonitory symptoms of epilepsy, but what prove to be normal conditions of the voluntary trance. After a clammy and repellent prelude of some moments, in which our main emotion is a desire to get rid of the touch of her more or less spirituelle hand, she proceeds to fulfil her awful errand as the interpreter between the living and the dead. Breaking into a curiously unpleasant falsetto voice, she lets loose a cataract of 'communication' upon her customer; a clergyman behind a pulpit, or a physician in his consulting room gives no less quarter to the listener. She plies us with shrewd personal questions; he needs be well on his guard who would not make her the gift of his history and not know that he had been so generous. She catches at every thistle down. She is alert to every breath. Not a tone escapes her. If the room were not dark one would say not a blush escapes her, nor the quiver of an eyelash, nor the uncontrollable or unconscious expression that looks out like a spirit in prison from the bars of the inner eye. She is in short a skilled lawyer, or she is no medium.

"Be it acknowledged that she is more than this. Strange questions leap from her wily lips; they are beyond wiliness; startling disclosures follow in her shrewd voice; they are above shrewdness. Words that make the blood rush to the heart embody themselves in her politic accent; they are without the pale of policy. The names of our dead, the circumstances of bereavement, the peculiarities of family history, the nature of one's cruel anxiety or remorse—perhaps the secret of one's heart—this stranger whom we never saw before, and may never see again, who knows not our face, or names, or social ties, or anything whatsoever that is ours—such things she tells us, heaven knows how. Thousands of intelligent 'investigators' can testify to these facts; they are beyond dispute, whatever they mean, if they mean enough to be worth dispute."

This is the description that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps offers us of the ordinary séance room. We admit that in the ranks of our spirit mediums there are just such creatures as our fair writer describes. We admit that some of our mediums live on alleys, up back stairs, in scarcely respectable quarters; that the surroundings of many are rather repulsive, and that not all of them show signs of refinement, either in their dress or external belongings. We admit that many of them are uncultured; and, it may be, of rather coarse grain; that some of them are sharp featured and lawyer-like, and rather impress one as not altogether honest when we come into their presence.

But I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, the greater majority of whom have had some experience with spiritual mediums, if the picture is not rather overdrawn when we are left to infer that this is a type of the majority of spirit mediums? Will you not admit that on the other hand there are hundreds of mediums who have refined homes and who are reputable men and women; no more likely to enter unholy places than are any of you, and who by their simplicity, their delicacy of conduct, their pure countenances and their self-evident honesty of purpose, invite our confidence?

Will you not also admit that Spiritualism is not the first faith which has had an unworthy following? Has not every religious belief been endorsed and professed by men and women whose moral status was low, whose reputation for veracity was not first class? Even the "Master" with all his insight, his profound knowledge of those with whom he came in contact, which enabled him to read the thoughts of friend and enemy alike, chose for one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot! Every religious faith has had this sort of following, and that there are unworthy instruments of the angel powers we readily admit.

But Miss Phelps declares she would be willing to lay down life itself to obtain knowledge of the dead ones gone. Then surely it is not too great a sacrifice to put off one's prejudices against the coarse belongings of human beings; not too much to ask that for a little season you shall breathe the air even of poverty and sin, if so be it there should be a medium in the humble dwelling who could give you facts concerning these darling dead, and prove the truthfulness of her claim to be able to communicate with the invisible world. It is not too much to ask that you will put aside, for the time being, the popular notion of what is respectable, and listen lowly to the message which comes from the pale lips of the seeress as she unrolls to you the history of all that you have been and all that you have done; describes to you some lost friend so minutely that you cannot deny the verity of all she utters; evinces a preternatural knowledge of events in the life of the so-called dead and their relationship with yourself, who are totally unknown to the medium in her normal state.

Miss Phelps admits that a spirit medium, even in a disreputable quarter, may do as much as this. Then can you not forego the luxuries of your physical existence for a little time and listen reverently at the feet of this angel of the new revelation?

We admit the full force of all that Miss Phelps says in this article concerning the séance room, dark circle, the cabinet, the charlatanism, the fraud and the folly which is connected with Spiritualism, but she failed to show us the other side of the picture, and would have us believe it is only the scarcely respectable women who are mediums; and that only those in poverty and ignorance claim the power to communicate with the dead. Whereas, the fact is, mediums are scattered all over the world, and are confined to no peculiar class or condition. Mediumship has sprung up in every quarter of the globe; near to the throne of kings; in the presence of the highest office in the gift of this Republic; in senatorial chambers, in legislative halls, in the inner sanctuaries of colleges and seminaries, as well as in thousands of happy, private homes; and mediums are not isolated men and women without the ordinary human ties, but are wives and mothers, husbands and fathers, gray haired women and little children.

All over this land, in the churches, in the ranks of the infidels and the atheists, among the faithists, fanatics and orthodox Christians, has come this power of mediumship, which simply signifies a sensibility to spiritual intelligence; the power to see, hear and feel what, in the ordinary course of human events, is invisible and impalpable. Mediumship establishes the fact of other senses than those which belong to the physical organization, proving that there is a link between the ordinary human life and the supersensual; between the spiritual intelligence in the body and the flood of spiritual intelligence which flows through the portals of the grave. This is mediumship, and if Miss Phelps has become acquainted with our literature, she knows that among our mediums, as well as our advocates and believers, there are numbered scientists, philosophers, ministers of the gospel, judges, lawyers and physicians, and that to hold communication with our darling dead in this day and age of the world does not always necessitate our climbing back stairs and talking with a scarcely respectable woman across a dining room table. But on the contrary, in the glory of the noonday sun have been produced the phenomena of Spiritualism which indicate the presence of an intelligent power outside of the human organism; the clairvoyant eye without the aid of darkness, nor yet the light of this world, has penetrated the mysteries of death and phenomena of a physical character have been produced under absolute test conditions which proved beyond a peradventure the fact that there were present the souls of departed friends who could signal us across the river of death and assure us that with them all was well.

The history of Spiritualism is the history of religious progress; for these communications are not all commonplace platitudes; are not all of a personal character or of a trivial nature; but with the established and certified identity of the disfranchised soul, there have come communications which, in their import, have sapped the very life of the old theologies. Thousands of these communications bear the stamp of the intelligence from which they claim to come, and have undermined literally ancient ecclesiastical institutions, so that to-day you could not get a respectable body-guard of men who are willing to stand up and advocate the dogmas of the fall of man, total depravity and eternal damnation. They have grown ashamed of these God-dishonoring, man-belittling doctrines, and are either openly or in secret adopting the spirit-taught truths of—not a supernatural and miraculous immortality and redemption for the soul, but a natural spiritual evolution by which the physical limitations of the soul are yielding to the propelling power of intelligence, and humanity is being carried forward, not only here in the body, but there in the supersensual realm, onward and upward to new conditions of joy and beauty.

When Miss Phelps criticises the manner of our communications and the medium through which they come, after admitting that through all this web of fraud and folly there runs a golden thread of truth, she gives us a strong weapon of defence, for we can with reason ask: Are we to stand back and bicker over the form or quality of the vessels which are to carry the pure waters of hope and faith and spiritual knowledge to the parched lips of countless human souls?

It is admitted that if we can prove our premises, we have to offer the world "the most stupendous thing in life, the grandest hope, the deepest faith, the dearest expectations." If through the lips of a pale woman clothed in rags, living in poor quarters, I obtain facts concerning a dead friend, which I know are beyond the power of mortal to disclose, I care not for her surroundings; does it concern me that she has had moral lapses, save as she is my sister whom it should be my earnest desire to help? Should I not, instead of grudging her the two, three, or five dollars which she charges as compensation for her time, say to her: "For this great life-draught which you have given to me from your little gourd of physical existence, I will help you to more comfortable conditions; take off these filthy rags; nothing is too good for you henceforth; let me take you to a decent home; let me give you bread to eat, soft clothes to wear; let me surround you with conditions that are fitting your great gifts!"

Miss Phelps says to the Spiritualists of the world, now is your chance; the best you have ever had, the best you are likely to have; and if it is true that you have a gift so glorious to give to the world, then become worthy of it; purify your altars—they need it; turn off your paid mediums; let no mercenary consideration be connected with this sublime faith. Come out of your corridors and attics, turn on the gas, etc., etc.

Is this practicable? Is it just? Let us go to the bottom of the question. What does Miss Phelps mean when she talks of our "paid mediums" as belonging to an unworthy class of human beings? Is it desecrating the altars of our faith for mediums to charge an admission to their circles as remuneration for the time they bestow upon those who seek the truth? Do you know, my dear Miss Phelps, and all others who raise this objection, that mediums are human beings, obliged to eat, drink and wear clothes and to have shelter like yourself? You do not go to any artisan and demand his hours of toil without expecting to recompense him. But, forsooth, because the medium has so great a gift to give, she must be denied the necessaries of life, and must give along with her spiritual fact, her time and strength as well, without compensation! Would it make your Christian religion any the better if your ministers were all beggars? Is the fact that there is no death any the less awe-inspiring because it is proven through men and women whose time is valuable? And if we occupy their precious time in communion with departed friends, would we feel that we were worthier, more "respectable," had higher relations with the unseen, were we to withhold some poor equivalent, than though we dealt in a simply just manner with the instruments of the angel world? No, no, my fair objector, it will not do! Even Jesus of Nazareth needed his Marthas and Marys to wait upon him, and though he carried no scrip and sometimes had nowhere to lay his head, still this was cause for moaning even from the lips of the divine man.

Certainly it would be cause for complaint on the part of mediums if those to whom they minister were not willing to provide them with the common necessaries of life.

Yes, our altars need purifying. We admit the fraud and folly of which Spiritualism is so continuously charged, but we also affirm that there is a winnowing process going on; the tares are being separated from the wheat, the good grain is being freed from the chaff; our mediums are submitting to scientific tests; many of them show evidences of high mental development, keen moral perception, and a sense of justice, which is lacking many times on the part of their converts. And we must not forget that the chemist makes his own conditions for experiment in the presence of the would-be learner. The most celebrated astronomer, with the best telescope in the world, cannot show you Jupiter at noon-tide!

I have a little story to tell you of one of these "poor" mediums, poor according to worldly estimates, but rich in the truest sense of that word which covers a multitude of sins; rich in spiritual gifts, rich in tender sympathies that at least occasionally bubbled from a fresh, young heart. I refer now to the young medium who has lately left your city, John Slater, who from another rostrum gave you from Sunday to Sunday many tests of spirit presence. There was a lady not unknown to some of you who had lost many friends, and much money, as well, and possessed scarcely the common comforts of life; but the hunger of the heart is more imperative in its demands than the hunger of the flesh, and this poor woman yearned to hear from her darling dead. She heard of the wonders that were being wrought by John Slater; and she said to herself, "whether I have bread to-morrow or no, I will go and see if it is possible for him to break this awful silence between myself and the dear ones gone."

She had a little clock which was one of the last remnants of better days, which she secretly pawned for five dollars and straightway went to the séance room to have a sitting with John Slater; to see if the voices that were hushed in the grave would come and speak to her again; to see if some token could be given to her from the dear departed; and sitting there a total stranger, this young man, poured forth a volume of pure revelation to this poor woman; relating facts concerning the dear ones gone; giving names and descriptions of the dead, and with them tender messages that filled her heart brimful of joy; so that had she been without food on her return to the little shelter she would still have felt rich, for lo! her heart's treasures were found again. And when she took out the little purse with one shining coin to give to this medium in return for the hour or two of his precious time, he gently dropped it back into the purse and said, "No, no, Madam, keep your five dollars and go and redeem the little clock." And this last word to her was a revelation of her most secret act, which she would have scarcely confessed to a friend! The dear ones on the other side had felt her yearnings; had read the thoughts she had whispered unto herself; had followed her footsteps to the pawnbroker; had seen her part with the little jewel of a clock; knew how much she yearned to hear from them, and they put this knowledge into the heart of this young medium, and with it the generous impulse to restore to her the golden coin, and so leave her richer than when she came—yes, richer a hundred fold.

And all over the world just such things as these have occurred. But they are very foolish and trivial, you say. "If my dear ones break the silence of death, shall they simply say, 'I love you! I live!'—break the awful secrets of the sepulcher just for that? Have you nothing more to say to me, O ye austere and august dead?"

What more does the yearning heart require than just to know that they are safe, and that the light of love still burns on? But there is more than this coming from the Spirit-world. But when you go to meet your friends at the séance room, you go for evidence that they live; and if they were there to discourse to you upon mighty themes, were they to philosophize and theorize, tell you of distant worlds and unlock the treasures of the deepest thought of man, what were that for the masses of mankind? The Spirit-world adapts itself to our necessities, good friend, and two-thirds of the human race needs these common-place messages at which Miss Phelps curls her lip in scorn. What was it that gave to "Gates Ajar" such fame, such welcome? What has crowned our authoress with fadeless laurels? Simply this,—she gave the world a more natural, beautiful and consistent idea of the future state. And if she be not a Spiritualist, (and she declares she is not) I affirm that she is a medium, or, at least, that she has admitted in "Gates Ajar," and "Beyond the Gates" the best and sweetest claims of modern Spiritualism, and that she has borrowed from our vocabulary to paint her precious pictures "Beyond The Gates;" that it was from our philosophy she gathered up the golden threads with which she has woven these charming tales of human spirits stripped of gross flesh and welcomed to higher states of being. Shall we deny ourselves the treasures of history, poetry and philosophy because we are unacquainted with the Latin tongue? Shall human hearts hunger for the bread of life and be allowed to starve because they are not prepared for greater things than love and pleasant dreams of sweet reunions beyond the grave?

Miss Phelps asks us, "If these things be true, if you believe them, if you know them, then what of it? Are you a better man, are you a nobler woman, is life more pure and death more dignified?" I answer yes, a thousand times, yes! No one can sound the depths of modern Spiritualism without their whole nature undergoing a revolution for the better. No one can get even the faintest glimpse of the facts of modern Spiritualism without feeling, as they never felt before, the dignity of human nature and the sublimity of death.

What is death in the light of the old theology? A curse inflicted upon all humanity in revenge. For what? A woman's appetite for apples! Theologically considered, death is simply a trial-ground from which the believer in the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ is sent straight to heaven, a place of aimless rest,—barring the playing upon harps and the waving of palm-branches. On the other hand, the unbeliever is sent direct to a place of indescribable woe in punishment for that which is beyond human choice, for no man believes or disbelieves because he chooses or does not choose; he believes and disbelieves according to the evidence. This is death in the light (or darkness rather) of the old theology.

To the Spiritualist, instead of death being a trial-ground from whence souls, irrespective of their merits, are sent to heaven or to hell, it is a highway out of physical environments into wider and loftier levels of spiritual, intellectual and moral endeavor. Instead of being a narrow passage to a contemptible heaven or to an indescribable condition of misery, it is a process of individual evolution toward a higher state of existence, still held within the range of natural law, still under the reign of the sovereign good, with new opportunity still in reach, still challenged by nature on every side to grow into higher conditions of happiness.

How this dignifies life here and now! How surely it gives new courage! The old faiths said to you that this little span of earthly life determines whether you are to be happy or miserable; there is a personal devil in the world, going up and down seeking whom he may devour, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he gains the victory and drags humanity down to the deepest woe. But Spiritualism declares that God is the natural life of the world; that every human soul is precious in the sight of God, and that the least atom is never lost, but is continually and economically readjusted; and that the human soul continues on and on in processes of readjustment and renewing relations.

What is this earthly life? It is a cradle in which the infant soul is rocked, presided over by our one grand mother, Nature. Ah! how beautifully this infant soul is prepared for the new state into which it shall pass after death! There is no irrevocable wrong, no irremediable woe. God's ministering angels are more numerous than his devils; the good is more powerful than the bad; and the spiritual philosophy reveals us as already in the presence of the heavenly world; the possibility

(Concluded on Eighth Page.)

CAN SPIRITUALISM SPIRITUALIZE?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps discusses this question in an article furnished to a syndicate of leading newspapers. She, having written "The Gates Ajar" and other like books, the managers of these journals probably supposed her well versed in the subject, and competent to tell the truth fairly. In one or the other of these suppositions, they were mistaken. She is either ignorant and, therefore, incompetent, or she does not fairly tell what she knows, and is, therefore, still less competent. Some correct and candid statements in this strange article only serve to add weight to others which are not so, and thus make its effect, as a whole, mentally and morally confusing and unreliable. It is a one-sided and unfair presentation of the matter. We have a parade of the human imperfections of Spiritualists, and an ignoring of the power, excellence and beauty of character also found among them. We are treated to a flippant discussion of imperfect methods of investigation, while the skill, care and critical thoroughness of a goodly company of eminent investigators are utterly ignored. Moral delinquencies are charged, but moral integrity is not thrown into the balance.

A poor lot, sadly lacking in character and capacity, some honest and intelligent persons among them just waking up to the need of common sense and better methods, is about her estimate of the Spiritualists. Crazy stairs leading to dark and musty rooms, where shabby people hear nonsense from mediums in some epileptic condition, and where fraud and folly rule, are described, and, indeed, it is implied that only in such wretched places can Spiritualism be investigated; but no word is written of the hundreds of séances attended by cultivated and high-minded persons, who thus visit private mediums of the best character and the finest gifts, who act without fee or reward, or of many sacred experiences in excellent families.

She asks if "cultivated thought" is about to make its "first reasonable impression on the unfortunate conditions which have hitherto controlled the facts and phantasies of mysticism?" Had Alfred Wallace and Victor Hugo, Judge Edmunds and Garrison and Alice Carey, no "cultivated thought," or "reasonable impression," or methods of investigation? She is careful to ignore such Spiritualists that she may be sure to take us up creaky stairways to snuffy women who pretend to be mediums. Is this fairness or decency? Or is she deplorably ignorant of what she tries to discuss? No high name or fame can justify such a method of presenting this matter, nor should they shield whoever stoops to such poor ways from plain criticism.

Like all human movements Spiritualism has its glory and its shame; she portrays the latter, and from that infers what the great movement is. Let me adopt the same method toward the orthodox Congregational Church, in which her father is a clergyman, and I could make a poor showing of folly, ignorance and evil ways. But would it be just? Would it give any true conception of what that sect has been or is?

Had she said: "Among Spiritualists there have been scholars of eminence, careful thinkers, critical scientists, men and women of high integrity, who have investigated the matter with care and skill, and courteously asked others to join them. There have been, too, those of more enthusiasm than judgment, of poor manners and loose morals,—like the dissolute Corinthians who made Paul trouble; like the wild anabaptists of Luther's day; like others who have gathered around great religious awakenings in different lands and ages, when a new life in the air stirred to activity not only the spiritual nature of man, but the zeal and passions of those poor in spirit. These last are growing less conspicuous now, as they did in the past. The light which dazed their poor eyes shines more clearly for others. The truth gains, as it did with Paul and Luther. Let us encourage those who have proved true and wise in their efforts to find that truth. Let us urge them to be faithful, as they have been, and even more vigilant and unsparing in exposure of fraud and folly." Such a statement would have been fair and faithful. But she parades the folly and weakness, and is well-nigh silent as to the higher aspects of the matter, which are larger, and not less than those which she dwells on.

Some of your contributors have treated this article so ably as to make a long review of its contents needless. Its shallow tone and false method make it of no real value—only a hindrance to the truth and a discredit to its author, a woman who has said and done much that is worthy of commendation, and who will probably live to deeply regret this unworthy effort.

One more statement I wish to quote: "It seems to me," she says, "that honest and intelligent Spiritualists do not clearly understand how glad the rest of the world would be to believe their doctrine, if it could." I think we know quite well that an increasing number of persons have this awakened interest and desire, and that this has been brought out by the efforts of Spiritualists and mediums and the constant but invisible coöperation of the Spirit-world, but we "clearly understand," from long and wide observation, that a multitude are still in such mood that they would be about as glad to believe in Spiritualism as the Pharisees and Sadducees in old Jerusalem, or Pilate signing the death-warrant of Jesus, or the Romans who imprisoned Paul were to believe in the Christianity which they despised and persecuted. Let Miss Phelps ask Andover Theological School what it is, and "The Devil" would probably be the grave answer of pious professors.

We gain, and our truth will conquer, but "the rest of the world" is not ready to see and know of this matter. Bigotry and prejudice blind millions of eyes and harden millions of hearts, but Miss Phelps puts on the air of a censor and grave adviser, and really hints that the Spiritualists are most to blame because they fail to present their case in a respectable way to the popular religionists and scientists, who would be glad to believe our report were it not so shabbily made.

As well blame Paul, and put the doubting Sadducees above him in candor and readiness to see spiritual things.

Her word is: "Come out into the upper air from your dens and fens. Faith is not nonsense. Inspiration is not hysteria. It is possible for belief in the unseen to be respectable.... Make it respectable to be a Spiritualist and you will have no shirkers." All this as though she were lecturing a body of people in dens and fens, destitute of respectability or character. Really this reaches impertinence. It would not be difficult to find a thousand women in Boston as womanly in the high sense as Miss Phelps is held to be, who are Spiritualists. Does she herd them with the ignorant and vulgar whom she justly criticizes? She says: "Give us something that scholars and devout women can take hold of." Here again is the assumption that we have not yet done so—an assumption born of ignorance or prejudice. Books fit for the best scholars, poems and discourses worthy the reverent thought of devout women, have been given to the world by Spiritualists, and have had wide reading and rejoiced the souls of the really devout. In many libraries they stand beside her "Gates Ajar." Plain criticism is welcome, but this indiscriminate and unjust depreciation is unworthy the good name which Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has well earned.

On good authority I learn that her grandfather, Rev. Eliakim Phelps, D. D., of Stratford, Ct., was a Spiritualist. I have been so informed by those who had the statement from him. I know that he had strange experiences which came to him at his Stratford home, unsought and undesired, as such things often do and as mediumship usually does.

Calvin Stebbins, of Wilbraham, Mass., my uncle, married a sister of the first wife of Dr. Phelps, the grandmother of Miss Phelps, and the two men were close friends for long years. Reading "Men, Women and Ghosts," one of the books written by Miss Phelps, I find there the very incidents told to my uncle by her grandfather as having occurred at his home, and told me by that uncle soon after—about 1847—the cedar closet, clothes in shape of corpses, the boy tied in a tree, for instance.

No one could have written such books as hers without some knowledge of Spiritualism. She says she is not a Spiritualist. Her right not to be is undoubted, and this article shows such want of comprehension, or of candor, on the subject as to make her position plain enough. It is to be hoped that she may reach clearer sight and broader view.

Detroit, Mich. G. B. STEBBINS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

BY PROF. W. H. CHANEY.

I had just read in the JOURNAL of Feb. 5th, the notice copied from the *Banner of Light*, together with the editorial remarks regarding the experience of Wm. R. Tice and his wife with Mrs. Ross, an alleged materializing medium, when I picked up the morning paper and read an account of the detection of this same Mrs. Ross, who had four boys and a little girl concealed to aid in the "show." Presumably this little girl is the same "young miss" seen by Mr. Tice, and the touch of whose fingers was "cold and moist," as would naturally be supposed of a new made body which had not been allowed time to get warm and dry. Now, if Mr. Tice, a man endorsed as "a careful, fair and painstaking observer, always cool and keenly observant, his statements entitled to great consideration," could be so imposed upon, what deception might not be played upon credulous persons who seem incapable of scientific investigation?

Can spirits materialize? I consider this still a mooted question and one that is now injuring the cause of Spiritualism far more than the opposition of its worst enemies. According to the opinions of some of our most deep-thinking scientists, friendly to the cause of Spiritualism (for such men cannot swallow theology), spirit materialization is a contradiction of terms, just as much as to talk about a square circle; and furthermore, that it is a scientific impossibility, just as much as it is to make a self-propelling engine. But I do not propose entering upon a discussion of the subject at this time, my object being to make some suggestions.

Admitting that materialization is a fact, there is no denying that the deceivers and unscrupulous scoundrels who go hippodroming through the country have been the means of bringing great reproach on Spiritualism, for since their tricks are exposed as frauds, and materializations seem to be the most marvelous of all manifestations, it is very natural for the public to conclude that all manifestations are of the same kind. Then this conclusion is greatly aided by the fact that in every instance when the alleged spirit has been "grabbed" it has proved to be either the medium or one who belonged to the "show." Furthermore, I have never heard of a single case of materialization where the proof was any clearer than it has been in favor of the impostors until they get caught. There was Mrs. Bennett, in Boston, the cultured, the esthetic, the Athens of America and hub of the universe, who was so successful in her deceptions that even skeptics were convinced. I never heard of any case of materialization where the proofs were so strong in its favor as in her case, and she was smart enough to keep up the farce until she and her husband (?) made over fifty thousand dollars, chiefly from the aristocracy of that enlightened city. I am glad they were swindled, for they would allow a poor medium, honest and sincere, to starve in their midst while they gave their shekels to a vile impostor. The most unfortunate feature in the case was that scores of mediums, clairvoyants, psychometrists, etc., went to see the Bennett and pronounced the manifestations genuine. Yet now, every one of those mediums, etc., will declare, "I always knew that Mrs. Bennett was a fraud." Probably the same has been the case with Mrs. Ross, for such is human nature. The very worst enemies of Robert Fulton, the men who taught the boys to hoot at him on the street and shout, "Fulton, the fool! Fulton, the madman!" were among the first to grasp his hand when he had demonstrated that a ship could be propelled by steam, and joyously exclaim, "I always said you would succeed!"

Here is another consideration which is a great stumbling block. Intelligent Spiritualists who doubt materialization declare that when the time comes, if it ever does, for spirits to materialize and talk with mortals, they will do it in a manner similar to that pursued by Edison, whose discoveries and inventions, marvelous as they have been, are above the suspicion of trickery. Unlike Edison, was Paine, of Worcester, Mass., who pretended to have discovered a method for making gas from water. Boston was delighted. Capitalists pooled their money and offered the "water-gas man" thirty thousand dollars if he would demonstrate to a Boston chemist and a New York chemist that the gas was actually made from water. I forget the name of the "hub" chemist, but remember that Paine satisfied him, and great was the rejoicing of the capitalists as they punched each other in the ribs and closing one optic, looking as wise as owls, murmured: "I told you so! I told you so!" Then Prof. B. F. Greenough (he was a very dear friend of mine), the New York chemist, made his investigations, when lo! a compartment adjoining the cabinet—beg pardon—a compartment connected with the boiler where the water was distilled was discovered, which contained oil. By turning a carefully concealed screw the oil would escape into the boiling water and at once materialize—no! I mean the oil would be converted into gas by the heat. The Boston chemist drew water from his own hydrant; carried it there himself; saw that the boiler was empty and dry; poured in the water; watched it every moment; witnessed the rush of gas through a pipe; applied a match and saw it burn. To him these were test conditions and highly satisfactory. Not so to Prof. Greenough. He had experimented in the same way until satisfied that the process was a scientific impossibility. Then, of course, it must be a trick, and unlike the Boston chemist, he gave all his thoughts to discovering the trick. Greenough was like those who detected the deceptions of the Bennett and Ross; the Boston chemist, like the dupes who believe materialization to be true, and never insult the medium by suspecting fraud and collusion. Another man, the opposite of Edison, is Keeley, who has discovered a way to generate a power so terrific that no machinery can stand it. He stays in his cabinet and is able to materialize such an immense stock of credulity that his dupes put in their money by the tens of thousands. He is too smart to get caught by a "grabber," like "Paine, the water-gas man."

Whenever materialization can be demonstrated as clearly as Morse and Edison have demonstrated their inventions, then no person will think of resorting to argument to prove it. As it is, we have nothing but the declarations of persons who are believers in the manifestations, and no matter how intelligent they may be in other matters I consider them incompetent to judge in cases where just such manifestations, or even better, have been produced by the hippodromes. Strange that no Spiritualist of scientific attainments, not a believer in materialization, has ever been permitted to witness the phenomena. On the contrary, the showmen are careful to guard their doors against the admission of all such. One of the most notorious of materializing mediums is Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, who has been "grabbed" many a time when playing the role of ghost, but she still numbers her dupes by the hundred. I know something of her antecedents and certainly they are not to her credit. She was the wife of C. P. Crandall, formerly editor of the *Statesman*, published in Salem, Oregon, where I lived for several years. She was a private medium there nearly twenty years ago, and John Hawkins, a stanch Spiritualist and patron of the JOURNAL, told me that he and his wife caught her tricking in a private circle, in 1872. I have nothing to say against her private character, but consider her public acts fit subjects for criticism. A separation from her husband occurred. He went to Washington and held a clerkship there for many years. She went to California and called herself Mrs. Crindle instead of Crandall. Since then her career has been a public one, and I need not dwell upon it. Any person in doubt about my statements can have them verified by writing to Mr. Hawkins, who was still living in Salem last September, when I left there. Paine, the water-gas man, was caught once and that ended his career, but not so with Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds. She is like Barnum, the more she is caught the larger the patronage she can draw, for as Barnum says, "the American people like to be humbugged." Thirty years ago he published a book showing what a tricky rascal he had been, from stealing ox horns in Connecticut when a boy to building a mermaid, wooly horse, etc., when a man, yet, when next he advertised a humbug, people flocked to him by tens of thousands. So it appears that the more some folks are exposed, the more popular they become, like these two distinguished male and female showmen.

In view of all these, and many more similar facts, I would suggest that even if Spiritualists do believe in materialization that they let the matter rest for a time and keep quiet. No possible good can result from running after deceptive mediums, but great injury has been done. It is useless to argue the point either pro or con, for argument will never convince a skeptic nor dissuade one who is a believer. Besides, these controversies stir up unkind feelings, often causing those who should be friends to be cold and distant towards each other. Those who believe in materializations can be free to attend circles for that purpose, only have them keep still about it. Publishing reports of a materialization in the JOURNAL accomplishes no good, makes no converts; but it sets Spiritualists to disputing about it, sometimes ending in enmity. All who believe can enjoy their beliefs to the fullest extent, and the same with those who disbelieve. But they should let one another alone instead of plucking at each other in imitation of the Boston capitalists who had water gas on the brain.

Corner of Esther and Broadway Streets,
New Orleans, La.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Woman in the State.

Her Influence in the Spheres of Economics and Politics.

BY REV. HEBER NEWTON.

"I lead in the way of righteousness: In the midst of the path of judgment." (Proverbs 8: 20.)

The noble Hebrew personification of the heavenly wisdom chiefly emphasizes the office of the "Stern daughter of the voice of God" in the practical affairs of earthly society. To the "Eternal Womanly" the seer looked for the inspiration of a true and noble State.

The State's task must be to secure the material basis of a true society, in a prosperous people, producing wealth plentifully and distributing it equitably. Economic questions are inevitably destined to come to the front in a nation where the people are in political power and yet, absolutely or relatively, poor. We are entering the era of the democratization of wealth. How is the influence of woman to tell upon this new problem?

For the present it undoubtedly brings added danger to our already sufficiently dangerous complications. She is unfamiliar with social science, and finds little interest in it. The latest report of the Harvard Annex shows that Political Economy stood in the lowest rank among its elective studies.

Ignorance must mother error. Some of these errors are patent. Woman tends to bring down every abstraction into a concrete form. She individualizes a problem which is largely one of economic and social environment, of which she knows and thinks little. She sees the faults of Pat and Bridget, but not the faults of society for the being of such a man or woman. She insists on the hopeless task of making over individuals, with all the general conditions of life against such a reformation.

We can hope for no reconstructed humanity save as we grow a reconstructed industrial and social system. Woman's ignorance in economics makes her thoughtless, where "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of will."

Ladies in comfortable circumstances enter many fields of industry to compete with their sisters whose daily bread depends upon their work; not only adding further vendors of labor to an already overstocked market, but vendors who are able to sell their toil at lower rates, since they do not rely on it for their living; and thus they doubly lower wages.

Pin money is often *blood money*. We men cannot hope to fathom the mysteries of that feminine accomplishment of shopping, but we can see that the passion for bargains is a serious factor in the competition which beats down wages. Despite of the brilliant sophisms of the gifted woman, who has lately written upon this subject, there is a responsibility for buying as well as for every other act of life. I greatly fear that this gifted authoress has been sitting at the feet of that learned professor of the brazen rule of what social classes do not owe each other, whom she has so mercilessly flayed for his free trade heresies. Back of the greed of the owner of the store is the thoughtlessness of the fair ladies who still teach their poor sisters the "Song of the Shirt." There is no known natural law on which you may roll off your own personal responsibility for the bargains that squeeze the life blood out of the fingers of many a respectable widow in this great city. Ruskin has been right here at least in his solemn judgment upon "the women who are at ease" in our society.

As we gain a higher conception of political economy, it will take on a new and commanding interest. What a mockery of science is it to know the secrets of the wealth of an ant hill and the happy loyal toil of a bee hive, while we know not the secret of a prosperous and peaceful society of men and women! The excuse for every other science is that it prepared the way for the science of society.

When woman sees what the dismal science really is, she will verify the fine touch with which Wallock makes Consuelo Burton declare, "Were I the general public I would think about nothing else. I would shut up all my books on religion, and until I felt at rest about this subject I would never open one of them again."

As woman gains this enthusiasm of humanity it shall be sung by the angels,—"The old order changeth." Her tendency to individualize everything will correct the masculine disposition to mass employes into a mere force of "hands," and to treat them as though they were not so many veritable fellow human beings. Her natural sympathy with her own sex and with childhood will dispose her to ponder with greater seriousness than man gives to it the alarming increase of woman and child labor in the various fields of industry. As she once mastered man's forcefulness and spiritualized it, inspiring in him the ambition to right the disorders of earth, in the holy name of Justice, so may she do again. Then we may see a new order of Chivalry, in which our modern form of power, the power of money-making shall vow itself to public ends in a lofty enthusiasm of humanity. To meet such a new knighthood there may be a movement from the humbler walks of life, inspired also by woman, with her own charming quality of loyalty: and, to the true leader of labor will renew its well-nigh lost loyal service.

The dangers of woman's influence in the sphere of politics are being sufficiently emphasized at present. They are real enough to lead us to make haste slowly towards the inevitable goal, the extension of the suffrage to a full half of our people, through the successive steps by which the more thoughtful women will first enter upon this duty. With or without the suffrage, there are certain directions in which we may fairly expect woman's interest in public affairs to tell for clear good. Her conservative nature will go against the greatest danger, the danger of precipitating the ongoing social evolution into a political revolution, of using political power to establish a State socialism, in lieu of slowly working towards whatever is true in the socialistic ideal. As Mill says: "Woman never runs wild after an abstraction."

Woman will hold man to the "made ground" of civilization. She will put the strongest brake on the progress of the masculine idealist. Her vote will be cast solid against economic "cranks." When her sphere is led out of the narrow domestic circle into the larger circles of society, she will carry over into the State the unselfishness which now blesses and saves the home. Then we may expect an era of real public spirit. Stepniek has shown us the sublime enthusiasm of self-sacrifice with which woman rises to the sense of citizenship in Russia. That spirit our favored land may see in more peaceful forms, and then for the first time a true State will rear itself upon the earth. Woman's voice will be lifted resolutely against that crowning barbarism of civilization—war. She who suffers most from its horrors, whose whole nature revolts against such a crime, whose very physical feebleness indisposes her to the brutal arbitrament of the sword, will use her new found power to end this folly and wickedness, under which Europe groans to-day.

Man has fashioned the true form for the State, in our free, self-governing Democracy. Let woman breathe within it the true spirit, and we shall see the city of God coming down out of heaven upon earth.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A FAMILY CIRCLE IN GERMANY.

BY DR. G. BLŒDE.

In a former article on the "Progress of Modern Spiritualism" in Germany, I reported some facts proving this progress a practical as well as a theoretical one. Remarkable incidents were referred to, which show the existence of private and family circles in the "land of the thinkers," in which mediums are developed and manifestations occur bearing the stamp of genuine spirit agency, while at the same time the history and philosophy of Spiritualism are cultivated in the press by ably conducted periodicals in the popular as well as philosophical style, as the *Spiritualistische Blatter*, edited by Dr. Cyriax, in Leipzic; the *Psychische Studien*, published by the Russian councilor, Alex. de Aksakow, and the more recent *Sphinx*, devoted to the elucidation of the mystic faculties of man on the basis of Monism. The importance of these facts can scarcely be overrated, as they prove that our great doctrine has stepped out of the shoes of infancy, and has taken root as well in the lower strata of the people as in the middle and so-called "higher" classes, which used to boast of their crude materialism and their unbelief in anything spiritual. As the most cheerful and promising sign of a better time coming, we regard the spread of practical Spiritualism (Spiritism) on the sacred ground of the family, here and in the old countries, with a success which equals the most astounding public demonstrations of spirit-craft. If we possessed any means of ascertaining the number of the private and family reunions, devoted to invite and cultivate intercourse with the Spirit-world, even the boldest scoffers at this "epidemic craze and hallucination of the 19th century," would be astounded by its healthy growth, and shake their wise heads in dismay. As it is we must be satisfied with occasional glimpses behind the veil of domestic privacy, which reveal invisible but steady growth of spiritual practice, affirming the fact in the history of mankind, that the greatest of the revolutionizing, life-giving truths, have their time of incubation, their epoch of underground growth like the nourishing seeds and the germs of animal life, until, matured in the darkness, they spring up like giants and rush to fulfill their mission.

We met with an example of a highly successful family circle in the June number, 1886, of the *Sphinx*. It is a report of facts compiled from private letters of the head of a family of culture, as the editor says, a well-known lawyer, whose reliability and judgment is beyond any doubt. His circle, a family circle in the strictest sense of the word, could be called "the ideal family circle," as he describes it himself:

"My spiritistic circle is my family, consisting beside myself of my wife, my daughter and my son Carl, who is a student of law and at the same time a soldier. I myself am a practitioner of law. We four persons are in perfect mental and physical health, and according to the demands of the present culture, may in all respects be considered as 'normal men.'

"Born as Catholics we were, until two years ago, atheists and materialists of the most careless sort dyed in the wool. We then became acquainted with spiritistic manifestations, through the writings of Allan Kardec, and ventured on experiments of our own. To my astonishment the mediumship of my son became at once apparent. I then proceeded on the directions of Kardec, and in the course of a year and a half, we obtained most all the phenomena he describes, except materialization. The means of the mediumistic communications we received were: (1) movements of the table, (2) psychographic writing of the medium, (3) direct spirit writing, (4) speaking of the medium, in trance."

The head of the circle then describes the table and its movements (tipping, beating time to a melody, rising from the floor, answering to the alphabet, etc.), all of which do not differ from the well-known phenomena observed by all who have had sittings with a strong physical medium.

The direct (independent) writing was first done on slates, but as they kept a regular diary and wished to preserve all the documents, they resorted to some other method of receiving the direct writing, which as it may be found practical by others, I will give in the father's own words:

"Because we could not well take new slates for every new writing, I made the successful experiment of fixing sheets of paper on a little square board. If such a sheet is covered with writing, it can easily be detached and substituted by another. We found it superfluous, as Kardec already says, to put any slate or other pencil near the slate or paper. The stuff they used for the purpose of writing without our aid, seems to be graphites. When the writing is in progress we mostly, but not always, hear the noise.

"Direct writing as a rule with us requires a dark séance, although exceptionally, we have obtained slate writing if the medium held the slate under the table. Usually the slate or the board is held by my son, but occasionally we obtained writing while it was lying untouched upon the table. At first we even got some words written on the top of the table, or on scraps of paper, or in an album not lying on the table. One time we were told to take off three sheets from a layer of paper, which had been laid on the table clean and untouched; upon the fourth sheet we found the writing. At another occasion we were directed to look for such in a portfolio on the desk, etc.

"The handwriting of these direct writings has not the least similarity with that of any of the four members of the family circle; as also the style, the manner of expression and the poetical flight of them is foreign to all of us. It is memorable, however, that those writings in every particular bear the characteristics of a deceased young lady of noble character and thorough culture, as the letters from her hand in my possession would prove. Moreover the intelligence which manifests itself in our sittings, asserts to be the 'spirit' of that lady.

"If the spirits wish to speak through my son, we have agreed about a sign, consisting in tipping the table twelve times. I have then to stretch out both hands towards him, which causes him to fall into a state of perfect unconsciousness (ecstasy, trance). The invisibles then talk through him, and when they have finished, I usually have to rouse him by blowing at him.

"I have to mention particularly the complete futility of our will in regard to all of these manifestations, for which we have to wait patiently. This, however, is not owing to a want of power, for we need never wait for physical manifestations as soon as the circle is formed; but what is offered to us is entirely independent of our will. We are even given the day and hour for a sitting, although in this concessions are willingly made to the demands of our private life. At any other time than the appointed séances, we have not to count upon any manifestations; and likewise it is also impossible to me to impress my son by any mesmeric manipulations without the sitting of the family circle. Without him, as he is the only medium, no manifestations whatever occur."

The reporter adds, that, as they operate within the strictest limits of the family, they have long ceased to apply any of the so-called "tests," as tying, etc., as any suspicion of one mystifying the other would be absurd.

These more general remarks of the head of that remarkable family circle, which, as no unprejudiced reader will deny bear the stamp of truthfulness, and are full of interest and useful hints, are followed by the narrative of the special occurrences at some of the séances. It is highly romantic, confirming the saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The narrative, of which I will give the essentials in a condensed form in my next, is compiled from the diary which is being kept by the daughter.

Apparitions of the Dead.

Prof. Barrett of the English Psychical Research Society, states that: "It has been demonstrated almost as certainly as has been the law of gravitation, that scores of cases have occurred where some persons in one town, have, at a certain hour or minute, seen the figure of a friend flit across the room, and have afterwards discovered that at that very hour and minute the friend breathed his last in a distant town, or, may be, in a foreign country. Now these cases are inexplicable by any formula of science, yet that they have happened is scientifically proved."

Notwithstanding the good intentions of some of the members of that society, its general conduct has been so unfair in its investigations that Stainton Moses, the vice-president, has felt it to be his duty to resign and withdraw. The truth is, the pioneers in philosophy can expect no cordial co-operation and no real justice from their oldtime opponents. The American Psychic Research Society is far behind the English.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

Woman and the Household

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

BLUE SKIES.

Sad twilight trails her heavy clouds
Into the night. One sullen zone
Of mist, in nearer circling shrouds,
Sweeps out the hills our love has known.
Cold blasts go sobbing overhead,
When hark! the west wind's herald cries,
And, by his sweet persuasion led,
Behold one far faint sparkle sped
Thro' rifted mists. I keep glad eyes,
Dream happy things. Above are spread
Blue skies!

Life, eager heart of mine, is storm;
Thou canst not part the lowering years,
Closer and deeper phantoms form,
Thy near horizon veils in tears.
The world drifts from thy yearning sight,
But hark! what free wind hither flies,
Singing of strange, unseen delight!
A star shines in the death-wrack's flight!
Dream thou of morn and Paradise;
Over thy grave shall watch to-night
Blue skies!

—*Helen H. Butler.*

Mrs. Ida Noyes Beaver edits the W. C. T. U. department of the Dayton, O., *Daily Herald*.

Miss Linda R. Richards, late superintendent of the training school for nurses of the Boston City Hospital, is going to Japan for five years, to establish and conduct a similar institution in Tokio.

A Home for Freed Women Slaves was opened in Cairo, in January, last year, under the charge of an English lady. One hundred and sixty-eight females have been received into the home. Many of them are Abyssinian girls, smuggled into the country by Musselman pilgrims returning from Mecca. Some have been provided with situations as servants in the houses of Christian Syrians or Copts; others are attending Miss Whately's Mission school.

Mrs. M. B. Carse, president of the Chicago W. C. T. U., has recently had the offer from a wealthy Chicagoan of ground on which to build an Industrial Home for erring women. She was the founder of the *Signal* (now *Union Signal*) is president of the Chicago Foundlings' Home, and has now on foot the enterprise of building a National W. C. T. U. headquarters with publishing house, public hall and all necessary offices for the immense business transacted by the National Union.

Miss Jeannette D. Baldwin of Moore's Hill, Indiana, who invented and patented a "back rest" to be attached to piano stools, has organized a company and engaged in the manufacture of her invention at Cincinnati. The "Baldwin Back Rest" is constructed according to hygienic principles, and supports the back exactly at the point where the most important nerves enter the spine, removing all strain from this part of the body, and preventing the peculiar weaknesses in women arising from sitting for hours without support for the back. It can be attached to any piano, organ, or office stool, and is readily adjusted.

The W. C. T. U. of Washington, D. C., has opened a Help Mission in that city. Such places of refuge for the unfortunate are being established in all large cities, and are the outcome of the social purity movement begun by the national union over a year ago. In this connection it may be stated that the Woman's Temperance Publication Committee declared a dividend of five per cent. to be paid to all stockholders at the annual meeting. It is the first instance in the world where a temperance organization has declared a dividend, and the only one entirely composed of women. There must be some controlling voices in it who have a knowledge of business methods.

The people of Yonkers, N. Y., are greatly pleased with their new postmistress, Miss Lillian C. Keyes. Her father died two days after his appointment to the office, and the position was at once secured for the daughter by the leading citizens of that flourishing town. She is a bright young woman of twenty-four, well educated and refined. The place pays two thousand six hundred dollars a year, and Miss Keyes has the appointment of five clerks.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The annual meeting of the Woman's National Suffrage Convention, which met in Washington late in January, was the most interesting and successful ever held in that city. Mrs. Spofford, wife of the proprietor of the Riggs House, invites the members to make that hotel their headquarters, and is herself the treasurer of the association. The public exercises were held in the largest church in the city, which was uncomfortably packed most of the time. Speeches were made by the President, Susan B. Anthony, by Madame Neyman of New York, Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace of Ind., Mrs. Henrietta R. Shattuck of Mass., Caroline Gilkey Rogers, and others, which excited great enthusiasm.

It was during the meeting that the bill for woman suffrage came up in the Senate and was defeated by a vote of sixteen to thirty-four. The feeling in favor of it has changed so much during the last four years, that the friends of the measure are greatly encouraged in regard to its speedy adoption.

On February 10th a reception was given to Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis, who has so long and so favorably been known as a friend of the higher education of girls and of woman suffrage, in the parlors of Park Avenue Hotel. The rooms were filled with a brilliant assemblage of some of the leading men and women of the city, including judges, lawyers, physicians and clergymen, and women eminent in professional, literary and reformatory work, some two hundred in number. Such a company, assembled for such a purpose, would have been impossible ten years ago. Short addresses were made by Mrs. Sewell and by Mrs. M. L. Thomas, president of Sorosis.

Mr. H. P. Mitchell of St. Louis, who is one of the best informed men in the country upon labor statistics, announces as follows in regard to women's employments:

"The number of women engaged in other than household occupations in the United States, is probably much larger than is generally supposed, and its ever-growing proportion, both from natural increase of population and the continued crowding of the great army still seeking employment into new channels not before appropriated by women, may well create a desire to be better informed as to their numbers and the conditions under which they perform their daily labor. The National Bureau of Education and Labor have recognized this, and are preparing to make an exhaustive investigation of this subject during the ensuing year. A careful estimate places the total number of women that were employed on July 1st, 1886, at 3,000,000, and of these 600,000 are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; 640,000 are employed in manufactories of various kinds; while 530,000 in the laundries of our country insisted that the 'Chinese must go;' 280,000 are milliners, and 200,000 find employment as dress-makers; 60,000 earn their bread in the tailor shops, and 590,000 are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph operators, type-writers, book-keepers, type-setters and nurses, and many other occupations find small numbers a livelihood. There are, in round numbers, two thousand five hundred women physicians in the United States. The conditions under which these 3,000,000 perform their daily labor are exceedingly varied, for while many employers pay due regard to their health and comfort, many others give heed to nothing but the profit to be made; and, although some classes of women's labor are honorable exceptions, the majority are shamefully treated and miserably paid, and it is to be hoped that a thorough ventilation of the subject by the bureau will result in benefiting the working women of our land, for surely the opportunity is there."

Every honest person must admit that it is injustice not to allow representation to labor. Those 3,000,000 have no voice whatever in making the laws under which they live. There are many abuses to be reformed, which women will do away with, when they have the power, many laws which discriminate unjustly against those which demand a change.

A FEW BOOKS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A year or two ago, away down in the wilds of New Mexico I came across a small volume printed in Lovell's Library, entitled "Beyond the Sunrise." Suspecting from the title that the contents might be something out of the course of the ordinary light literature, I bought the book and took it to my room. It proved a most delightful surprise; a story of the spiritual experiences of two travelers told in a style and manner which could only come from the head and heart of a refined cultured woman. The book was anonymous, but one could not help tracing in its pages the hand of one who has been led into the light of the higher philosophy of life through great suffering and sorrow; but out of which she had arisen with the soul of an angel.

The author's account of the social gathering of the three or four chosen spirits, and the exchange of sentiments, thoughts and feelings, reminded me of the long, long ago when those two lovely women, Alice and Phœbe Cary, held their Sunday afternoon receptions in New York. I have commended this book to all of my friends and circulated many copies besides. All who have read it, speak of it in the same terms of unfailing pleasure. It is a source of consolation to the distressed and of light and hope to the doubtful and the despairing; a gem in the literature of the new philosophy which every spiritually minded person should read.

Some years since I picked up at a second hand book store in New York a volume entitled, "The Celestial Telegraph or the Secrets of the Life to come Revealed through Magnetism," by L. Alphonse Cahagnet. This book was published about 1850-1, translated into English and printed in New York in 1851. The occurrences narrated were, therefore, prior in point of time to the public demonstrations of Spiritualism in America. The title page states that "the existence, the form and the occupation of the soul after its separation from the body, are proved by many years experiments by the means of eight ecstatic somnambulists, who had eighty perceptions of thirty-six deceased persons of various conditions; a description of them, their conversation, etc., with proof of their existence in the spiritual world." The author in his preface says: "This work will offer you the proof of a better world than ours, wherein you will live after having left your body in this. I am about to prove to you that your relations, your friends therein, await you with impatience; that you can, although on this globe, enter into communication with them, speak to them and obtain from them the information you deem fit."

Full accounts are given of the experiments with the author's sensitive subjects, who became clairvoyant under his magnetic power, and in that state disclosed many of the facts of Spiritualism as we now understand them. Numbers of spirits were identified—names, ages, dates of birth and death given. Many principles of the true philosophy of life, the nature of the Spirit-world and its inhabitants, and other matters with which we are now familiar were stated as solemn truths. The existence of the theological heaven and hell were denied; evolution and progressive life were taught as fixed and established principles. This volume is interesting from the fact that it was among the first of the public expositions of the truths of the spiritual philosophy.

A volume from the pen of E. D. Babbit, entitled "Religion," deserves something more than this cursory notice. It is a work of depth and real merit. Man is ever striving after an appreciable conception of the Deity—to know something of God. It is one of Spencer's unknowable problems, that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite; but the author of this work has so defined the Supreme Power of the universe, that we at least get an intelligible idea of its existence, its location, and even its methods in the creation of worlds. With man, the author deals in the last and highest known analysis. It is demonstrated that the human spirit so advances and grows in knowledge, wisdom and power that it finally becomes a creative cause, and performs its part in the making and government of planets. I once conversed with a man who said he lived on earth six thousand years before Moses. I asked this man what he knew of God. He replied that he saw a sea of human heads, a mass of united harmonious thought, the wisdom and power of which were beyond all mortal conception. "This," he said, "seems to me to be God. It is God." Mr. Babbit confirms this idea in his description of the progress of the human spirit in that life which lies beyond the confines of the earth; not that men become gods, but they approach and share in the power of the Infinite. This volume is of great interest, and is well worthy of careful study. It furnishes much light on many occult subjects.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

HOW HE LOST HER: Or, True Love Never Runs Smooth. By Jonathan Barrett. New York: G. W. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a decidedly amusing and entertaining novel, and something new in its line, being written by Mr. Barrett, a Civil Engineer. It depicts country life and country life participated in by city people, engineering as well as exciting adventures in the Allegheny mountains, before and during the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The interest is increased by love scenes. The plot and the characters are well sustained throughout.

PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM. By Wm. Icrin Gill.

This is the title of a book recently from the pen of Wm. Icrin Gill, of Boston, and it is also the name of a new philosophy of which the author is the founder, and which is stated and briefly expounded in the small volume, that is a "miniature of a larger labor."

Philosophical Realism commands the attention of the devout thinker as a "distinct contribution to philosophy," that has no "affinity with skepticism," while it ignores none of the facts of modern science. Comprehensive in view, its author says in true eclectic spirit, "that he is indebted to all thinkers who have gone before him, both the known and (the to to him) great unknown;" yet in object and method and conclusion, it is original and positive. "Eclecticism is not philosophy." While a sublime unity is the aim of Philosophical Realism, nothing is assumed on this question or on any other, and it is, therefore, thoroughly rational; "but it easily proves the unity of the universe by holding steadily to the oft-admitted and expounded doctrine that all known phenomena are subjective states," "which is the common ground of modern psychology." As the fixed purpose of this new philosophy is to "Cover all facts and be consistent," it is to be expected that it is evolutionistic. But it exalts the universe by making it "spiritual"—"the lower and preliminary modes of a being capable of evolving the highest spiritual agency." It is not objectively but subjectively evolutionistic, and here over this issue on the field of philosophy must be fought the battle between science and religion until a treaty of peace is signed in favor of Christianity. The Christian religion can never accept objective evolution with the philosophy consequent upon its deductions, nor can science while it holds objective evolution, consistently embrace Christianity, all the kosmic theists to the contrary, notwithstanding. Philosophical Realism is, of course, idealistic, but here, too, it is purely subjective and monistic, and avoids the inconsistencies of Berkeley's dualism and non-egoism and the strange contradictions of the German idealists. "I hold that the material universe," says the author, "is egoistic but I do not postulate that, but verify it scientifically as an experience, or assume that it has been done by others. I do not, however, affirm that this universe is an illusion without objective reality—just the contrary."

While the dogma is rejected, that "the existence of God is the common postulate of all religion and philosophy," the existence of God is proved, and he is not the God-almighty of kosmic theism, a mere natural force, but the God of Jesus and of Paul. Its distinction between creation and evolution is one which if made by scientists and theologians would save much confusion and turning and twisting; and its chapters on etiology and teleology will prove a mighty help in the study of miracles, and lift the veil of mystery from the face of psychical phenomena witnessed to-day in metaphysical healing.

The value of such a book as Philosophical Realism cannot be estimated by reading a brief review like this. The work itself must be studied, and the writer must content himself by culling from its tempting pages one more passage, and close:

"There are numerous and indubitable proofs that the mind often has knowledges which do not come through any organic media. Clairvoyance and clairaudience and trance perceptions are proofs of this. Things are seen and heard at distances of time and place, and the soul can give us organic explanation of its knowledge. Cases of this kind are so numerous and clear and well attested, and the points in which they are found are so accessible, that it were superfluous here to give examples and proofs. It is enough to refer to them, and especially to such publications as those of the London Society for Psychical Research, the London journal, *Light*, the American journals, and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago.

HUGO.

Daniel Ambrose has been advertising in our columns for some time a book entitled "Poultry for the Market and Poultry for Profit," containing twelve articles by Fanny Field, the ablest and most practical writer on Poultry in America.

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How the blacksmith's wife kept fowls.
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PROSPECTUS.

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—A—

Radical Liberal Journal,

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B. F. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of *The Index*), and SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors.

THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of *The Index*, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedom of thought, untrammelled by the authority of any alleged revelations or traditional beliefs; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great ethical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day; will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religion and exact justice for all. It will help substitute catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for theological dogmatism, and humanitarianism for sectarianism. It will emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life, and of making the well-being of the individual, and of society, the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominence will be given in THE OPEN COURT to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their fascination for many minds, which as Lewes says "the unequivocal failure of twenty centuries" has not sufficed to destroy and the discussion of which is not without value, will by no means be wholly ignored.

THE OPEN COURT, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor, and will endeavor to keep the banner of truth and Reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political crazes of the hour, to submit all opinions to the crucial test of reason, and to recall men from their aberrations to sanity and the pathway of truth. It will aim to be liberal, in the broadest and best sense, and to merit the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers whom the creeds of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer satisfy.

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those here given:

James Parton,
Geo. Jacob Holyoake,
Fred. May Holland,
Minot J. Savage,
Elizabeth C. Stanton,
Anna Garlin Spencer,
Edwin D. Mead,
William J. Potter
R. W. Hall,
Chas. D. B. Mills,
Allen Pringle,
Rowland Connor,
W. D. Gunning,
Edmund Montgomery,
Moncure D. Conway,
Wm. M. Salter,
John W. Chadwick,
Ednah D. Cheney,
Paul Carus,
George Iles,
W. Sloane Kennedy,
W. H. Spencer,
Hudson Tuttle,
Xenos Clark,
Lewis G. Janes,
Theodore Stanton,
Felix L. Oswald,
Thomas Davidson.

Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, is the distinguished philologist and oriental scholar, Prof. Max Muller; and we have the statement of one of his personal friends, that Ernest Renan will probably encourage us by articles from his pen.

Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, whose names are not included in the above list, will be among the contributors to the columns of THE OPEN COURT, in which will also be printed occasionally, during the year, lectures given by Prof. Felix Adler before his Society for Ethical Culture.

THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, commencing in February.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 26, 1887.

J. R. Lowell—Flippancy on Spiritualism.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for this month is a poem by James Russell Lowell. It is proper that the managers of magazines should prize articles from eminent men, not only because their writings are expected to be of intrinsic merit, but because they add to the popularity of the magazine in a proper and natural way. But fitness and real worth should be the first considerations. If the critic of the *Atlantic Monthly*, for instance—the person who decides what shall, or shall not be published—could see all contributions in total ignorance of their authorship, it might make a difference in the contents of even so ably managed a monthly as is the *Atlantic*.

Lowell is a writer who has fine command of language, large experience with both men and books, and in some great reforms, and who has written poems and prose articles of great merit and lasting influence. A deep earnestness, opening into a prophetic clearness of sight, marks his grand poem in the martyr days of the anti-slavery movement, "The Crisis," in which he says:

> "Once to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide;
> In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side."

But this last production is of quite a different charcter. It deals with modern thought, theology and reforms, in a way so uncertain as not to suit or satisfy skeptics or believers, yet to be disheartening to the reformer while annoying to the rigid conservative. Here is a specimen:

> "........I might as well
> Obey the meeting-house's bell
> And listen while Old Hundred pours
> Forth through the summer opened doors
> From old and young. I hear it yet,
> Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
> While the gray minister with face
> Radiant let loose his noble bass.
> If heaven it reached not, yet its roll
> Waked all the echoes of the soul,
> And in it many a life found wings
> To soar away from sordid things.
> Church gone, and singers, too, the song
> Sings to me voiceless all night long,
> Till my soul beckons me afar,
> Glowing and trembling like a star.
> Will any scientific touch
> With my worn strings achieve as much?"

This puts one back to old Puritanism as the best thing, for it fails to note the narrowness of those old ways, while it tells of what was pleasant in them. It lacks the moral discrimination of Emerson, who so finely told of his love for certain old forms and thoughts and also of his want of satisfaction in them, when he said:

> "I love a church, I love a cowl,
> I love a prophet of the soul,
> Yet not for all his faith can see,
> Would I the good old Bishop be."

Here is an indiscriminate blow at old creeds in direct contradiction to the praise of the old meeting house:

> "There as I hopeless watch and wait
> The last life-crushing coil of Fate
> • • • • • • • •
> ....proving that the title deeds,
> Once all sufficient for men's needs,
> Are palimpsests that scarce disguise
> The tracing of still earlier lies,
> Themselves as surely written o'er
> An older fib erased before."

This hopeless verse makes the old faith a sham, and sends the reader into agnostic fog, far from Puritanism or from any spiritual light or life.

Is this the Lowell who spoke such clear and strong words in his earlier days? Must we think those days were his best? For Spiritualism, for the sacred and beautiful experiences of gifted men and women, his peers in culture and capacity—he has this weak fling:

> ...."Nothing dances any more.
> Nothing? Ah, yes, our tables do,
> Drumming the Old One's own tattoo,
> And, if the oracles be dumb,
> Have we not mediums? Why be glum?
> Fly thither? Why the very air
> Is full of hindrance and despair!"

Criticisms on this vapid rhyme are needless. He has hurt himself more than the sharpest words could hurt him. No eminence of name or fame can justify, or make decent, such flippant ridicule of what millions hold sacred; and Lowell's life on earth may last until he sees and feels this.

The Lowell home is in Cambridge, and he holds honored and intimate relations with Harvard University. All the public attention ever paid to Spiritualism by that university, has been the unfair and shameful action of certain of its professors toward F. L. H. Willis, and in the Dr. Gardner investigation case. Is there something in the Harvard air that deadens the soul and stultifies manhood?

Theodore Parker once said, in view of collegiate hunkerism: "The Egyptians took four days to mummyize a dead body. We take four years [in college] to mummyize a living soul." Education of any right kind is excellent, but if schools only cram mummyized souls with dead languages, and neglect the humanities, and sneer at spiritual realities, the cowboy is better than the college boy.

Thomas W. Higginson took some open interest in Spiritualism thirty years ago. Of late he has hardly been heard from, but his latest word on the subject is to report "no progress in thirty years," so far as he knows, —showing clearly that he knows very little of the matter. He was a strong and decided advocate of woman-suffrage, but his last word on that question, an article in *The Forum*, is weak and unstable. At a late Boston meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, William Lloyd Garrison, the son of the anti-slavery pioneer, criticised Mr. Higginson's unstable position in a speech which had the moral insight and force of his father's speeches in the old reform days.

Cambridge is the present home of Mr. Higginson. Has its atmosphere enervated the soul of this scholar and writer also?

Must we despair of Harvard and like colleges, and try for a new university where what is held as fine culture and ripe scholarship does not dwarf the soul and deaden the heart? To know and to use the good of the past in making the present better is wisdom; to glorify the past and fail to appreciate the present is to look backward instead of forward in walking—a sure way to misstep and stumble.

It is a strange and blind misstep for Lowell and Higginson, reared in the atmosphere of university culture, to feel and know so little of Spiritualism. The flippant ridicule which Lowell bestows on this great and growing truth of spirit-presence, will hurt him more than he dreams of.

Mind in Nature No More.

With the February issue, *Mind in Nature* expired after two years of honorable and useful life. It had a long list of eminent contributors, was edited with vigor and intelligence, attracted wide attention and did good work. Unfortunately for the publisher, it did not draw to it a sufficient patronage to warrant further outlay on his part. Had he been able to have spent from $30,000 to $60,000 in continuing its publication and strengthening its grip on the public it would eventually have brought in a fair revenue above current expenses. Timid religionists handled it gingerly and with fear lest in some way it might weaken their faith in theories established by ignorant men from one thousand to four thousand years ago. Radical thinkers had already passed beyond its chosen field and regarded it as too conservative and timid. It was not sufficiently scientific in the technical sense of the word to appeal to trained scientists, yet it essayed a realm where there is plenty of room and a stupendous work to be done, and that, for a host of people, must be wrought along the line it traveled. But until this host is not only ready to listen, as is now the case, but to pay for instruction, the philanthropic and public spirited publisher will have to wait.

J. F. Snipes of New York City, writes: "I appreciate the complete exposition of Mrs. Ross, and now comes the latest—another one, who was fully endorsed by the good-natured gullibles, Mrs. Wells, lately championed by H. J. Newton, at whose house Mr. Tice was fortunate enough to prevent her written endorsement by the circle and the First Society, by entering half of the cabinet, taking the chair of the 'medium,' who was in the adjoining half (tacks removed), leaving her shoes and stockings, etc., behind, which Mr. Tice threw out as a hint of the situation. This is the lady to whom I referred in my last note to the JOURNAL, as personating recognized babies and others, at which time I warned her of future exposure. So you see the late strong editorial *a la* Ross was timely, and just to all such 'damnable' business. We have just discovered a little genius at 199 West 10th Street, Miss Edith Mason, only twelve years old, who is an orphan, a medium, and a very mature and sympathetic balladist. She supports herself with her talent as vocalist and elocutionist, with some difficulty, because of the action of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. 'In her case they are guilty of cruelty themselves. With her uncommon ability, modesty and mediumship, she deserves the kind attention of the Spiritualist public."

Miss Augusta Klumpke has entered upon her duties at Lourcine Hospital; she treats patients for special diseases of the most repulsive character. Miss Klumpke is the first female ever received as interne in France, a fact that medical students have hailed as the accomplishment of a veritable revolution. Fetes and banquets were organized to celebrate the occasion, but Miss Klumpke modestly declined all proffered festivities. She wears a quiet gray dress, and with a pleasant smile goes about her work attending patients and making careful and successful diagnoses of their cases. Dr. Balzer, speaking of her, says: "Miss Augusta is one of the hardest working of the young medical assistants in the hospital. She has a thoroughly scientific mind. She has passed all her examinations before the professors of the faculty with marked success, and her thesis obtained the notes bien and tres bien, which are very rarely given. She is only 28 years old, and many of her male colleagues are several years older; but Miss Augusta is quite competent to hold her own with them all. Her example will soon be followed by French women, and in two years we may have twenty female internes."

In Memoriam.

We have to announce that our friend and brother, Mr. Jacob Martin, of Cairo, this State, passed on to the higher life on the 16th inst., at the age of about fifty one years. He was one of the foremost business men of the city, and for a long time had been the principal manager of the Hallidays, the leading business firm there. He had been declining for about two years with tubercular consumption. It is believed that his life was greatly prolonged by the assiduous attentions of his devoted wife. He has been a confirmed Spiritualist for some fifteen years or more, and has boldly caused his light to shine into the darkness around. He lived the life he believed, and was a superior type of energy, integrity and helpfulness. He leaves a wife, daughter and infant granddaughter, two other children having preceded him to the land of souls. He died as he had lived, trusting to his knowledge as well as his belief in the higher life and its better conditions, and fearlessly,—yea, gladly passed on. As he stood at the door-way, he said to the dear ones. "I will still be with you; let no badge of mourning be worn, and let my gospel be preached to those who shall assemble at my funeral."

Judge E. S. Holbrook, of Chicago, upon request, officiated. On his return he stated that at the place and hour appointed, Friday the 17th, at 1 P. M., at the house, a commodious residence, there was a very full attendance, and as was proposed, after adverting briefly to the many manly qualities of the deceased, he spoke at length of the truths and beauties of Spiritualism. There was also good, appropriate music at the opening and at the close.

The Judge also states an incident that has since occurred, which is worthy of mention, one of the beautiful evidences of a happy immortality, and is thus told by him:

Soon after returning home I called upon Mrs. Ahrens, my near neighbor. She is one of our best mediums, but like many of them, is in delicate health and can illy endure spirit control, especially if coming with the burdens of the death-struggle still upon them. It seems she was an acquaintance with the Martin family in former years, and as a medium had helped them along in their earlier studies; but all this was unknown to me till then. While discoursing of these things, she was suddenly attacked with a fit of coughing, and it continued for some time. I was puzzled and almost alarmed. At length I thought of spirit control, and questioned, if Mr. Martin. There was immediate recognition. He requested me to write immediately to his dear ones at home, for himself and his two children with him, giving proofs of identity, and such messages of love as would be natural, and as we may say, such as are usual on such occasions, —one of which was, "Say I am not dead, it is only the body that decays. Write and say that you are a witness," and this I have done.

Mrs. Martin writes as follows in reference to her husband's last moments:

My dear husband died firm in the faith, speaking often of the happiness he expected in the next life, and of the dear little children we have there awaiting him. Sometimes he caught glimpses of spirit friends, and of the other world, and lay with open eyes telling me of their unspeakable beauty. Holding my hands in his, he would ask if I, too, could not see them. I never knew a purer spirit and life than his, and never saw so tranquil and patient a death. He often smilingly said: "When you want to cross the river, I'll be at the ferry." He forbade me wearing mourning for him, as he thinks it a vain and unhealthy custom. He directed all the details of his own funeral and did so as calmly as he could have done for any one else.

The first number of *The Open Court* (B. F. Underwood editor and manager) has come to hand. It will be published fortnightly. The special contributions are as follows: "Society and the Individual," by Wm. J. Potter; "The Need for Free Thought Education," by Thos. Davidson; "Katzenjammer," by W. D. Gunning; "King Voltaire," by Frederick May Holland; "Monism in Modern Philosophy, and the Agnostic Attitude of Mind," by Edward Montgomery; "The Two Hemispheres," by B. W. Ball; "Ethnological Studies," by Theodore Stanton. These are followed by editorials, essays, discussions, correspondence, book notices and miscellaneous matter. *The Open Court* presents a neat typographical appearance, and its articles cannot fail to interest and instruct. Terms $3.00 per year. Address B. F. Underwood, P. O. Drawer F, Chicago.

J. B. Cummings, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Mrs. Maud E. Lord has left for the East, after three or four weeks of great success here. She gave general satisfaction to large audiences, and to crowds who attended her private séances for tests. Mr. John Slater was suddenly called East by the sickness of his mother, when he was in the midst of a most successful series of meetings, in which he gave many remarkable tests of spirit identity. Mrs. E. L. Watson continues to deliver powerful and effective lectures to large audiences at her meetings; Miss E. Beresford Joy's excellent singing is a prominent feature. Mrs. J. Anson Shepard has spoken several times to large and appreciative audiences."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Bundy has gone East, where he will remain a few days. He is at present in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter is now located at 218 W. Washington Street.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord and daughter have arrived in this city, on their way from California.

The second number of Lady Caithness new monthly *L' Aurora*, published in Paris, is at hand and furnishes a varied table of contents.

Mr. E. W. Wallis, of England, has been doing some excellent work in answering the tirades of abuse against Spiritualism by Rev. T. Ashcroft.

Dr. E. W. H. Beck of Delphi, Ind., writes: "I find Dr. Watson's 'Religion of Spiritualism' the best book to circulate for good results, of all books in our literature."

Mr. Carl Botsford, a talented young lawyer, and a graduate of Yale College, has been appointed editor of *The Democrat*, published at Elgin, Illinois, by the publishing company owning the paper. The JOURNAL welcomes Mr. Botsford to the editorial ranks and predicts for him a successful career.

Composite Photography, the curious process by which is produced the average of an indefinite number of portraits, will be described by Prof. John T. Stoddard, of Smith College for Women, in the next *Century*. The illustrations, which have a weird fascination, include composites of the classes of '83, '84, and '86, and a co-composite of these three.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, of 128 West 43rd Street, New York, will give a reception at their residence on Saturday evening, Feb. 26th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, to which all friends are cordially invited. It will be the last opportunity to meet Mr. and Mrs. Morse previous to their departure for California.

Mr. Geo. H. Brooks writes that he has just closed his labors in Wichita, Kansas, and that a slumbering organization has been revived there, also at Osage City, Kansas. He now goes to Golden, Colorado, and will be glad to correspond with persons in Colorado relative to visiting such places in the capacity of lecturer.

Jacob Rummel of Centerville, Iowa, writes: "If we could get some good test medium or speaker to stop over here for a few days, while en route from your city to Kansas City, it would be of advantage to us. A good test medium would be preferred, as our people yet think that phenomena constitute Spiritualism."

Score one for the girls. Miss Daisy Sheldon, of Grand Haven, Mich., took the prize at a contest between literary societies at the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Mich. Three of the professors were constituted judges. The keenness of their criticism and the sharpness of the contest made the test a severe one. Miss Sheldon is spoken of as having "rare ability in voice, manner, and stage presence."

E. W. Wallis, whose lectures excited so much interest in this country when he was here, writes as follows from Manchester, Eng.: "Since my removal I have been exceedingly busy speaking almost every night, in addition to travelling about. Unfortunately I injured my right hand very severely while getting things straight on arrival here, and had to refrain from writing wholly for a week and could do very little for a month, but am now in trim again."

Says the *Christian Register:* "The orthodox discussion concerning the salvation of the heathen is viewed with interest in France, judging from an article before us in *Le Protestant*. Referring to the incident related by Mr. Hume, which has had so much to do in delaying his return to his field of labor, our French contemporary says, 'For ourselves, the heathen who do not wish to believe that their ancestors, to whom the gospel has not been preached, are, by that fact, damned forever, seem to us more truly Christian than the orthodox who seek to convert them."

Gov. Martin has signed the bill passed by the legislature conferring municipal suffrage upon the women of Kansas. The Governor said: "Just one argument has been made in favor of the bill that appeals to my judgment. That is, that municipal suffrage is an experiment; that if it does not work well the law can be repealed, and that one or two years of experiment can do no great harm. The use of this privilege, therefore, will determine the future policy of the State, and the success or failure of the measure is vested with the women themselves."

A reception to Justin McCarthy was given by the Illinois Woman's Press Association on last Saturday evening at the Sherman House. Nearly four hundred invited guests assembled to pay their respects to the distinguished visitor. The hour was set for nine o'clock, but as Mr. McCarthy enjoys a good dinner and was that evening dining with an indefatigable and successful lion hunter, the brilliant assemblage had the pleasure of waiting until after eleven o'clock before he appeared. Fortunately the able officers of the I. W. P. A. seconded by the reception committee were equal to the occasion. Music and recitations by the best talent in town made the time pass agreeably. Miss Mary Allen West, editor of the *Union Signal*, and president of the Association proved herself possessed of great generalship, and her staff is entitled to almost equal credit. Not one of the two hundred men present but left with increased respect and appreciation of woman's ability to manage public affairs.

W. T. Jones of Benton Harbor, Mich., has started on a prospecting tour to California. He is President of the South-Western Association of Spiritualists, Michigan.

Mrs. Priest will commence her second course of lectures upon the science of healing, March 2nd, at her residence, 289 Washington Boulevard. Mrs. Priest's pupils are very enthusiastic over the course of lectures just completed.

We have received the discourse delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson at the services held in memory of Georgiana B. Kirby, at Santa Cruz, Cal., and will publish it at an early day.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union offers a prize banner to the New England State which reports the largest per cent. of increase in membership, including regular honorary members of the W. C. T. U. and the "Y's;" also, to the Middle, Southern and Western State which makes this report, with one for the State beyond the Missouri, having the largest per cent. of increase in its membership, and one for the Territory that leads in this respect during the present year. Thus the weakest State is placed on a level, at the start, with the strongest. The banners will be presented at Nashville, next autumn, at the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U.

We learn that Prof. Joseph Singer, the eminent violinist, is going to California for a trip for his health. He will take with him his baby violinist, only seven years old. This little boy, it is said, astonishes every one who has heard him play, and a brilliant future is predicted for him. Although a brilliant player, the professor who has taught him says that his playing is but a small part of his possession. That which is not heard, is more indicative of the genius than the practical manifestation. The professor and his boy will undoubtedly give some performances before select circles on their way to the Pacific coast.

The quarterly publication of the *American Journal of Psychology* is announced to be begun at an early date, with Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology in Johns Hopkins University, as editor. The main object of the journal will be to record the general progress of scientific psychology, with special reference to methods of research. It is hoped that the classes for whom the new publication is chiefly intended—teachers of psychology, biologists and physiologists, anthropologists, and physicians who give special attention to mental and nervous diseases—will extend their prompt encouragement. Mr. N. Murray, Baltimore, is the publication agent.

The Brooklyn *Citizen*, after examining the official reports of the standing of the Roman Catholic Church, in the United States, published in "Sadliers' Catholic Directory" for 1887, the recognized authority on such matters, says: "Boston, the metropolitan see, to which the other two dioceses of Massachusetts are suffragan, has 400,000 Catholics. Truly is 'the Boston of Collins and O'Brien' not 'the city of Winthrops and the Puritans.' Last year there were born there over eleven thousand children, and of this number over seven thousand were Catholics. 'A steady annual growth of seven in eleven,' says the Boston *Pilot*, 'independent of the gain by immigration, will in the course of one generation make Boston the most distinctly Catholic city in the world.'"

P. Thompson of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "Our society still lives and is doing well. Mrs. Clara A. Field has given good satisfaction. She spoke for us again on Feb. 13th. Mrs. Brigham continues to fill her monthly engagements, and her inspirations are as sweet fragrance, imparting life and divine strength. The remains of O. B. Gray of New York, were interred in our cemetery. Mrs Brigham spoke many words of love and beauty at the grave. Mr. Merrell spoke for us Feb. 20th. We are happy in the consciousness of having the truth, and the aid of the Spirit-world to proclaim it. We meet increasing opposition from ignorant prejudice, and the church joins hands with it to stay our progress, but conscious of the right we are not afraid."

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association, at its late monthly meeting, passed a hearty vote of thanks to Senator Farwell, whose first vote from the lamented Logan's seat in Congress was in favor of the Woman Suffrage Amendment. Out of a meeting of about a hundred women there were only two or three dissenting votes. We like to put the claim of women to the ballot, where Herbert Spencer places it, not upon the argument of expediency, or the expectations of reform, but upon the law of justice; the demands of developing humanity according to the law of evolution. It is the next thing to do on the way towards a perfect social system and a more highly developed government. Says Huxley: "Suppose, for the sake of argument, we accept the inequality of the sexes as one of nature's immutable laws; call it a fact that women are inferior to men in mind, morals and physique. Why should this settle or materially affect the subject of so-called Woman's Rights? Would not this very inferiority be a reason why every advantage should be given to the weaker sex, not only for its own good, but for the highest development of the race?"—*Unity.*

Mrs. B. Hamilton has the following in the *Medium and Daybreak:* "The medium's laced boots were sealed with the private monogram of one of the sitters, and after 'Paul,' 'Tim,' etc., had been out in the circle as usual, and allowed us to touch their bare feet, 'Tim' came out holding the medium's boots, which he placed on a chair, and otherwise displayed to us. He then returned with them to the cabinet, and no sooner had he done so, than the medium's black silk socks were thrown to us. After the séance was over, Mr. Goodfellow was found to have no socks on, but only his laced boots, with both the seals perfectly intact, showing the monogram plainly on each. All present were delighted with this wonderful manifestation of spirit power, and at the dear friends themselves proposing it. We had various other wonderful things. 'Tim' and others materialized and dematerialized in the circle, and the beautiful trust and affection they show us, proves that when a few honorable and earnest Spiritualists meet together with reverent and cheerful hearts, and accept as an inestimable blessing of God, the presence of his pure and loving angels, there is hardly any limit to the wonders he permits to be unveiled to mortal eyes."

The Young People's Spiritual Society met at the residence of Mrs. Danforth, on Dearborn Street, Sunday evening, and was agreeably surprised to find its number had increased to nearly seventy. Several mediums were present, who interested the audience. This, we believe, is the first and only organized society of young Spiritualists in the United States, and the determination and perseverance exhibited by its members to make it a model for others of like desires, will, no doubt, lead to the formation of many more in the near future. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. Mahan, 620 32nd Street.

February 15th was the eighty-second anniversary of the founding of the Society of Harmonists, better known of late years as the Economites, located at Economy, Pa. The community celebrated the occasion by a solemn and religious feast. Of all the many stalwart, active, energetic people, numbering at one time nearly 1,000, who many years ago acknowledged the firm but gentle sway of dead and gone Father Rapp, less than fifty remain. They are very rich, their possessions being valued at several millions. At their late anniversary they came to the conclusion that the prophecies were nearly all fulfilled and that the end of the world was at hand. They also took under advisement a proposition to sell all of their property at Economy and remove to Palestine, as the best place to await the coming of Christ. Some of the leading members favor this project, and it will probably be carried into effect. Poor simpletons, why yearn for the coming of Christ, when it is claimed that he is already here, and is located at Central Music Hall, this city?

Shall the Form of the Journal be Changed?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The undersigned, your subscriber, has read all the letters of commendation that have been published in the JOURNAL for the last eight years, and would iterate and reiterate each and every one of them; but at the same time, he feels that it is a great pity that all these good things are served up in such a wasteful, perishable form. He never opens out a JOURNAL to read, but a desire, a prayer, a wish, goes through him, that it was printed and made up into a magazine, or pamphlet—'twould be so much easier handled and preserved. Then with an alphabetical index at the end of each year, each subscriber would have the material for a volume that they could preserve and easily refer to and hand down to their posterity as a rich legacy. At the same time the editor would be building a lasting monument to himself, that he might justly be proud of, as he would surely be kept in kind remembrance by all of his readers.

Every one that reads this, is requested to write the editor expressing their wish on the subject—possibly he may be prevailed upon to make the change—not into a quarto, but an octavo. Give us thirty-two double column pages, instead of eight five column pages; letting the advertisements come on the outside, which will serve as a cover, husk, or shuck to the rich palatable kernel within.

What a splendid pile, ten years of the JOURNAL would then make, bound in yearly volumes; and what a library of spiritual food.

Denver, Col. C. W. SMART.

The publisher has long had under consideration a change of form for the JOURNAL, somewhat like that suggested by Mr. Smart. Sometime during the current year the JOURNAL will receive a new outfit and dress; hence the question of form is of immediate importance. The publisher will take it as a special favor if every reader will at once drop him a postal expressing a preference either for the present form or for one so modified as to resemble the *Christian Register*, or *Christian Union*. It is not likely that Mr. Smart's two columns to the page would be generally popular, but a compromise between the present form and the one he suggests, might be well. Some subscribers object to the large display heading now used and prefer a plain line of type. Let there be a general expression of views.

Memorial Picture of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten kindly informs her friends in America, that she is now preparing a large Memorial Picture, including the portrait heads of all the illustrious mediums and Spiritualists attainable of different countries. For this purpose Mrs. Britten wishes that those who have served the cause of Spiritualism and become identified with its progress should send her their photographs or engraved portraits at once. Mrs. Britten has endeavored to attain this purpose by writing her requests in letters. The lack of a directory of addresses has prevented her sending to many whom she would wish to have represented in her gallery of Spiritualists, and the immense pressure on her own busy public life, prevents her carrying out the plan of individual requests, she, therefore, takes this mode of addressing her American friends, and soliciting all who would care to occupy a place in a memorial work, designed, when published, to supplement her two large histories of Spiritualism, to forward their photos (postpaid in full) at once. This offer can only remain open to the end of March, and the name of each sender must be written in full on the cards.

Spiritual papers, please copy. Address Mrs. Hardinge Britten, The Lindens, Humphrey St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

The Number of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Would it be asking too much to have you state in your next paper how many Spiritualists there are in the United States? Also how many in the world, known to be or supposed to be? A number of church people who are now becoming interested in the subject requested me to find out the facts. We are causing quite a stir here among church people by means of manifestations through me. They are opening their eyes. W. A. TURNER, M. D.

Baker City, Kansas.

This is a question often asked, both by Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists, but is one that cannot be answered with even approximate accuracy. Modern Spiritualism is represented by no organic body; it has no arbitrary lines by which to divide its believers from the various religious bodies. In its narrow and technical sense Spiritualism is merely the affirmation of the continuity of life beyond the death of the physical body, and the ability of the spirit to manifest this continued existence and individual identity. In this restricted sense it probably numbers many millions of believers in this country, and millions more throughout the world. The number of those who actively identify themselves with Spiritualism, or to whom the term Spiritualist would more readily be applied than the name of any other form of belief, would probably not exceed 2,000,000 in America.

The mission of modern Spiritualism does not seem to be the organization of a new sect nor the separation of its believers from the rest of the world by party lines; rather is it a spiritual solvent in which other forms of thought are to be saturated. Thus by slow and normal methods is the beneficent law of evolution carrying man forward to higher levels.

SPIRITUALISTIC OBSEQUIES.

Services Over the Remains of Dr. O. R. Gross at the Hotel Dam.

The New York *Herald* of Feb. 10th, gives the following in reference to the death of Dr. Oren R. Gross:

Dr. Oren R. Gross died yesterday in the Hotel Dam, on Union Square and Fifteenth street. Death was caused by gastritis superinduced by paralysis. His daughter, Mrs. H. J. Cazino, was with him at the last moment. Mr. and Mrs. Cazino are guests of the hotel, where Dr. Gross suffered his brief fatal illness.

The deceased physician was born sixty-nine years ago in the peninsular village of Truro, Mass. He was descended from a Puritan family, which came to America in 1630. He was a graduate of Wilbraham College, near Springfield, and soon attracted as wide notice as a natural scientist as he won success in his chosen profession. In subsequent years he was made professor of botany in Columbia College, in this city, where he removed in 1859. Until the age of sixty-four his health was superb, his physique strong and well developed, and his hair black as jet. A stroke of paralysis quickly wasted his strength, whitened his hair, but spared his mental powers even unto the end.

When thirty years old Dr. Gross became interested in Spiritualism as a religion, witnessed the manifestations of the famous Fox Sisters, and was converted from orthodox Protestantism to that faith. Rigid study did not shake his belief, and in 1850 he astonished the people of his native place by lecturing to them upon the mystic tenets of Spiritualism, which he openly avowed. He became recognized as an authority upon that subject, both in this country and in England, and died with the request that he should be buried according to spiritualistic rites.

Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, who is in this city, consented to preside at a convocation, which was held late last evening in a private parlor of the Hotel Dam. Only a few relatives and friends were present, some of them of other religious persuasion, but the brief and simple service was most impressive. The remains lay in a heavy, silver mounted casket, poised upon two black pedestals, and the mourners stood while Mr. Morse, with an eloquence given him as a medium by some disembodied intelligence, uttered words of condolence and hope.

The remains will to-day be taken to Truro, where final interment will be given them near the spot where the late Mrs. Gross lies buried. Last night's convocation was only preliminary to the formal funeral service, which will be held in the old Puritan Cemetery that overlooks the waters of the Atlantic.

Since the above was put in type, a correspondent writes as follows:

The remains were subsequently removed to Truro for interment, and the final ceremonies were accomplished by Mr. J. J. Morse on Saturday morning the 12th inst. Precisely at 10:30 on the morning of the above date, the relatives and friends assembled at the old homestead, and were duly marshalled in presence of the silent witness of nature's laws and God's purposes. Among the relatives assembled were his daughters, Mrs. Camilla B. Snow, and Mrs. Hattie J. Cazino, his two sons, John A. and Oren W. Gross, and his brother; the other daughter, Mrs. Julia C. Thacher, of Chicago, was prevented from attending through illness. Floral decorations of excellent taste adorned the casket, and some most appropriate vocal music was exquisitely rendered by a trio made up of Mrs. Susan, Miss Lizzie, and Mr. Richard Collins. The room was crowded with hosts of friends from far and near. A suitable invocation, followed by the reading of Lizzie Doten's beautiful poem, "The Spirit's Destiny," supplemented by the rendering by the trio of "There is no night there," prepared the way for the address through Bro. Morse, in which the life-line of our valued friend and dear brother was reviewed in the most feeling and touching manner. How he had manifested that spirit of endeavor that the old Puritans brought with them; how he had labored for the mental, moral, physical and Spiritual enlightenment of his fellows; how his life of action in all good things entitled him to the name of a reformer, and urging those present to accept that life, and all such lives, as examples to emulate, so that they, in their turn, would be uplifted by their usefulness on earth, to a level that would place them side by side with him they loved so well. Death was described as a kindly frost that nips the ripened fruit from the branches of the tree of life; was God's method of lifting us higher. Hearts must ever feel sad, but knowledge dispels needless grief and stays unnecessary tears.

No words, however, can do justice to a discourse, the like of which was openly admitted had never been heard before in that locality.

The mortal remains were then removed and duly interred in a grave beside those of the doctor's departed wife, a simple prayer at the graveside closing the services, and for the rest the bright blue sky, the glorious sunshine, and the sparkling waves of the blue Atlantic, are the silent watchers and guards of the burial place upon the hillside of the doctor's native home.

Wayside Thoughts.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The golden light of Truth is ever ready to come in when ignorance and bigotry open their rusty hinged doors far enough to admit its rays. Some cellars are so very dark that light rarely reaches them. Make an effort; throw open those long closed doors, and you will be surprised to learn how much light, and how many truthful facts there are outside of your narrow self. Up! man and woman; take a look over the eastern hills of the nineteenth century progress, and see the morning sun coming up in all its splendor. Don't sleep these morning hours away.

Give me one of nature's solid facts, such as we see stamped upon the rocks; such as the sky above us presents, and I have an anchor far more enduring than all the creedal theologies the sun ever shone on.

The grandest and most noble part of man's earth existence, is that which grows out of the true worshipings of the soul.

Economy is like a bee, and extravagance like a grasshopper. The one overlooks nothing, wastes nothing; the other jumps hither and thither without much regard to regularity.

Our wills, if left wholly without a supreme guide, would drift like a ship without a helm. G. S. G.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and superior to all other preparations in strength, economy, and medical merit.

A Sudden Change of Weather

will often bring on a cough. The irritation on which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price 25 cents per box.

The March number of *The Popular Science Monthly* will contain a portrait of the late Prof. E. L. Youmans, engraved on steel by Schlecht. The likeness is considered remarkably vivid, while the execution of the work is much superior to ordinary book plates.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attentions —*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1885.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P.O. address. Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Business Notices.

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Chicago Meetings.

There will be a Medium's Meeting each Sunday at 7:45 P. M., at Apollo Hall, State and 28th Sts., under the management of Mrs. S. F. De Wolf.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Martine's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd street and Indiana Avenue.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street Mrs. T. B. Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr George H. Perine, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7¾ p. m. Conference every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. —services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7¾ p. m. Lecturer: Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, Eng.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brandt's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.

H. W. FAY, Pres't, 620 S. Broadway.
ISAAC S. LEE, Cor. Sec., 1422 N. 12th St.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life from Jamestown, N. Y., Feb. 10th, 1887, Oliver Gilman Chase, in his 76th year.

Mr. Chase possessed admirable qualities of mind and heart. Kind, genial and hospitable in his home, upright and honorable in his business, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was liberal and reformatory in his views. He gave to woman suffrage a cordial support. With voice and pen he opposed monopolies, and moneyed combinations, and the political parties that uphold them.

For thirty years he had been an earnest, outspoken Spiritualist, finding in its philosophy and manifestations, hope, strength and inspiration.

He was one of the principal movers in the organization of the Cassadaga Camp Meeting Association which has been so successful. Mr. Chase leaves a loving wife, with whom he had journeyed fifty years,—one only son, with wife and little boy, and a niece. The entire family reflect the principles which animated the husband and father, and though missed from his accustomed place the sweet hope he planted in the family's heart promises a happy reunion beyond the valley.

The funeral services were held at the house, Sunday the 13th inst., and were conducted by Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., assisted by the writer. The home mansion was densely packed by citizens and friends. Appropriate music was effectively rendered by the choir.

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The present issue is *a superior edition from new stereotype plates,* printed on a fine quality of toned paper and protected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of this necessity for new plates, and, with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May 1860, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

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Without consultation with her, the publisher feels that the present should be considered a

MEMORIAL EDITION,

and that she should receive from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good will of the public toward one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the Spirit-world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Temple.*

A rock-castled temple rises grand on my sight,
Its ramparts are radiant with Truth's lucent light,
Its dome from my sight doth in heaven disappear,
Its foundations secure are on earth's solid sphere.
'Tis as wide as the world and as spacious as time,
And contains all the knowledge of every clime.
Its dwellers forever profounder do scan
The universe o'er for the improvement of man.
Its name would you know? In its walls would you dwell?
Your own spirit must teach you; none other can tell.
C. W. Cook.

---

* The above words were impressed on my mind at one of our recent semi-weekly home sittings for spirit communion.

A Timely Letter on the Situation From General Edwards of Washington.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was pleased with reading your editorial in the last issue of the Journal, relative to the fraudulent practices of pretenders to mediumship, as well as dishonest mediums, which was inspired on account of the recent exposure of Mrs. Ross, of Boston. It is high time for honest, sensible Spiritualists to call a halt and unite together to put a stop, as far as possible, to that nefarious business in which these tricksters have been so long engaged, and none as yet have been punished for their infamous crimes. They have in consequence become so audacious that they put at defiance those who would thwart their vile practices of imposing upon the credulous public.

There have been a few honest mediums who may have been wrongfully assailed,—but nine-tenths of the exposures that have been made, were justly so. The trouble has been, however, in every case of an exposure, there have been some Spiritualists incapable of discriminating, of a cranky tendency of mind, and who come to the rescue of these professional tricksters, and charge those who were instrumental in their exposure with being conspirators and persecutors of mediums. That device has played out, and the time has arrived when the sacred cause of Spiritualism and truth demands an overhauling, or else surrender it into the hands of these tricksters and cranky Spiritualists altogether; for if they go on in the future as they have during the past few years, the better class of Spiritualists will be ashamed to own that they are Spiritualists.

The greatest sufferers by these professional tricksters are the honest mediums, who rely upon their gifts for a support, because the public do not know who to trust, therefore withdraws its patronage. It is incumbent upon honest mediums, then, for their own protection and welfare to organize and present plans of action to suppress the mountebanks. It is the sacred duty of all well meaning Spiritualists to co-operate for the general welfare, and if these vile, fraudulent practices do not cease, then, as the Journal Editor suggests, appeal to the State legislatures to enact such laws as are demanded in order to convict and send to the penitentiary those wicked transgressors of the law.

It may be that most of the States have already ample statutes against obtaining money by false pretences; if not, let honest mediums select a committee of attorneys (Spiritualists) to draw up a law to cover the case to be submitted to the various legislatures, accompanied by proper petitions from Spiritualists to the legislature, setting forth the facts.

There is a class of dishonest mediums who seem to be gifted with a certain phase of mediumship, but it does not pay well, therefore they undertake to do something for which they are not gifted: for instance, materialization; actuated by a greed of gain to make money, they traffic in our sacred affections by their deceptive arts, which is the meanest class of downright stealing; and the only way to squelch them is to send some of them to the penitentiary.

There is a class of Spiritualists who stand ready to admit the guilt of such dishonest mediums when they are palpably exposed, and cannot get around the evidence, but point us to the fact, that at some other time, the medium presented genuine manifestations, in the same or some other phase. So much the worse for the medium. Whoever will wilfully and deliberately plan to deceive and cheat once, will do it again when opportunity offers. All such mediums after their exposures generally disappear from the public view until forgotten, and have worked up a sympathy for themselves, then they come to the front again, bolder than before. There is no middle ground to occupy in all these cases; it is either for or against. If the guilty confess and promise reformation, then they should be put on probationary trial.

Spiritualism is a grand truth, spreading rapidly enough to be kept healthy.

Down on the frauds without mercy!

Washington, D. C. John Edwards.

Artificial Somnambulism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After reading "The Blindman's World" in the Journal of January 1st, I, for one, believe that Prof. Larrabee actually saw what he relates, and that it was not all a dream. To the doubter I would say, read "Statuvolism or Artificial Somnambulism," by Dr. Wm. Baker Fahnestock, and I think he will see at once that Prof. Larrabee was in the artificial somnambulic state described by him, produced by the perfect concentration of the mind upon one object. When a man does that he loses, apparently, his five physical senses, and all the faculties of his spiritual being come more or less into play, the principal one being clairvoyant sight, its clearness being dependent upon the degree of interest the seer has in the object at which he is looking. This species of self-mesmerization is unlike ordinary mesmerization in the fact the person passing into the artificial somnambulic state, controls himself while therein instead of being controlled by a second person as in ordinary mesmerization.

Had Prof. Larrabee had the advantage of understanding the facts set forth by Fahnestock, he would have remembered what he had seen upon returning to his normal state.

I also think that all the present phases of metaphysical or mind-cures can be traced to the same principle—concentration of thought—and Dr. Fahnestock's book to-day is about as good a manual on mind-cure as I could recommend to any one; and it has the merit of being entirely free from "metaphysical jargon." Case after case of cures wrought and of spiritual faculties developed are given in this work, and any one interested in mind-reading and telepathy will find therein directions how to develop and utilize those faculties. I would be greatly interested in hearing from any one through your columns, who has had experiences similar to those of Prof. Larrabee, and from those who have experimented after reading Dr. Fahnestock's book.

In closing I can join with Prof. Larrabee in asking: "When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescope to find out the secrets of the universe."

Boston, Mass. Wilbur C. Brown.

Edison a Spiritualist.

Thomas A. Edison is not likely to ever return from Florida. He had a severe attack of pleurisy last December, and it left his lungs hopelessly diseased. His recovery is deemed impossible. His health was never robust, and now he is helpless. He insisted on carrying along his incompleted inventions, which are more numerous and wonderful than those which have become of practical value, and at Fort Meyers he will try to continue his experiments. He is accompanied by an expert and clerical staff. His interests in telegraphy and electrical lighting are vested in working companies here, and will not be disturbed by his illness or death; but he has in hand several possibly feasible but apparently visionary schemes, and these he is determined to achieve in spite of disease. His electrical railway is one, and the circular tracks and locomotive that thus far have been costly toys at his New Jersey home are to be transferred to Florida. A second is the utilization of electricity to get all the heat out of the combustion of coal, in which project the experimental expenses are borne by several railroad companies. Edison has lately become a believer in Spiritualism, and has devoted considerable time and thought to the use of his phonograph, or talking-machine, to communicate with the dead.—*Ex.*

Epidemics of Crime.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Recently, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, there was committed a most terrible crime. A Bohemian woman, one Mrs. Cabaleck, the mother of eight children, from a babe of three months to a young man of nineteen, deliberately mangled the five youngest with a pair of shears in so horrible a manner that three died at once, and the other two have since lain in the hospital with the merest thread of life to sustain them. The butchery completed, the frenzied woman rushed into the cellar and hung herself.

It was natural that thoughtful people should wonder how a mother could commit so fearful a deed. It was told that there had been no trouble in the household to impell to such madness; but she had been in the constant habit of reading every account of murders and other crimes of violence that were narrated in a Bohemian journal taken in the house. These accounts she would read aloud to her husband and oldest boys, with a morbid persistence that never seemed to tire, and many were of the opinion that this shaped the woman's mind to a fitting state for the terrible deed of blood; while others, among whom were members of the press, advanced the belief that the constant reading of like deeds of atrocity had directly impelled her into the commission of her crime.

As if to give color to the latter theory scarcely two weeks elapsed when a second mother, living but a few streets away from the Cabalecks, sent a boy to a drugstore for the poison, "Rough on rats," and killed herself and baby with it. Here again there seemed to be no apparent cause for such an appalling deed, as her home relations were pleasant and comfortable; but it was discovered that immediately on the publication of the Cabaleck murders and suicide, when her husband brought home a paper and read the harrowing account, she requested him to read it again, sitting with the baby on her lap as if in a trance of irresponsible fascination, while each particular of the horrible details was slowly read out for her. Again she desired it read, and still the fourth time, her husband, with his ignorant lack of thought, consenting to her wish. The next day, whenever a neighbor came into her house, she asked to have the tale of blood gone over, with as keen avidity as at first. And so she continued, always with her babe held on her lap; and she brooded on the morbid theme until driven to her own mad ending.

I think it was Bulwer who first advanced the theory that there are epidemics of crime, as there are of disease; that each separate form or grade of crime,—such as poisoning, stabbing, shooting, etc., and the different methods of attaining suicide, take each in their turn an epidemic outburst of more or less intensity and extent. Similarly, that fires and other calamities often appear to be ruled by the same law, so that when any one after a period of immunity, breaks out, it can be safely predicted that others of like kind will surely soon follow.

If this theory is correct (and there can be little question that experience gives very strong color to it) the query,—"To what cause, or by what process are these abnormal events impelled into their epidemic form?" is one of absorbing interest. It is now pretty well established that epidemic diseases are spread by living microbes, which propagate and assume virulent activity under certain favorable conditions, and travel along the special courses or grooves that are especially favorable to their progression.

Now this thought has come to me, in connection with the two tragedies I have narrated: Is it not possible that crime is a disease, propagated by what may be termed moral microbes, as in the case of physical disease? Just as certain diseases are contagious by contact with the clothing that has been worn by a patient, whereby the microbes are carried from one to another,—is it not equally fair to assume that moral disorders are carried along in the same way? Taking this for granted, it can readily be seen how the poor demented mother, Cabaleck, became infected by the murderous and suicidal instinct from constant contact with the crime microbes conveyed in the papers he had read to her; and so with the second mother driven to like insanity of crime.

There does not seem any other explanation that so well bears out sufficient cause for these successive acts of similar criminality. Moreover, if we bear in mind the intensity of feeling aroused in even the most phlegmatic by the perusal or narration of deeds atrocity, it may well be conceived that influence on the mind of such force could only be effected by a living principle of the most active quality. Who has not felt the blood suddenly bound through the veins with almost furious alacrity, and the animal passions become aroused to a fearful pitch by the mere narration of some cruel murder? If this is caused by the living virus of criminal disease, actually propagated by contact, as it is in the case of cholera and typhoid,—it can be readily understood.

From one point of view this theory of contagious crime is especially disheartening. It does not appear that deeds of goodness are subject to like conditions. At least, not to nearly the same extent. If Mrs. Cabaleck had been in the habit of reading about deeds of kindness, is it likely that it would have impelled her to follow so excellent an example? It might have done so to a slight extent; but there would not have grown the same morbid intensity of desire to bend her whole soul to the commission of some supreme effort of benevolence. Influences to walk in a right path seem to be feeble in comparison with those leading to evil. The music of a brass band outside a circus, or fiddling in a saloon, exerts wonderful attractive force, while the grand music in church or lecture room falls on dull ears, seemingly filled with the cotton of dislike to an epidemic of that peaceful character. Undoubtedly the microbes of evil, if such there are, seem to be possessed of an astonishing amount of virile activity beyond those of good.

Cleveland, Ohio. W. Whitworth.

DRESS REFORM.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Great is buncombe! Hurrah for dress reform! There is a good time coming when there will be no more tie-backs nor loads for the weary frame to carry. The dress reform is coming, but not soon. The present movement will flourish about six months and then die. I went to a meeting at the house of a prominent lady under the impression that the dress of the women of the bible was to be discussed; so I armed myself with authorities and entered the sacred precincts where the mysteries were to be shown. I was soon undeceived; but imagine my chagrin upon entering the parlors to find only ladies present. I thought I should see the divine Goddess of Beauty herself, who would discourse upon lines of beauty and kindred topics; who could do even more,—give us some magic word that should transform old to young, and make Rachels and Sarahs of us all; for we read that those ladies were "very fair to look upon," and on that account gave their lords much trouble. But, alas! Mr. Editor, I who wear the crown of age, came away much the same as I went. So slow is progress. The present dress reform movement does not evolve enough. It consists of a dress made in what is called "princess shape," and discards corsets and bustles. The princess is made a little shorter than that garment is usually made. It follows the lines of the figure. The under garments are fewer in number than usual, the difference in respect to warmth being made up in the extra weight of the material employed. Such is the dress that has set all fashiondom agog the last month; but good-by to all the under garments so dear to a woman's heart. No more ruffles and flounces with dainty ribbons tied in. No!! This is a strong-minded reform administration. Reform! I say. "Innocuous desuetude" are the words all along the line.

But I am happy to state that, with this dress, we are to have an opportunity to wear literary boots, as it were; Boston boots you know. There is a man at the Hub who guarantees to make a handsome boot that shall not pinch the footsy tootsies of our upper tendom. Blessings on him I say; but my mind misgives me on this subject, notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets that herald Mrs. Miller's dress reform and the endorsement of all the clergy and their wives.

Washington, D. C. Elizabeth.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, with John C. Bundy at the helm, is the representative of modern Spiritualism. He demands scientific proof for every so-called manifestation and appears earnest in his search for the truth. The Journal in its own chosen field is a remarkably able paper.—*City and County, Columbus, Ohio.*

Prof. A. R. Wallace in Washington.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have had the pleasure of meeting Prof. A. R. Wallace several times at receptions during the past two weeks. We spent last evening with him at his hotel, and enjoyed his conversation upon the different topics which he so kindly discussed, one of which was Spiritualism. I was anxious to hear from his own lips the confirmation of his belief in immortality and the fact of communication between the dwellers in the spirit realm and the denizens of the earth sphere. He stated: "There is no doubt of it, and any one who will pursue the investigation can come to no other conclusion." The law which connects the two conditions of life is susceptible of being controlled and understood by mortals, and it needs only the application of the powers within us to comprehend their workings.

The Professor said: "Many of the so-called frauds are not frauds in the sense in which people usually look at them." Alluding to Robert Dale Owen's case, he said: "The medium through Katie King appeared, acknowledged that in that particular case she had been *induced* to deceive them under the promise of money from parties who were interested in having the phenomena proved a delusion." Much more was said sustaining the phenomena. Coming from a scientist of such acknowledged ability in both hemispheres, a man who ranks with Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, as their equal in the foremost sciences of the 19th century, it is consoling as well as confirming. His cool and passive way of investigating and examining the esoteric laws and principles of nature, is the true method to acquire knowledge on all subjects, and his conclusions are not to be gainsaid or blown away by the winds of ignorance. The book he has written will enlighten the minds of those in pursuit of real knowledge on the subject.

Prof. Wallace has consented to talk before the Woman's Anthropological Society next Saturday, when he will be listened to with deep interest. He then goes to Columbus, Ohio, where he is to deliver a course of lectures. I presume he would accept an invitation from Chicago, if one were extended to him. This is his first visit to America, and he seems to be pleased with our manners and customs. He should be received as becomes so enlightened and progressive a man.

I handed him the Journal containing the article on "Hypnotism." Speaking of hypnotism, he said: "It is another name for mesmerism or animal magnetism, and a knowledge of it has been known for hundreds of years. I made myself acquainted with it years ago, and it is an acknowledged fact in the domain of human possibilities." When the level headed, thinking business men take the investigation of this subject in hand and pursue it with the same determination and vigor they do commercial business, they will solve the problem and make it as easy of comprehension as is the projection of the human voice hundreds of miles on a vehicle as thin and delicate as the wire that carries it. The Divine Creator presents himself to us in the sunbeam, in the rainbow, in all the operations of nature, so silently, so potently, increasing man's condition and comfort in this rudimental sphere, and yet we appreciate it so little. Is this all for naught? Is man to struggle along eternally in ignorance, or will the stern law of progression force him to receive the solemn truths awaiting to elevate him to a higher conception of divine things? W. H. McDonald.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11th.

Occultism in India.

BY W. T. BROWN.

[Continued.]

It is due to the spiritual and devotional readers of the Journal, that some remarks should be made as to the real value of experiences in "Occultism." Occult science, as has been said, is simply science carried up, or down, to unusual planes, and experiences which are proved to be true and "scientific" are not, therefore, proved to be desirable or beneficial.

My experiences in India, for instance, were occult, psychic and scientific, and Mr. Hodgson of the S. P. R., did not reach them because he confined himself, or was confined by nature, to the three-dimensional plane. But the moral value of Mr. Hodgson's report cannot be overestimated, and the S. P. R. is to be congratulated upon his conscientiousness.

One may perform feats of "magic," which are true in the sense of being scientific, but which, from a moral, religious and devotional standpoint, are productive of much evil. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Were I asked to-day if it would be profitable, for one's spiritual welfare, to seek similar experiences to mine, and go after "wonder workers" in India or elsewhere, I should unhesitatingly answer—No. A magician may be very far from being a saint, and, as has been truly said, "No man can be a White Magician, who is not first a Christ."

In the article recently published in these columns (which was prepared in 1885) I used the word "Christ-like" as in some degree applicable to Madame Blavatsky. Would that she were indeed worthy of this title! One is naturally attracted to the Theosophical Society because of the use of the term "Theosophy," which means Divine Wisdom; but my experience has been that the "Theosophists" in the organization are those who are not in sympathy with phenomenal "Occultism."

An "occultist," or magician, Madame Blavatsky is; but would that she were a "Theosophist" also! and would that the entities, in the flesh and out, who work by, through and with her, would no longer keep themselves in the background on the plea that they are too "holy" to mingle with poor suffering humanity, as Jesus did. He, great Mahatma and Adept as he was, came forward at the expense of crucifixion; but what value did he put on death? What is mere physical death? Is it not our highest privilege, when it has been earned?

The aim of Madame Blavatsky and of some esteemed Rosicrucians seems to be to obtain physical immortality on this dark planet. Such an existence I believe to be possible by occult, magical and scientific means; but it is "of the earth, earthy," and the leading Theosophist and Spiritualist hath said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Regarding the study of "Occultism" or "Magic," my advice is to leave it entirely alone. It develops an unlawful thirst for knowledge at the expense of principle, and there is great danger of "possession." It is neither normal nor natural in the divine economy. "He that leadeth the life shall know of the doctrine" and to the true saint, at the right time, all divine spiritual powers, by spiritual influx, shall accrue.

A Lady Sees her own Death.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the issue of the Ft. Worth *Gazette*, of Jan. 28th, there is recorded the death of Miss Amelia Ederle, aged 25 years. Miss Ederle was a young lady, highly endowed, both mentally and physically; not more easily influenced than people generally are, by superstition or the marvelous. Shortly before her death, while visiting one evening in the family, our conversation drifted to the experiences and philosophy of Spiritualism. The young lady related a dream that she had a few days previous, and of such a vivid nature that it produced a profound impression on her mind. She saw herself dead, and ready for burial—parents and friends weeping around her. She appeared to have no feeling, only that of great surprise on finding yellow roses distributed on a blue dress. "Why, Mother," she said, "how could you make such a mistake; yellow roses on a blue dress! I thought you had better taste." It appeared that no one paid attention to her remarks. Gradually the scene faded and she awoke.

Commenting and jesting on the dream, we took our departure, thinking no more of the incident. Ten days had only elapsed when she sickened and died. She had mentioned the dream only once.

It could not be that the impression of the dream produced an effect resulting as it did, for strength of mind, which she certainly had, would overthrow any such theory. Only a few days ago I read of a very similar case happening in Georgia.

Was it a warning? Probably some of your readers, deeper versed in metaphysics, than myself may give a solution. Geo. E. Maurice.

Tombstone Inscription.

The following inscription was left by the late Richard J. Lamborn, of Newlin township, to be inscribed upon his tombstone:

"Learn to obey nature's laws and live up to your highest ideas of right."

"Bound to no party, to no creed confined,
The world our home, our brothers all mankind;
Do good, love truth, be just and fair to all,
Accept the right, tho' every 'ism' fall."

Signs of Life in a Person Who Had Been Dead Three Months.

Mrs. Anna Stickney, a widow, lives in a little one-story white cottage at No. 407 Fifth street, Northeast, St. Paul Minn. She is a fine-looking woman under 40, with fine features and gray hair. Every word she utters betokens culture and refinement. Mrs. Stickney this morning, Feb. 12th, said:

"My daughter Cora died Nov. 30. She had been ill about eight weeks. When she was buried no grave was prepared and she was placed in the vault at Lakewood Cemetery. During her illness I was converted to the faith cure by a cure wrought by the Rev. R. A. Torry. About ten days after her death I became impressed with the idea of resurrecting her by prayer. The thought impressed me strongly, so much so that I think God placed it there. I prayed constantly for my daughter, and broached this matter at a meeting of the faithists. There were three or four ladies there. I told them that I wanted their prayers for my daughter. They were greatly surprised and even startled, but they acceded to my request. We prayed a great deal. Finally I concluded to bring the body to my house. The body was removed one week from last Tuesday and laid upon a couch. Every day a little knot of ladies would gather about her with me, and we would pray. Last Sunday night I saw signs of life. For six hours there were signs of life—from 5:30 to 11:30 o'clock. Ah, no, I was not mistaken. I could not be mistaken. I was as sure of it as I am there is a Heaven. Still, I was greatly surprised. I expected her to rise in perfect health. I was certain that she would. The first indication was a high temperature of the body. I turned to the other ladies and asked them to leave the room. All did so but Mrs. Allen. She remained for a few minutes. I placed my hand on the diaphragm. It moved slightly. Then I became aware of a strong odor of brandy. That was the last thing she took before she died. Then I placed my head upon her breast. I heard her heart flutter. The lungs were partially inflated. Then respiration started—very faint, it is true, but still distinct. Mrs. Allen had left the room after the second breath. I was sure she was returning to life. In my eagerness I started to rub the body, hoping to hasten the revival. I had rubbed some time, when I felt the body getting stiff and cold in my hands. I started back in agony. All signs of life had disappeared. It was a judgment for my lack of faith. I wanted to interfere with God's work. I did not have enough faith. Did I believe that God would answer my prayer? Most assuredly. I believe God is just the same as he was in the days of the Apostles and that he will answers prayers of faith. Had I had enough faith my daughter would be alive and well. Can you imagine my agony after I discovered what my interference had done? I never want to do anything like it again."

Mrs. Stickney refused to say how the body had been removed from the cemetery or how and when it had been taken from the house. She was also silent when asked where the body is at present. The remains were not at all decomposed, but appeared perfectly natural. The proceedings were conducted with the greatest secrecy. Only five persons knew anything about them. Even the family who occupy the house with Mrs. Stickney were in ignorance. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Sweet, and Mrs. Stanley, all of whom live in the vicinity, corroborated Mrs. Stickney's story. They say she is a christian woman of good common sense and rare intelligence. Mrs. Stickney is a recent convert to the faith cure, although she has long been prominent in church circles. Her daughter Cora was 14 years of age. Over-work caused consumption of the blood. She would bleed for hours from the nose and blood would exude from the pores of the flesh. While she was sick the Rev. R. A. Torrey, effected a temporary cure by faith. The bleeding stopped immediately after he began praying. But when a caller came the girl told her mother not to tell him how she had been cured. The bleeding commenced again, and death resulted. This converted Mrs. Stickney to the faith cure. It is said Mrs. Stickney is still confident that her daughter will be resurrected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Reading the Audience's Minds.

Washington Irving Bishop Finds all Sorts of Things in Strange Places.

Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, demonstrated his phenomenal power to a large audience at Steinway Hall last evening. There were many well-known persons present and everybody seemed to take kindly to Mr. Bishop from the first. The mind reader stated in the outset that he professed to do nothing, and so he was sure the audience could not blame him when he had concluded. He invited the audience to nominate a committee of twelve well-known men to sit on the platform and assist in the exhibition. Those selected were A. S. Hammersley, T. B. Musgrave, Charles Henry Brown, M. D., James Francis, Col. Thomas W. Knox, Dr. E. F. Hoyt, Theodore Connoly, Smith Clift, F. Payson, Norman W. Kingsley, Dr. J. A. Tonner, Prof. Lion, and Harrison Millard. There was a vacant chair left on the platform which Mr. Bishop announced was for his particular friend, Mr. Henry Labouchere. Then he picked up a dagger from the table, and as he toyed with the glittering blade, he said: "I will presently be blindfolded and taken into my dressing-room by two of my committee. A third will then go into the audience and enact the scene of a supposed murder, after which he will conceal the weapon. I will find it, blindfolded, and repeat the pantomime on the same victim."

Mr. Bishop retired and the murder was enacted. Then he came out and the murderer was placed by his side. He rubbed him down, made a few passes in the air about his head and finally held his hand a few inches below the palm of his subject. After the lapse of a few seconds he made a sudden bolt across the stage and down into the audience. He rushed up the proper aisle and stopped close to the spot where the dagger had been concealed. Then he started off again, made a lap around the hall, and came back. His mind did not seem to be clear on the subject of the dagger, and he was finally obliged to try the experiment over again. It was eminently successful the second time, as were all the subsequent experiments.

Prof. Lion was sent into the audience to play the part of a robber. He took articles from the pockets of three different men who sat in various parts of the house. He tied the booty in a handkerchief and concealed it in the back part of the house. Mr. Bishop then coupled himself to the Professor and after a little gyration found the articles and afterwards the respective owner of each. He was still blindfolded.

Mr. Millard wrote the name of a song on a piece of paper and sealed it in an envelope. The mind-reader played the identical song—"Home, Sweet Home—" on the piano.

One of the committee was asked to fix the name of a friend present in his mind. He did, and Mr. Bishop, after writing the name on the blackboard, picked out the man. Then Mr. Millard fixed his mind on a lady present and placed her name in a sealed envelope. The mind-reader took her a bouquet of roses with the envelope containing her name. The performance was concluded with the bank-note experiment, which Mr. Bishop once performed on a £1,000 wager with Mr. Henry Labouchere. The mind-reader wrote on the blackboard the number of a bank note which Col. Knox had taken at random from a roll of bills in his possession. All of the demonstrations were vigorously applauded.—*New York World.*

Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt., writes: The Journal is steadily gaining in the estimation of the more level-headed, thinking portion of the Spiritualists. Keep aloft the Banner of Truth in accordance with the motto under the heading of the Journal, and the cause of justice and right will gain added power as it goes marching on. Discouragement must and will continue to be found in the pathway of the true and faithful workers, who are so anxiously waiting for the "dawning of the morning when the clouds of evil and human degradation shall have cleared away." The most we mortals can do is to endeavor to seek for the best attainable good for all, following the highest light, fully trusting, hoping ever.

Mrs. C. P. Nash writes: Because of the value of the contents of the Journal I cannot do without it.

Miss Julia J. Stinson was married recently in New York to Dr. Henry P. Loomis. The bride wore a dress more than a century old. It was made for her maternal great-grandmother in 1778, and worn at her wedding, when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and Gen. Washington and his staff were present as guests. It was worn for the second time by the bride's mother forty-five years ago.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

What is Done with Mis-Directed, and Non-Delivered Letters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Of the 50,000,000 people in the United States, doubtless 20,000,000 are letter-writers, and every year one-fourth of these are made aware of the presence in Washington of the Dead-Letter Office by the return of non-delivered letters, bearing its ominous, triangular stamp. Of the many pilgrims to Washington, few fail to visit the Dead-Letter Office, one of the most interesting sights of the capital. Very few of them realize something of its importance by comparative study of the postal systems of the world. Few Americans really know how great a thing the Post Office Department of the United States is. We have more post offices than all the countries of Europe. Germany with her 45,000,000 people has 15,400 post offices. Great Britain with 36,000,000 has 16,450. The United States has 53,650. Our postal system also covers more routes than any other. We have 117,000 more miles of railway service than all the rest of the world together, and in 1886 carried one-third of all the pieces of mail matter in the world.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Dead-Letter Office is the Museum, wherein is deposited a thousand and one things that cannot be returned to their owners, resembling nothing so nearly as the curiosity shop of a lunatic asylum. The main office is a huge room, two stories high, with an iron gallery running around its four sides. Here the clerks open and classify the letters, the aim of each of them being to clear up the day's work and keep even with the 16,000 dead letters that are received daily. 10,000 letters are opened and returned to the senders every day. Last year they found over $1,500,000 in cash, drafts, and money orders, which but for their skill and honesty would hardly have gone back to the owners, through whose ignorance and carelessness it was lost. No part of this money belonged to the business men of the country who could best afford to lose it; it was all found in letters belonging to women, and the occasional letter writers. Business men all use envelopes bearing a printed request, giving the name and address of the writer, and asking to have the letter returned if not delivered. The problem of the Post Office Department has been to devise some plan that would be applicable to "everybody else," who do not send letters so frequently as to justify them in purchasing envelopes in large quantities and having them printed, and which would in the case of ladies be undesirable.

Chicago has in this, as in many other respects, proved able to supply what is needed. An Association has been organized under the laws of the State, called the

NATIONAL LETTER-RETURN ASSOCIATION,

which offers a simple, practical and cheap plan to secure the return of all non-delivered letters. It has been in operation eighteen months, and given entire satisfaction to all who have tried it, and is returning some 300 letters per month. The Manager is known to us to be reliable. If our readers will write to J. E. Woodhead, Manager, Chicago, he will send them full particulars, and the adoption of his plan will save trouble, annoyance, time and money far in excess of the small expense required.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Those dreadful Chinese have sent money to the Charleston earthquake sufferers.

The Belgian Catholic bishops have issued a letter calling for missionaries to qualify for work on the Congo.

Col. Ingersoll is in Washington looking for material for another anti-religious lecture. He has gone to the right field.

A Kansas City firm is offering to furnish sermons to such of the "cloth" as may need them at 80 cents per week. This is cheapening the gospel in earnest.

First Oyster: "Where are we?" Second Oyster: "This is a church." First Oyster: "A church! What do they want with both of us, I wonder!"

The French Reformed church at Berlin commemorated its bi-centennial existence in that city by the unveiling of a bronze bust of John Calvin in the park of its hospital.

The general headquarters of the Knights of Labor order will hereafter be permanently located in Philadelphia, property worth $65,000 having been purchased for that object.

Bishop Healey, of Portland, Me., has issued a circular letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he instructs them to forbid the use of flowers at funerals in the churches under their charge.

The quaint humor in the proposition of Isaac Barnes, of Boston to subscribe $5,000 to a new church, provided all the baptisms should take place in hot water, excites curious comment.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is hard at work upon a new novel, which she hopes to have ready for publication in the early spring. The scene of the story is laid in and around Holland Patent.

A 3-year-old citizen of Springfield, O., was saying his prayers at his mother's knee the other evening, and his baby brother in her arms was pulling his hair and pounding his head meanwhile. The boy took no notice of this until he reached the point where he usually spoke of the baby, and then he varied the regular form by adding: "And God bless this frisky little fellow and make him grow a good man."

A specimen of the vibikari, or sacred snake of Japan, in Dr. Stradford's collection at Watford, England, recently gave birth to between sixty and seventy young ones. Some fifty living and stillborn snakelets were collected, and it was believed that at least a dozen more had been destroyed by other snakes in the cage. At ten days old the young ones had cast their skins and were beginning to eat earth worms and small slugs. This is the first time this species has bred in Europe.

Prof. M. Williams maintains that tidal waves and allied phenomena are properly no sea disturbances at all, but movements of the land itself rising and sinking, its movement being manifested by relative changes of the sea level and the land. The Krakatoa wave, *e. g.*, "swept half-way around the world without being felt by any vessel out at sea." *Nature* describes the phenomenon at Stonehaven, where the land rose and fell from ten to eighteen inches at a time, the disturbance leaving fifteen to eighteen feet of the beach dry. "There was no wind and the sea was quite smooth, but the water advanced and retired with a speed equal to the run of a fast river." Prof. Williams opens up here a profitable field for study and one but little understood at present.

A recent writer in *Popular Science News* has called attention to some of the remarkable physical problems snow presents. Rain in falling runs rapidly away, but snow accumulates upon the ground. It is difficult to understand how this immense weight can be simply held up in the atmosphere. Every cubic foot of snow is condensed from 1,728 cubic feet of vapor. In the condensation a large amount of latent heat is changed to sensible heat. One pound of vapor in being condensed to water evolves enough heat to raise one pound of water 0° to °972 F., and an additional amount is thrown out in converting water to ice. This accounts for the warming of the atmosphere during a snow-storm; and even if no warmth may be felt by us, the heat is expended in the superior layers of the atmosphere. The same writer asserts that so far as heating power is concerned, there is as much heat developed during a snow-storm as would be in an equal weight of red-hot sand.

Here is a queer fact that seems to come fittingly under the head of mind-reading. Last fall there was a company of Zuni Indians stopping in and around Boston. The Zunis showed great admiration and fondness for the sea, and one day of their visit was passed in an excursion to Manchester, on the coast, a few miles from Boston. While there the old chief Pa-lo-wah-te-wa broke out with the exclamation: "The old man died last night," referring to one of the patriarchs of the tribe in Zuniland whose illness had occupied the minds of his brethren for some time before. This remark was jotted in the memorandum book of a newspaper-man who overheard it and thought it might be worth remembering. The newspaper man has received a letter from Mr. Frank Cushing, the young ethnologist who was instrumental in bringing the Zunis here. He wrote that "the old man" of the Zunis did die last fall. As no accurate record of these events is kept among the Indians it is impossible to verify the exact date, but as near as Mr. Cushing can learn the death took place not far from the time at which Pa-lo-wah-te-wa declared it on the sandy shore of Manchester, with the sick man 2,500 miles away.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Shameful Abuse

Heaped Upon a Noted Englishman for His Open Honesty.

WM. ED. ROBSON, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M. K. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London *Family Doctor.*

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give my experience both here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and indeed, to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer."

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and if possible, find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance, are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease."

"In my hospital practice in England, India and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease."

"Some time ago when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment—which is very limited—complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's safe cure, of which I had heard marvelous results. In his case the result was simply marvelous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts."

"The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is today a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and after analysis, I found it to be of purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances."

"Casting aside all professional prejudice I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure."

"For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's safe cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's safe cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians."

"I am satisfied that more than one-half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric and kidney acid. Warner's safe cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"Done? He has spoken the truth 'out of school' and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to reach certain disorders.

"That letter created wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduct, and notified him that unless he made a retraction they would discipline him.

"The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's safe cure only after all the regular methods had failed, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's safe cure, he was so surprised that he wrote the above letter to the Family Doctor. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he would not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the Family Doctor.

"The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally debar him from again practicing his profession, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

The illustrious doctor's dilema is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing, as it does, both his own honesty, and the contemptible prejudice and bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends and get well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejuidiced doctors and die!

Miss Nellie Moonlight is now private secretary to her father, the Governor of Wyoming Territory.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

In Night Sweats and Prostration.

Dr. R. STUDHALTER, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night sweats, with very good results."

George Kennan, when he visited Count Tolstoi, met the novelist as he was returning from spreading compost on a poor widow's field, and during the evening that he spent at his house the Count was busy making shoes.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatably and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

The Rev. Edmund Darrow of Waterford, Conn., was born in the seventh year of this century, the seventh day of the month, the seventh day of the week, and in the seventh hour of the day, and is and always has been a Seventh-Day Baptist.

The Shame of a Great Merchant

was that a skin disease made him look like a drinking man. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and skin. It should be tried by all afflicted with tetter, salt-rheum, scald head, St. Anthony's fire, erysipelas, ring-worms, pimples, blotches, spots, eruptions, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, rough skin, scrofulous sores, swellings, blood taints, effecting the skin, throat and bones, ulcers of the liver, stomach, kidneys, lungs and uterus. Purify the blood and health will return. By druggists.

Twenty-one years ago the steamer Brother Jonathan went down off the Oregon coast with $2,000,000 specie on board. Various unsuccessful attempts have been made to get the money, and now another effort on an elaborate scale is to be made.

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co., will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

For thoroughly eradicating the poisons of Catarrh from the blood, take

Ayer's Sar

saparilla. It will restore health and vigor to decaying and diseased tissues, when everything else fails.

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Cured

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I was troubled with Catarrh, and all its attendant evils, for several years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health and strength.—Jesse Boggs, Holman's Mills, Albermarle, N. C.

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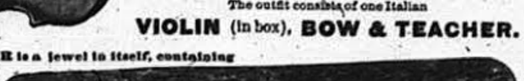

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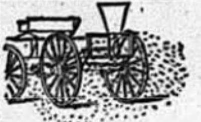

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LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kansas,* writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health being afflicted with liver disease, and heart trouble, etc. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.,* writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhœa Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 275 and 277 *Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.,* writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhœa."

GENERAL DEBILITY. Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 161 *Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.,* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.,* writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.,* writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.,* writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES. Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.,* says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints and in one week's time I began to feel like new man, and am now sound and well. The Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE. Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.,* writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION. Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland* says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.,* has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.,* vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.,* writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

GIVEN UP TO DIE,

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer. After trying almost everything without success we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, Esq., *Athens, La.,* writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since [illegible]. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?

(Continued from First Page.)

of building up the very kingdom of heaven exists within every human soul.

Spiritualism reiterates the truths of all the old religions. Not a single wise, sweet hope of so-called orthodoxy, but Spiritualism waters it with its sympathetic tears, warms and nourishes it with encouraging smiles; not one precious grain of faith that has fed the human heart in past ages but is conserved, just as every fragmentary fact of the old superstitions of astrology and alchemy are preserved and carried forward by the exact sciences of astronomy and chemistry. So the religious superstitions had their golden grains of truth, and Spiritualism, the natural result of man's development, carries forward all these old creeds, melts them in the crucible of human reason, and decrees that that which is valuable shall be preserved forever.

Spiritualism does not necessitate your leaving your Sabbath-homes, the churches. It says go, in welcome, wherever your souls find the greatest comfort, the deepest inspirations to moral endeavor.

Its facts make every day a Sabbath to the soul—its most honored altars are clean human hearts; its messages of love and hope are free unto all—passion becomes ashamed in its pure presence; despair lifts its leaden weight at hearing of its august word!

Thank God for our public mediums! Oh, may they prove more and more worthy of the immortal gifts which some of them possess! And thank God for our private mediums, whose quiet ministrations are banishing the fear of death in tens of thousands of aforetime darkened homes! Thank God for every gleam of light that breaks through the clouds of human sorrow, kindling and quickening all the mighty germs that sleep in human life, waiting for the resurrection morn!

Miss Phelps's article contains many truths, many just criticisms and wise suggestions. But when she speaks of trivialities and common-places, in connection with the phenomena of Spiritualism, we point you to the fact that very often apparently trifling things of this world are the keys to the grandest discoveries. According to old theology just one apple turned the world upside down, and lost us our Eden; while another apple revealed to Sir Isaac Newton the law of gravitation. A door key and a kite in the hands of a Franklin captured the lightning from the brooding clouds and sent it on errands of mercy and of love. The earth's shadow seen in eclipses of the moon, was more powerful in its influence upon the mind of Magellan than all the scriptures and arguments, threats and warnings of the church-fathers combined,—and by that impalpable shadow was the great, faithful heart sustained in his perilous voyage around the world! Thus do the foolish things of this world often confound the wise.

Through midnight glooms of grief and pain
Earth's millions groped in fear and trembling,
Calling upon the gods in vain,
For guidance, free from all dissembling.

The heavens seemed deaf to every cry,
And faith in dreary doubts enshrouded,
While Hope's far-seeing, starry eye,
With ever gathering tears was clouded.

For lo! the gulf of-death yawned wide
Across the way of human glory,
And sad, white lips on every side
Repeated o'er and o'er the story—

Of voices hushed 'mid merry song
And silvery ring of rippling laughter,
That no more should sound along
Our heavy heart's dim aisles thereafter;

And dear ones lost in dread eclipse,
Down-sinking in a waveless ocean,
Vouchsafing no apocalypse
In answer to our heart's devotion.

'Till suddenly the silence broke,
And half articulate and tender,
Our darling dead, returning, spoke,
And filled our hearts with Hope's white splendor.

They set the heavenly gates ajar,
A purer, nobler life disclosing,
And on Death's dusky brow a star,—
Which Science is at last transposing.

Of living sunbeams, let us write
This new and sweet interpretation
In all the "signs and wonders" bright,
So full of sacred consolation!

The plummet-line of earnest thought
Is measuring psychic mystery,
And miracles of joy are wrought
As facts in the soul's proud history.

And death is proven second birth,
Through which the spirit finds its pinions,
And soars above the troubled earth
To claim its own more fair dominions.

And often in its upward flight,
Remembering earth's mourning mortals,
It drops a flake of glory-light
Far through the ever open portals;

And reverent souls in waiting there,
All faithful at their post of duty,
May feel borne in on breath of prayer,
Bright blossoms from that heaven of beauty.

WHAT OF GHOSTS?

Ghosts, real or imaginary, are no longer objects of fear; indeed, the strange fact confronts us, that they are viewed with favor, and their visits welcomed by thousands in all civilized lands. The presence of apparitions, whether coming to view in social circles or in "haunted houses," excites only interest and curiosity. There are those who claim to have as many acquaintances and friends in ghost-land, with whom they are in frequent communication, as they have in terrestrial life, and those to whom I refer are not confined to the unlearned classes.

Nothing in history or in human experience is more remarkable than the fact that within the brief period of forty years a body of intelligent men and women, numbering many millions, have been profoundly impressed with the belief that direct inter-communication is established between the living and the dead. The method of ghostly telephony was discovered by Isaac Post of Hydesville, N. Y., in December, 1847; and, if the phenomena to which the discovery is applicable rest on a basis of truth, the importance of the inventions and the results attained by Bell, Gray, Edison, and others, in terrestrial telephony, are dwarfed in comparison.

Post's discovery was made in connection with the widely known house-disturbances which occurred in the Fox family at Hydesville. One of the prominent forms of these disturbances were sharp, explosive raps, like those which come from statical electrical machines when discharges occur. The raps came upon the walls, ceilings, and floors of the rooms, and were produced by undiscoverable agents. It was clearly evident, to the family and the many visitors, that there was intelligence connected with the raps; but how to bring the listeners into communication with the disturbers was an unsolved problem. A happy thought entered the mind of Post: he suggested that the alphabet, as found in an old copy of Webster's spelling-book, be employed to draw out intelligent responses from the rappers; and the method was immediately tried, and proved successful. By placing the index finger upon the first letter in the column, and following down to the last, at the same time requesting the ghost to rap when the letters were reached necessary to make up any communication, word responses to questions were readily obtained, and thus carnate man and incarnate spirit, it is alleged, were brought into direct intelligible communication. The dawn of modern spiritism dates from this epoch. Thousands of houses in all countries during the historic centuries have been disturbed with mysterious noises, more or less violent, among which knockings have usually been prominent. No clew to the nature of the phenomena had been secured until the occurrence of the Hydesville rappings and the advent of Post. This invention of a sagacious man was more successful than that of Bell in its earliest stages; but, like that of Bell, it only opened a way for important results, or made it clear that a method of holding communication was possible. It was reserved for other experimenters to perfect methods, or devise new ones better adapted for practical and rapid work. The use of the alphabet no longer continues; slate and letter writing, together with oral messages, and "inspirational speaking" on the part of spirits, have rendered obsolete the original method of Post.

It is indeed remarkable that the phenomena connected with haunted houses have been uniformly the same in every country, among all people, in every age, of which we have any information. If they are the result of collusion or trick, an important fact is brought to view, that the inventive faculty of the mischievous and idle classes of all the ages has run in the same grooves, and produced like results. In modern haunted houses, it is true, we have the persistent ringing of bells, even after the communicating wires are removed, and also we have music produced by unseen hands, on instruments of modern forms; but the whistling and rapping noises, the thumping sounds of violent winds, the slamming of doors, the moving about of articles of furniture and other unfixed objects, the appearance of white, luminous bodies and apparitions in human form, have been the stock phenomena witnessed in haunted houses in ancient and modern times. It would seem reasonable that modern science, with its manifold capabilities for producing cunning and mysterious tricks, should have aided in diversifying the performances (if they are but tricks); but such has not been the case. The old, old phenomena continue, with but slight variations.

The haunted house at Athens which is described by Pliny, afforded phenomena strikingly like what occurred at the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn., thirty-five years ago, and yet the occurrences are separated by a period of eighteen hundred years. The house at Athens was so full of strange noises and unaccountable disturbances that the inmates fled from it in terror; and it remained unoccupied, Pliny informs us, for a long time. The owner was glad to find a purchaser in Athenodorus, a philosopher, at a very low price. But the philosopher and his famil were not allowed to remain in quiet: strange noises, as that of the clanging of chains, were heard one night; and, springing from his bed, an apparition in human form appeared, and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and was led to a certain spot of ground near to the house, where the ghost vanished. The public authorities of Athens ordered the place to be examined; and, upon digging into the earth, a skeleton in fetters was discovered. It was removed and buried, and the house was no longer haunted.

The interesting narrative of Dr. Phelps shows that not only the phenomena which were observed at his house, but the apparent cause of its discontinuance, present points of remarkable similarity. The fullest details of these occurrences were given me by the estimable and venerable divine a few years before his death; and those who listened to the recital from his lips were impressed with the sincerity of the narrator, the judicial fairness, and the lucidity of the narrative. Perhaps no instance of alleged house-possession in modern times created more intense interest than this, unless it be that of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. The Wesley family were disturbed during two months, between Dec. 1, 1716, and Jan. 30, 1717, in which time the house, according to the statements of Wesley and many others, was shaken by winds when all was calm without, disturbed by dismal groanings, loud raps day and night, and a fearful noise over the heads of the family during devotional exercises. The house was much injured by unseen agencies, and investigations made with intelligent vigilance and care failed to detect any cause for the phenomena.

The occurrences at the Phelps mansion in 1850-51 were similar in kind, but extended over a longer period. For several months the dwelling was watched day and night; but the disturbances continued, and all attempts made by different parties to discover the source of the noises utterly failed. It was suggested to the reverend gentleman that the invisible agent or agents be interrogated after Post's method of communicating with ghosts. The persistency which characterized the disturbances, and their annoying character, at last led him to consent to the proposal. A very explicit statement of the method and results of this interview with the ghost was given me by Dr. Phelps, of which I have notes; but there are considerations which prevent them from being made public at the present time. Remarkable as were the house-disturbances, they are of small interest compared with the final chapter in the history of this extraordinary instance of ghost manifestation. The disturbances ceased as soon as the interview was permitted.

There has been considerable controversy, and some denials of statements made, regarding occurrences in the Phelps mansion, which is not strange when the ecclesiastical and theological connections of the eminent divine are considered. The evidence is conclusive, however, that he was never in sounder health, and never were his mental faculties in more accurate equilibrium, than at the time his narrative was given. His high standing during a long and distinguished career as a Christian minister forbids even a suspicion of dishonesty or untruthfulness.

A remarkable instance of house-possession came to my knowledge several years ago, the incidents of which in many respects are worthy of note. The house is in a suburban town near to the city of Boston, and the family occupying it is highly respectable and intelligent. The disturbances came suddenly, and were to a large extent of the usual character. They continued over a period of five weeks, and were first observed in a chamber once occupied by a son, an officer in the Union army, who was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness in 1862. His sword and uniform were sent home and placed in drawers in this room; and, in obedience to the instinct of maternal affection, the door was locked, and no one was permitted to occupy the chamber. Extraordinary noises were heard in the room; and, upon going in, it was found to be in a state of great confusion. The drawers were open, and the son's uniform and accoutrements were scattered about upon the floor. The room was again put in order, and protected by locks, was left for a few hours under supervision, to guard against possible intrusion by servants. Again entering the room, the same disturbances were found to have occurred; and they were repeated after new and complicated locks and window-fastenings had replaced the old ones, after the servants had been sent away, and ultimately they occurred in the presence of the members of the household, and in spite of their attempts at resistence. Disturbances occurred in other parts of the dwelling; and so annoying and alarming did they become, the family was broken up, and the mother left for residence in an adjoining town. The sequel to this brief narrative may be given in a few words. The intruding ghost was interrogated after the manner previously described; and it was stated that the object of the intrusion was to call the attention of the family to some important matters connected with the deceased son's affairs, which matters were promptly attended to, and the disturbances ceased.

It should be stated, that, notwithstanding the prolonged continuance of the phenomena and the great distubances produced, but few outside of the family knew anything of the occurrences, so reluctant were the parties to attract public attention.

In considering alledged instances of ghostly interferences, the easiest and not unusual way to dispose of them is to promptly reject all the assertions, all the statements, of witnesses, and charge everything to "trick and illusion," two old pack-horses which stand ready saddled and bridled at the doors of many men of popular scientific repute. These serviceable beasts have proved very convenient, and are much used by many clever clergyman and students in science who are asked by the unlearned and perplexed masses to explain some occult phenomena by no means uncommon in modern times.—*By the Senior Editor in Popular Science News.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Progress In the Mother Country.

It is a long time since I reported through your columns, but not from want of interest. Let me, though late, wish my friends, your readers, a happy new year. Before referring to English matters, I will say how glad I am to see that the JOURNAL maintains its high standard, steadily moving on in its brave mission for a clean and clear Spiritualism—clean as to its phenomena; clear at to its philosophy. Long may it live! It muss be gratifying to you, Mr. Editor, to find that your long struggle is bearing fruit; one by one the organs of the movement are wheeling into line and adding their influence in the direction of pure mediumship. We welcome them all. The basis of "fact" must be made sure; the foundation firm, the building will be secure.

ONWARD!

When, a couple of years since, I stated in your paper that I discerned the signs of a forward move and better feeling in this land, I did not dare to hope for such development as has occurred; but true it is that unprecedented progress has been made. New societies have sprung up and taken firm hold where previously there were none. In other places where existing associations were moribund, new life has been displayed. Meetings have been remarkably successful, crowded halls being of common occurrence.

Above all, enthusiasm, enterprise, public spirit and determination to work harmoniously are increasingly manifest. There is more attention being paid to the educational value of our phenomena in their application, and a growth of religion, as exemplified in love of truth and right for their own sake; a more sympathetic and aspirational frame of mind and practical labors for dissemination; but most encouraging of all is the marked development in the direction of

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

It is rapidly becoming the exception for a society to exist without a Lyceum. This movement, which has laid near the writer's heart, and in behalf of which the inspirers of Mrs. Wallis and self have frequently spoken, has been fostered by Mr. Kitson, of Batley Carr; and Mr. Burus, Editor of *Medium*, has been unvarying in his support and advocacy for years. I hear that an effort to supply a long felt want is being made and will shortly be completed, namely, a book for the children, containing suitable pieces for singing, reciting, golden chain, etc., compiled by Mrs. Britten and Messrs. Kitson and H. A. Kersey; the latter gentleman is conductor of a most successful Lyceum at Newcastle.

OPPOSITION.

It was not to be expected that such growth could pass unnoticed and unchallenged. The parsons are becoming alarmed; they are losing their members, hence they raise the warning cry, "Spiritualism is cursed by God," and lend countenance and support to a mountebank called Rev. Asbcroft, who with a lantern is going around filling his pockets and abusing Spiritualists. A sample of his style may be gathered from his "Views," "The three sly Foxes:"

"Daniel D. Home snatched from the Lyon's den."

"The lady medium with five husbands."

"The Brook St. Boggart and his messages."

"The medium who 'tapped' the 'spirits.'"

"E. W. Wallis entranced by his spirit guides."

"J. Burns, editor and his 'Regular Rouser,'" etc.

After such an exhibition of grace, reverence and dignity, of impartiality and justice, it is not to be wondered at that parsons gather around him, take the chair for him, and listen approvingly to his "personalities" and "gutter garbage," and opine that he "has killed Spiritualism."

Others have taken up their parable against us. Even Mr. Booth of the Salvation Army feels called upon to exhibit righteous indignation, and repeat the old stories that Spiritualism teaches "that lying is right, slavery is right, adultery is right, and free or indiscriminate love is right; that there is no good, no bad, but that sin is a lesser degree of righteousness." A portrait which is not even like enough to be called a caricature! Under these circumstances we are inclined to "Thank God from whom all blessings flow" for the opposition; these people are doing the cause good. Their attacks cannot shake the Spiritualist who knows better, and they rouse the curiosity of those who don't know, to see for themselves if Spiritualism is as black as it is painted; and they are agreeably disappointed to find that Spiritualism teaches honesty, integrity, equity, purity, charity, responsibility, immortality chastity and goodness. Our numbers continue to increase.

Ashcroft said in the recent debate that Talmage's statement with reference to insanity was true when he made it, but not true now because Spiritualism in America has gone "Spark out!" He professed to find in the language of Mrs. Britten, Bros. Morse and Howell, confirmation for this assertion.

I see that Bro. Howell thinks Ashcroft a foeman unworthy my steel, but then he was the only foeman who presented himself; I could not choose. The Blackburn folk were annoyed by his boasts, and as no one else would undertake the task of meeting him they appealed to me on the score of duty, and I agreed on condition that the proceeds should go to charity. The result justified our course; £26 went to the Infirmary. Our meeting the following Sunday was attended by 1200. The teetotalers invited me to go and speak for them, which I did and have done since, to "packed" meetings, while Ashcroft returned a few weeks after the debate expecting to reap a "golden harvest," but although he billed the town extensively and took a large hall, he had only 37 the first night, and the second night, with prices reduced by half, only about 70; 107 at two meetings as against 1200 at one. A decided verdict against him!

USING THE ENEMY.

Since then he has continued his campaign, and wherever he has gone I have followed him, giving reply lectures, securing good audiences, and presenting our facts as testified to by Crookes, Wallace and others, citing Bible instances, and denying the charge of immorality by quoting teachings to the contrary. The general result of the war is, that our meetings are filled to overflowing; our friends are united and enthusiastic; inquiry is aroused and people are doing the very thing he warns them not to do—they are investigating for themselves!

After two years' and two months' labor in Scotland we have returned to England. The membership in Glasgow was more than doubled during our stay, and we leave behind many warm hearts and trusty friends who regret our departure; but circumstances combined to make it necessary that we should "move on."

I was told about a year since by a spirit through a test medium that we should leave Glasgow before the end of 1886. I replied that I thought not. "Your guides tell me you will," was the reply, and sure enough we did. Scotia's shores are hospitable, but its climate was unbearable, especially in winter, and I dreaded the advent of this winter; but thanks to those unseen but wise advisers, it was not necessary for me to endure another cold season.

The success of Bro. Morse in his mission is cheering to us who watch his course with loving interest and wish him and his safely home again. It had been our hope to visit the States this year, but the angels decreed it otherwise. Our work lies here at present. We are, so to speak, evangelists or missionaries, and have all the work we can possibly do. Both Mrs. W. and self are engaged for every Sunday this year. Mr. and Mrs. Britten are near neighbors, and are well and busy as ever. Next summer we are to have a Jubilee Exhibition in Manchester, which may possibly attract some of our American cousins, any of whom we shall be glad to see. They will find comfortable quarters at the house and board of Mr. I. Thomson, Trinity, Coffee House, Chapel St., Salford, Manchester, an intelligent, earnest Spiritualist, and honest man, who with his good wife will do every thing he can to make visitors comfortable and "at home." They are very reasonable in their charges,— a dollar for tea, bed and breakfast.

Bro. Howell is busy, but up to date I have not had the pleasure of seeing him. In spite of hard times and rumors of war, 1887 bids fair to be a year of marked developments and distinct growth for Spiritualism in this country, as I trust it will be all over the world, for it is the cause of culture, knowledge and religion.

Manchester, Eng. E.W. WALLIS.

COLLEGE BOYS, NOTICE.—W. Jennings Demorest of New York, authorizes the secretary of the National Inter-Collegiate Association, to announce that he will give a twenty-five dollar gold medal for the best essay, and a fifteen dollar silver medal for the second best on the first subject in this series, under rules detailed below. Notice the following: (a) Subject: "The Balance of Power in American Politics." (b) The essay must not exceed two thousand five hundred words in length. (c) It must be written by some member of a college club in membership with the National Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association, or by some undergraduate who is himself a member of this association. (d) It must be received at headquarters, Wooster, O., by April 15th, and his club must be clear on the books of the National Association at that time. (e) All essays will be the property of the National Association, and the Gold Medal Essay will be published in the second number of *The Inter-Collegiate Quarterly*, together with selections from others, of which honorable mention will be made. (f) It must be plainly written (a type-writer is suggested), and the name of the author must not appear on the MSS. On a separate sheet he must give name, address, and the club to which he belongs.

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